

SNEAK PREVIEW—JIMMY SWAGGART'S UNCENSORED VIDEOS!

# NATIONAL LAMPOON

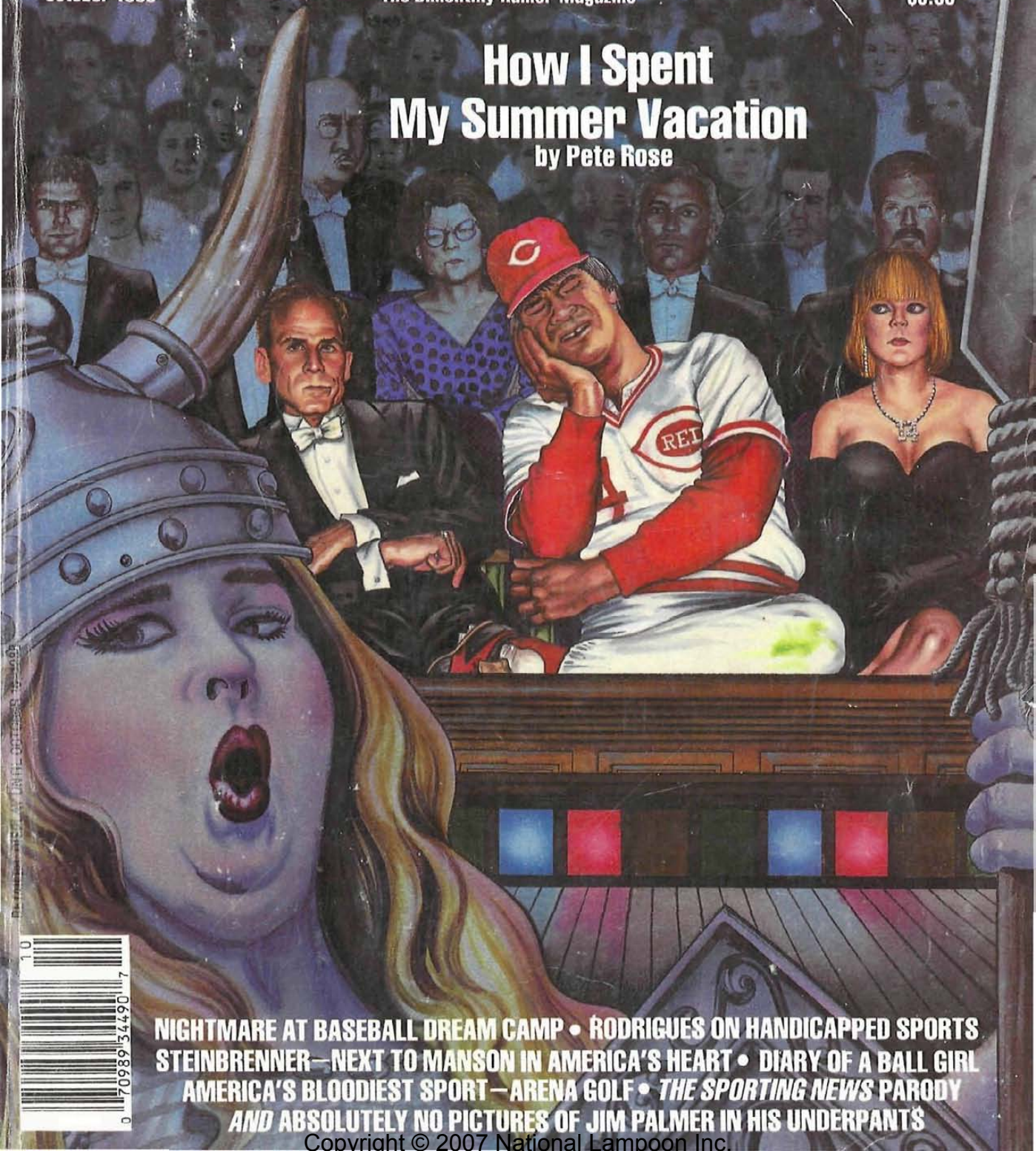
October 1988

The Bimonthly Humor Magazine

\$3.95

## How I Spent My Summer Vacation

by Pete Rose



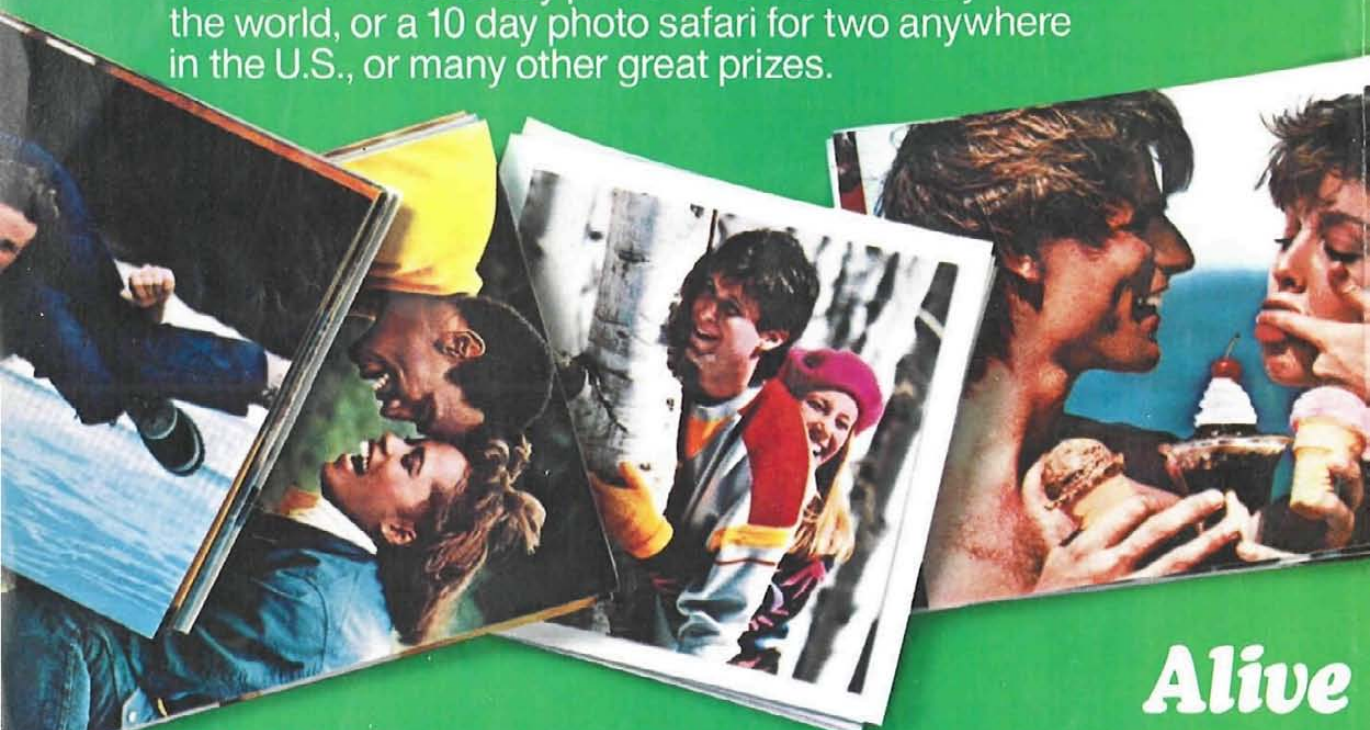
NIGHTMARE AT BASEBALL DREAM CAMP • RODRIGUES ON HANDICAPPED SPORTS  
STEINBRENNER—NEXT TO MANSON IN AMERICA'S HEART • DIARY OF A BALL GIRL  
AMERICA'S BLOODIEST SPORT—ARENA GOLF • *THE SPORTING NEWS* PARODY  
AND ABSOLUTELY NO PICTURES OF JIM PALMER IN HIS UNDERPANTS

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# Enter Newport's 'Picture Your Plea Photo Contest.

Send us a photo of anything that gives you pleasure. You could win a 15 day photo safari for two anywhere in the world, or a 10 day photo safari for two anywhere in the U.S., or many other great prizes.



## Alive

**OFFICIAL RULES** to enter Newport's "Picture Your Pleasure" Photo Contest: 1. Submit a photograph (no larger than 8"x10") in either color or black-and-white. Print your name and address clearly on the back of the photograph. 2. Enclose with each entry the completed official entry form (or use a plain piece of paper) and any two bottom flaps of Newport, Newport Lights, or Newport Stripes, any size. Title your photo or give a short description if you wish, but not required. Mail to: Newport "Picture Your Pleasure" Photo Contest, P.O. Box 561, Sayreville, NJ 08872. For residents of Vermont, Maryland and Arizona only, proof of purchase not required. 3. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. Entries must be received by December 31, 1988. Lorillard is not responsible for late, lost, or misdirected mail. 4. Only amateur photographers may enter. All professional submissions will be disqualified. All photographs must be original work of the entrant. No material previously submitted for publication or formerly published in part or full is to be entered. Entrants are required to attest to compliance with these provisions. 5. All entries become the property of Lorillard, Inc., and their use is within the sole determination of Lorillard,

Inc. Winners consent to the use of their names, and/or photographs, and the photographs submitted as contest entries, for advertising, and no compensation will be paid for such use. Entries cannot be acknowledged or returned. 6. Winners will be notified by mail during February 1989. Entries will be judged and points awarded by Marden-Kane, Inc. on the basis of the following criteria: 75% for tasteful originality in the use of the "Picture Your Pleasure" theme, utilization of background material, unusual situation and visual impact of the photograph; and 25% for the clarity of the photograph. The decisions of the judges are final and the judges will resolve all ties. 7. Winner judged with the highest score will win the Grand Prize. The next two highest scores will each win the First Prize. The next four highest scores will each win the Second Prize. The next fifty highest scores will each win the Third Prize. The next one thousand highest scores will each win the Fourth Prize. Winners may be required to sign an Affidavit of Eligibility and Release which must be returned within 14 days. By entering the contest, each entrant accepts and agrees to be bound by these rules and

the decisions of the judges. 8. Prizes: (1) Grand Prize: 15 day, 14 night Photographic Safari for two, to anywhere in the world you select which is serviced by regularly scheduled commercial airlines. Trip includes round trip air transportation between major airport closest to the winner's residence and major airport of winner's destination, double occupancy hotel accommodations (modified American meal plan), RCA Video Camera and VCR, plus a 35mm Konica M19 Auto-Focus Camera, and \$5,000 expense money. All other expenses are winner's responsibility. Approximate retail value of Grand Prize \$25,000. (2) First Prizes: 10 day, 9 night Photographic Safari for two to

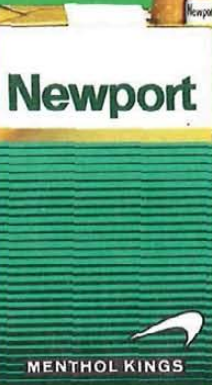
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anywhere in the Continental U.S. Trip includes round trip air transportation between major airports closest to the winner's residence and destination, double occupancy hotel accommodations (modified American meal plan), and a 35mm Konica M19 Auto-Focus Camera, plus \$2,500 expense money. Approximate retail value of each First Prize \$8,000. (4) Second Prizes: RCA Video Camera Model #CPR-J50—Approximate retail value \$1,500 each. (50) Third Prizes: Konica 35mm Auto-Focus M19 Camera—Approximate retail value \$105.00 each. (1000) Fourth Prizes: Kodak Star 110 Cameras—Approximate retail value \$15.00 each. 9. Lorillard, Inc. reserves the right to offer substitute prizes of comparable value but winners may not substitute or transfer their prizes. Taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the prize winners. All prizes will be awarded. Limited one prize per household. Trips must be taken within one year from notification and are subject to availability. 10. This contest is open to residents of the United States, 21 years of age or older, except employees (and their families) of Lorillard, Inc., its advertising agencies, subsidiaries and Marden-Kane, Inc. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, State and local laws apply. 11. For a list of major prize winners (Grand through Second), send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: "Picture Your Pleasure" Winners, P.O. Box 704, Sayreville, NJ 08872. © Lorillard, Inc., U.S.A., 1986



### Newport's "Picture Your Pleasure" Photo Contest

To enter, mail this completed form along with your photograph entry and 2 bottom flaps from any Newport packing to:

**Newport "Picture Your Pleasure" Photo Contest,  
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone (area code) \_\_\_\_\_

Brand I now smoke: \_\_\_\_\_

I certify that I am at least 21 years of age. My entry is my original work and I am not a professional photographer.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

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av. per cigarette,  
FTC Report February 1985.

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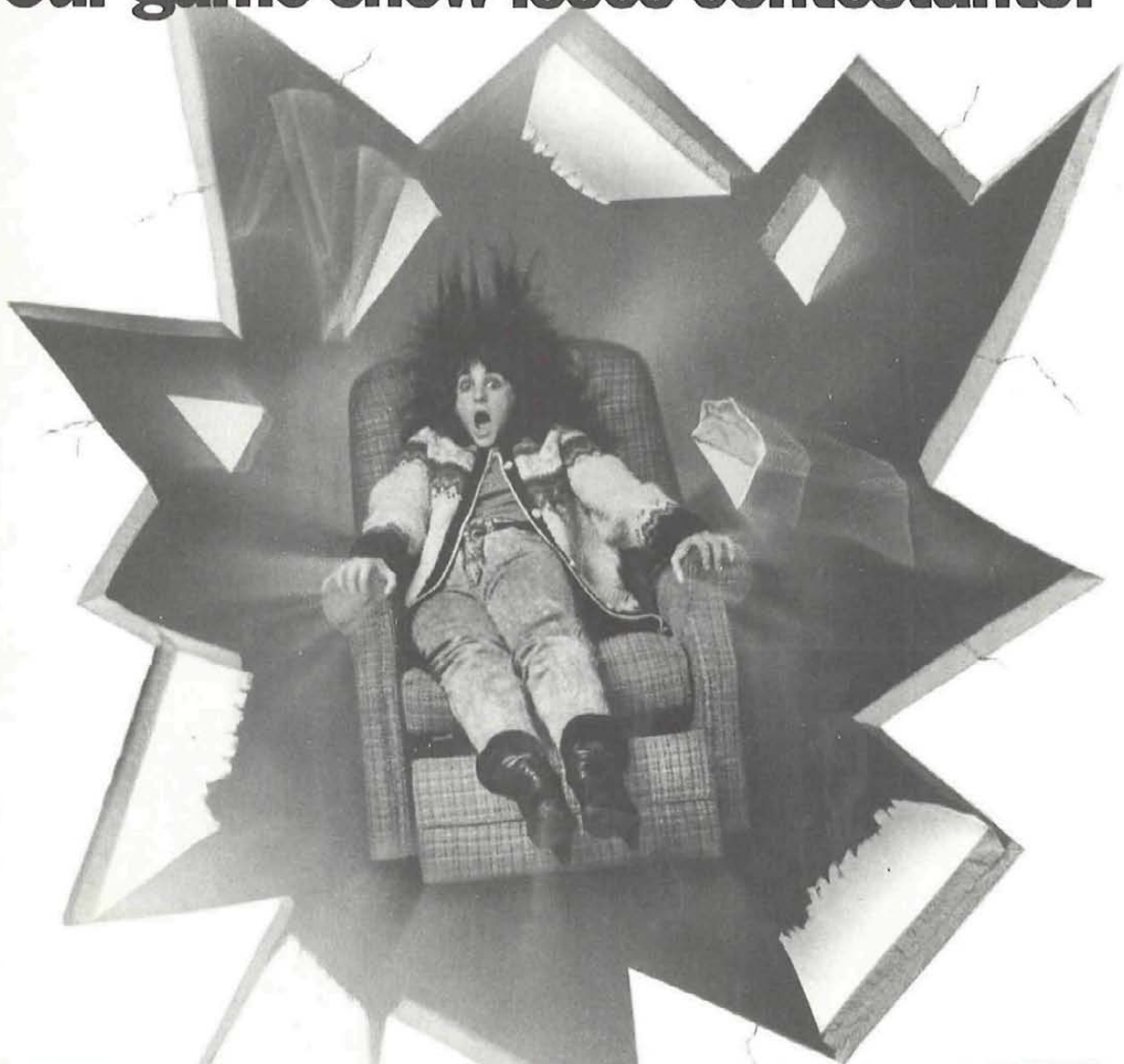
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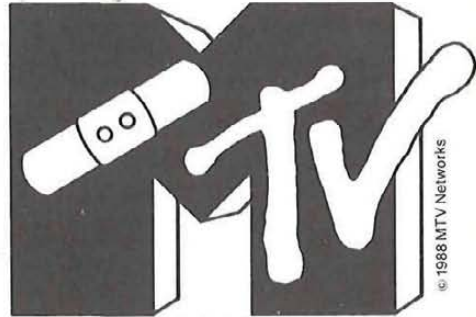


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# EDITORIAL

I love baseball. I love everything about it. I love the trees that make its bats. I love the albino horses that make its baseballs. The fertilizer that keeps the lush turf green gets sprinkled on my daisies.

Indeed, I am so all-consumed by the sport that the strike-shortened season of 1981 had the effect of making that year seemingly consist of only 240 days.

Non-baseball aficionados complain: "But it's so booooring..."

Of course it's boring! That's the charm of the sport. Not every sport can be fun and action-packed. Baseball is a sweet little game played by sweet little guys like José Canseco and Andre Dawson. You have to make your own excitement in baseball. No one does it for you. Baseball demands imagination on the part of the fan to appreciate the fine subtleties and to fill in the blanks. There are no applause signs at

baseball stadium!

Nothing seems to fill this void better than statistics. Baseball has more statistics than the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta. And the stats are almost as much fun.

The truly great stat is Game-Winning RBI, strictly because it's the most bizarre. Batter A can drive in fourteen runs while swatting five dingers. But Batter B can accidentally get beamed in the head with bases loaded, and that's the game-winning RBI.

Stats breed arguments, and there is nothing in the world baseball fans enjoy more than a good scream session. They draw their six-shooter Elias stat book from their holster and spray stats until their opponent has been felled.

Elias isn't quite the God of baseball, although it is close. Elias is more like the accountant of baseball, and that's second to God. God, of course, is Baseball Lore. "I remember Stumpy

McKay, who lost one leg to the Germans, one to cancer, and another to an out-of-control truck. Yet in one game, he stole five bases. It was off a catcher named 'No Fingers' Miller..."

There's so much to love about baseball, which is why I for one am in favor of the awesome salaries professional athletes receive. To a fan, an athlete is in the same limelit stratosphere as a movie star, and you don't want someone you've seen on the silver screen driving a Chevette or living in the same apartment complex as you. Baseball players should live in homes with subdued lighting, awesome stereos, and leather couches, and they should drive Porsches and dress in Italian silk and eat in posh steakhouses.

Another thing I love about baseball is the food at the ballpark. Of course, I liked the chow mein at my high school cafeteria, too.

*continued on page 103*

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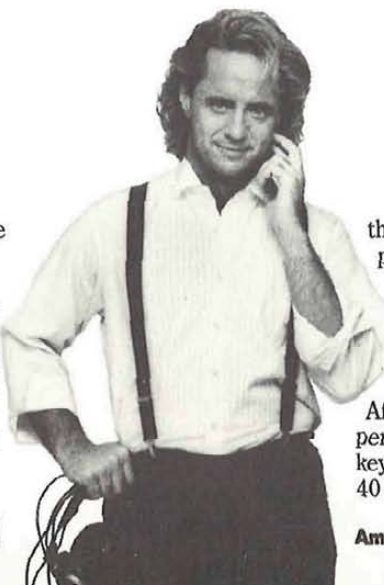
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# MORE PEOPLE WILL LISTEN TO THIS MAN THAN REAGAN, GORBACHEV AND THE POPE.

Shadoe Stevens. He's the ambassador of rock. The new host of our wildly popular *American Top 40* radio show.

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We've found Shadoe Stevens, the star who knows



the stars. You may have seen him, and heard his powerful voice on "Hollywood Squares." And though that's where he first became known as "America's heartthrob," his fame began in radio where he won Billboard Magazine's "Personality of the Year Award." Shadoe Stevens isn't running for President.

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# LETTERS



Sirs:  
Just five more minutes.

The Guy Using the Pay Phone  
The Cable Installation Man  
Your Wife  
Your Children  
The Exterminator  
The Bank Teller, etc., etc., etc.

Sirs:  
So *this* is what equality means!?!

Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling  
On the mat

Sirs:  
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. . . Thank you so much. Ohhh! You're too kind, and I love you all. . . Thank you so much, thank you. . . Hey, what the. . . Thank you again. . . Good God, I'm sinking here! . . . Thank you, all of you. . . No no, I'm all right, I'll figure this out. . . Bless you, God love you all! . . . It's getting dark down here. . . Can you still hear me? . . . Thank you, ohhh my goodness, you're too kind. . .

Wayne Newton  
*Sinking into hell, mid-show  
Las Vegas, Nev.*

Sirs:  
Look out! Don't move! Oh shoot, do you believe it? My head is jammed into your asshole again! All right, don't panic. Just salve it up with petroleum jelly, hand me those forceps, and I'll be on my way in a jiffy!

Gavin MacLeod  
*Clumsy and Embarrassed, N.Y.*

Sirs:  
Ivana Trump ordered *red* wine with her *fish* last Tuesday! Hoo-hooo! Wait, wait, this is even better. . . Oh, let us just get ahold of ourselves, ha-ha-ha, oh my. . . All right, listen to this one—who has had the most face-lifts, Kitty Carlisle Hart or Helen Gurley Brown? Give up? Neither! Not if Leona Helmsley's in the room! Snicker, snicker. . .

The Editors  
*"Spy" magazine*

Sirs:  
You tell that fuckin' Peep that we're OVER HERE!

Bo's Sheep  
*Rolling Hills, Va.*

Sirs:  
Do you have any Easy-Off?

Sylvia Plath  
*Cleaning her oven*

Sirs:  
Talk about "rough sex"!

Robert Chambers  
*Bending for the soap*

Sirs:  
So this heckler goes to heaven and he sees Atlas standing there and he goes, "Hey, Atlas! Why so down? You look like you got the weight of the world on your shoulders!"

Thank you. Thank you. Hey! What are you guys—dead or somethin'?

Morey Amsterdam  
*The "New" Stuff Comedy Club*

Sirs:  
I knew it was going to be the perfect crime. Amongst the documents for him to sign I, his law partner, hid a full-confession suicide note. It talked about his despair. His emptiness. His disenchantment with life. He signed it. I was ecstatic. In my delight, I then strangled him and ran his body over twelve times with a wheat thrasher.

Glenn Podbelsek, Atty.  
*Slippery Soap, N.J.*

Sirs:  
Would "Jody, Scott is super-cute!" be a good suicide note? I'm not sure.

Barb Yonkers  
Confused and Depressed Teen  
*Weehawken, N.J.*

Sirs:  
We most humbly submit that the prospect of buying Canada, a massive nation populated by three hundred citizens, gives us a communal hard-on.

The Japanese  
*Japan*

Sirs:  
What a tangled garbage bag we weave, when we practice to deceive.

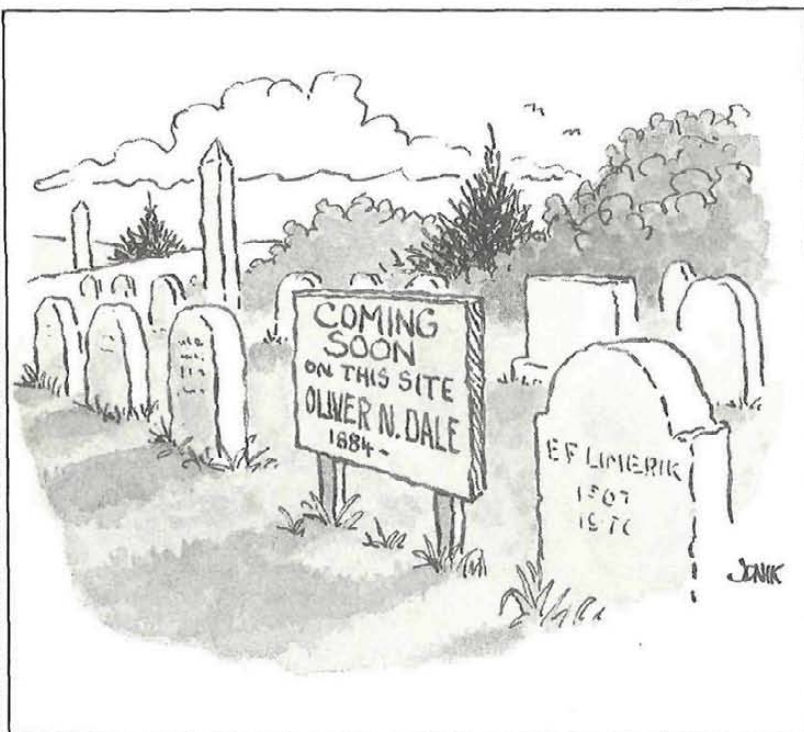
Tawana Brawley  
*Wappingers Falls, N.Y.*

Sirs:  
I knew she was Jewish. I just didn't know she was kosher.

Don Johnson  
*Miami, Fla.*

Sirs:  
Take my wife, please.

Harry Helmsley  
*U.S. District Court  
New York, N.Y.*





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### BILL MURRAY IN STAR SHORTS

Bill Murray and a crazy collection of comedic stars including: Griffin Dunne, Bobcat Goldthwaite, Dom DeLuise, Brian Doyle-Murray and Ellen Foley lend their amusing talents to this compilation of quick hits—satirical skits packed to the brim with strange characters, strange situations and black humor. Guaranteed to leave you speechless with levity!

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### ROCKIN' RONNIE

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Sirs:

Do you think the Reverend Al Sharpton would marry us?

Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster  
*Commack Motor Inn, L.I.*

Sirs:

Let me be the first to say thank you. Thank you so much for not saying anything mean about me. If I can just squeak by for another movie or two, I'll be set for life. Then you can nail me like I deserve to be nailed, honest. Gosh, I mean, this is just really great of you.

Steve Guttenberg  
*The Fuckin' Lucky Club*

Sirs:

Hello, and how are we this evening? SUPER! My name is Joel and I'll be your waiter this evening. The specials are on the wall, and here's a wine list. For dessert don't forget to ask me to tell you about "immersion in chocolate." It is *heaven!* If there's anything I can get you, let me know. . . . How is everything? Can I get you anything? . . . Will there be anything else? . . . Was that good? See, I told you. . . . How about dessert? How was everything? Can I get you—gurk . . . uuuurpphh . . . slock! Ahhhhhh . . . hhh . . . hh.

Joel, Your Waiter  
*Driving you to murder with a blunt salad fork*

Sirs:

Theatergoers thrilled to Act II of Burt Reynolds's spectacular *The Cannonball Run*. We await breathlessly the new season, which will bring with it *Semi-Tough* and *Smokey and the Bandit*. Film is so empty by comparison.

Ward Littleton  
Director  
*Burt Reynolds Dinner Theater*

Sirs:

There's this guy who says he's very big in handling young talent if I will let him take pictures of me in cowboy chaps and then lie down next to him.

My question is, have you heard of the Bob Crane All-Star Talent Agency, and isn't he dead? He says, "Does a dead man have one of these?"

Ricky Schroder  
*Hollywood, Calif.*

Sirs:

Larry Flynt's wife is the only sex partner he's ever had.

Larry Flynt sold Christian newsletters door-to-door and donated the proceeds to sick orphans.

At age sixteen he refused the sexual advances of his friend's busty nymphomaniac sister, stating that he was saving himself for marriage.

At seventeen he refused a blowjob from

his neighbor's nineteen-year-old niece, and wouldn't even play doctor.

Larry Flynt has never had a rim job or participated in oral sex because he thinks it's disgusting.

The only publication Larry Flynt reads is *Reader's Digest*.

Nyah—nyah—nyah!

Jerry Falwell  
*Protected by the First Amendment*

Sirs:

If guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have guns . . . and deers and bears and lions . . .

Gary Larson  
*Far Side, Ky.*

Sirs:

One evening I sat, dispirited, with pen in one hand and the other hand raised, tentatively, index finger held forth as if from some exercise of will in which I did not ordinarily engage, to be directed to my left nostril, whose blackness it entered and

from which it removed a squat and plump booger. No sooner had I raised the morsel to my lips, allowed it to touch my palate, than I shuddered, was filled with the most exquisite pleasure. And after several moments of my clumsy attempts to traverse the great spaces of memory, an image revealed itself. I recognized my childhood bedroom in Combray, in which I would lie as morning drew near and forage about in my warm and slender nostrils for such delightful and intricately molded prizes.

Marcel Proust  
*Bored at his heavenly desk*

Sirs:

You know how they say that college can change you and make you think and stuff? It's true! Last week I went to a demonstration against the Ku Klux Klan, which was really neat, and afterward I went back to the Alpha Gam house and watched *The Cosby Show* and *A Different World* and I thought about how much I really liked that colored girl who sacks my groceries at Dillon's and how I'll have to give her seventy-

## Life Guide for the Eighties Urban Woman Who Can't Get Through the First 200 Pages of Ads in *Cosmo* or Get Home in Time for Oprah

1. Don't assume anything.
2. Stupidity is boundless.
3. Anything non-plastic has the potential to be, and should be, used as an ashtray.
4. Diet soft drinks can't cause cancer if you get hit by a bus.
5. Don't listen to your roommate have sex if you've heard her eat.
6. The only time a man will truly listen to you is when he has an erection.
7. The time when a man is most likely to lie to you is when he has an erection.
8. Wearing too much denim causes yeast infections.
9. Passion is just a gimmick to sell perfume.
10. Sleeping your way to the top only works if you take pictures.
11. Fashion is only a hobby for those who wish they had taste.
12. Don't trust guys named Steve.
13. You can always tell how much hair a man has on his back by looking at his (bare) feet.
14. Don't trust guys named Rick.
15. PMS is now a defense for murder.
16. And finally, don't forget to remind yourself daily: Heather Locklear isn't really happy!!!!

D. A. Rabas

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Kelli  
Alpha Gam  
University Town, U.S.A.

Sirs:

The president, our "Jack," as those of us close to him used to call him, used me to gain contact with Topo Gigio. Yes, the little mouse on TV. Yes. No, I'm afraid you are mistaken—he was *not* a puppet; he was a Mob kingpin. He was a very frightening little mouse. Oh sure, he had his tender side, but if you crossed him... well, as Topo used to say, you were a dead man.

Judith Exner  
Heavily sedated

Sirs:

Can I come back now? Please? Oh come on, how many times do I have to say I'm sorry? I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry. Okay? Please?...

The "Be a Pepper" Guy  
Rotting somewhere in hell

Sirs:

You know, ballet is a lot like football. It takes athletic ability, concentration, and when you make a great play the guys get real close to you and pat you on the butt.

Herschel Walker  
Dallas, Tex.

(continued on page 13)

## READER'S DIGEST CONDENSED CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER

### OCTOBER

TUESDAY	THURSDAY	SAT. OR SUN.
4	6	15
11	27	30

For all those who have felt that the year has always been too long and too complicated

Louis Phillips

# DUMB RECORDS

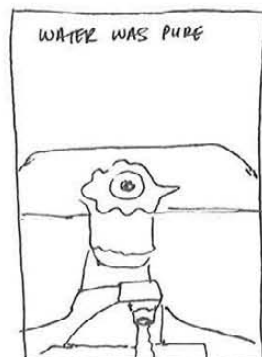
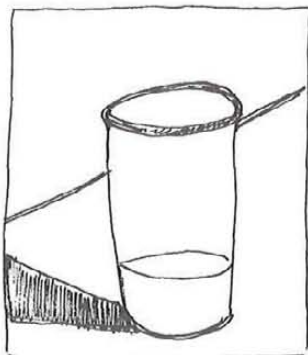
Compiled by Tuli Kupferberg



- 1) The longest boat jump onto land ever recorded was by Norman Bagvie from the Shotover River in New Zealand in 1982: 172 feet. Norman had 2 feet (when he started).
- 2) Edward Benjamin of Binghamton, New York, swallowed 13 23-inch-long blades to below his sternum, injuring himself in the process so severely that the *Guinness Book of World Records* has banned this category from any future editions.
- 3) Tim Benker told jokes for 48½ hours without stopping while in the window of the Marshall Field store in Chicago on November 19, 1985. Not reported: how many laughed.
- 4) Rudi De Greef balanced himself on a stationary bicycle for 10 hours at Meensel-Kiezegem, Belgium, in 1982. (He never did explain why he did it.)
- 5) The longest ski jump recorded is 636 feet by the Pole Piotr Fijas at Planica, Yugoslavia, in 1987. The shortest is a quarter inch by Noah Kupferberg, New York City, December 1987.
- 6) The heaviest football player recorded was Bob Pointer, tackle on the 1967 Santa Barbara High School team: 487 pounds.
- 7) Tim Kides did 72,746 sit-ups in 64 hours, November 13-15, 1985. Why?
- 8) Albert Rizzo treaded water off Malta in 1983 for 108 hours and 9 minutes. Many have tried to exceed this record before and after Rizzo, but died first (i.e., after shipwrecks).
- 9) On November 23, 1984, Bob Walters kept a soccer ball off the ground with his feet or head at Conley Service Station in Warwickshire for 13 hours and 2 minutes (478,960 contacts). Why he just didn't put it on top of the gas pump with his hands has never been explained.
- 10) Fritz Weber holds the walking-on-water record: Bayreuth to Mainz on the Main River, 185 miles (1983).
- 11) Lifetime hockey most-penalized record is held by David "Tiger" Williams: 4,328 minutes (as of 1987).

## THE WILD & WACKY ADVENTURES of TWYLA

© 4-24-88



## Letters

continued from page 11

Sirs:

Well, it's lovely to meet you, too. Indeed it is. And in the name of the queen and the court of England, may I present you with this commemorative... Oh dear... Oh! Help me! Help me! I'm falling through the floorboards! Grab my hand! PLEASE! I'M FALLING!

Fergie, Duchess of York  
Puttinonpounds, England

Sirs:

Jesus Christ, I wasn't that good. Come on.

Ritchie Valens  
Heaven

Sirs:

We were the good ones. Where are our movies?

Otis Redding  
Sam Cooke  
Eddie Cochran  
Heaven

Sirs:

You would not have been so eager to recapture me if you'd known I was going to try to shoot the president again, would you?

Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme  
New Jersey

Sirs:

I had a dream last night. Let me just start by saying that this dream had everything I look for in a dream. It started with Dennis Quaid dripping hot wax on my nipples while Kathleen Turner and I shared some hen chatter. So far, four stars! Then in comes Nick Nolte in a leather mask, leading Kevin Costner on a leash. Then comes Mel Gibson, and all the fellas start doing this dance for me. Oh, I wish you could have seen it! I mean, pig heaven! Thumbs up so far! I mean, hey, I'm hard, and to top it all off I have the giggles!

But I have to give this dream the thumbs-down, because just as it's getting naughty, who should come into view but a loud, obnoxious, naked Dom DeLuise! Oh baby, the wind just went out of my sails. I have to say one, one and a half stars at best.

Rex Reed  
Between REMS

Sirs:

Don't hate me because I'm beautiful. Hate me because I have the balls to get on national TV and tell you how beautiful I am. Hate me because all I need is a lousy bottle of designer shampoo while all the liposuction in the world couldn't save you. Don't hate me because I'm beautiful; hate me because you're not.

Kelly LeBrock  
Narcissum, Calif.

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"Shall I wait up for you?"

# Trojan War Scorecard Discovered

After 150 years or so of excavation at the site of Ilium, archaeologists have finally unearthed solid proof that the Trojan War was a historical reality. A few months ago Dr. H. Schliemann of Brown University struck pay dirt when his shovel touched upon an ancient scorecard. "The scorecard presents a shorthand retelling of all the events that Homer so wordily presents in his

epics," Dr. Schliemann said. "In fact, there is a good possibility that Homer himself had access to this document when reciting his poem. He may well have used it as a trot or pony to jog his memory." The scorecard will be sent to Cooperstown and will be one of the permanent exhibits there.

**Louis Phillips**

## SCORECARD

GREEKS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB	R	H	RBI	E
Achilles	23				7L		8B										
Agamemnon	24				13		7B										
Ajax	25				63												
Odysseus	53				63												
Calchas (DH)							43										
Phoenix					43												
Nestor																	
Castor																	
Diomedes																	
Menelaus																	
Totals	R/H																

GODS	IP	H	R	ER	BB	SO
Zeus						
Ares						
Hades						
Hermes						
Poseidon						

GODDESSES	IP	H	R	ER	BB	SO
Hera						
Athena						
Aphrodite						
Artemis						
Thetis						

TROJANS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB	R	H	RBI	E
Aeneas	16	16			ES		16										
Antenor	17				2K												
Dolon	18				18												
Hector (DH)					53												
Paris																	
Priam																	
Sarpedon																	
Pandarus																	
Glaucus																	
Totals	R/H																

## HOW TO READ THE SYMBOLS:

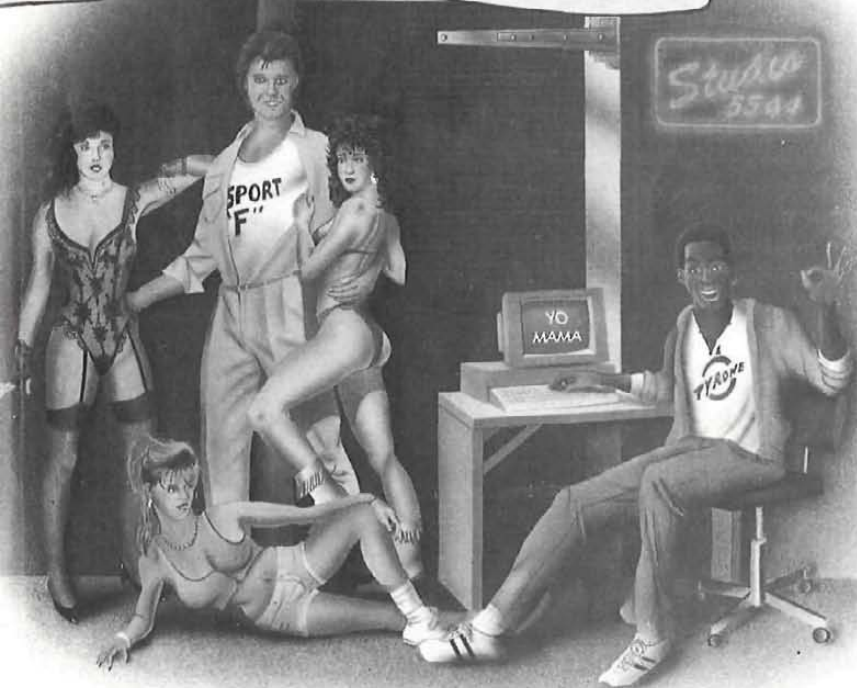
(Each warrior is identified by a number on his shield)

- ☞ = tossed spear
- ♂ = fought with a god
- ⊙ = grounded into a force play
- ⊕ = reproved a fellow warrior in the middle of a battle
- K = was covered head to foot with blood, dust, and flies
- BB = withdrew under pressure from the Achaeans (Greeks)
- 53 = withdrew under pressure from the Trojans
- F7 = made a bad cast with his javelin
- 43 = took a called third wound
- ⊕ = popped out to Ares (god of war)
- ⊕ = saved the fleet from going up in flames
- ☞ = torched a ship
- ⊕ = intentional walk
- ⊕ = hit an enemy in the shoulder
- ⊕ = groaned
- ⊕ = attempted to elude destiny
- ⊕ = disguised himself or herself as a mortal
- ⊕ = dashed in among the rabble
- ⊕ = a spectacularly brave performance in the face of death
- ⊕ = slaughtered two warriors with a single arrow
- ⊕ = fell on the enemy
- ⊕ = stole a base and/or sacred statue
- ⊕ = looted
- ⊕ = triple play (applicable only to the Fates)
- ⊕ = fell back out of rage



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## If You Want to Be Happy for the Rest of Your Life, Never Marry Someone Who...

- ... calls Springsteen "the Boss."
- ... owns a *Doonesbury* book.
- ... pronounces "croissant" the French way.
- ... has Loggins and Messina on CD.
- ... cried when Warhol died.
- ... knows the number of the current *Police Academy* sequel.
- ... doesn't believe that about Whitney Houston and Kelly McGillis and, frankly, doesn't give a damn.
- ... holds up his lighter to call for an encore.
- ... makes her dog wear a bandanna around its neck.

- ... tells you what's in hot dogs while you're eating one.
- ... ever, even for a few seconds, imitates "The Liar" bit from *Saturday Night Live*.
- ... borrows money so his pet can have major surgery.
- ... laughs out loud at Andy Rooney or Lite beer commercials.
- ... wishes she were another zodiac sign.
- ... cracks jokes in crowded elevators.
- ... cries during *L.A. Law*.
- ... requests "Stormy Monday" to a band with three guitar players.
- ... claims to be a good chess player, then refers to the knight as a "horsey."
- ... has a picture of himself meeting Jimmy Buffett.
- ... knows what C.H.U.D. stands for.
- ... still cares whether it's Johnny tonight or a guest host.
- ... will go see a movie just because Diane Keaton is in it.
- ... has ever admitted to having her face painted at an outdoor festival.
- ... is a big fan of community theater.
- ... shushes you so he can hear Teri Garr on the Letterman show.

Michael Corcoran

"Any girl who doesn't want to fuck can leave now."

Babe Ruth, at a party  
in Detroit, 1928

NATIONAL LAMPOON 15

# Some of the Game's Peculiarities Explained

Gersh Kuntzman

For foreigners and Americans alike, baseball is a confusing game. For instance, even many die-hard fans don't fully understand the balk rule, a peculiar decree under which a pitcher's idiosyncratic delivery is brought under the umpire's intense scrutiny. The balk rule is currently undergoing both a re- and a misinterpretation, much to the chagrin of all the managers, pitchers, and fans who never really understood it in the first place.

Unfortunately, the balk rule is but one of a great number of confusing cobwebs lurking in the dark corners of baseball's rule book. Here are a few of the other more arcane laws of baseball:

**RULE 34, SECTION 4. The Grizzly Bear Rule:** Players caught in a rundown situation can employ a technique by which they fall down and play dead. If, after five (5) full seconds, the opponents have fallen for the ploy, the ball is dead and the runner is awarded two further bases. If the opponents do *not* fall for this ploy, they may eat the runner and wreck his campsite.

**RULE 24, SECTION 3. The Medieval Rule:** Fearing a stolen base attempt, the second baseman is permitted to dig a small moat around the base, which is to be no more than ten (10) feet deep and contain no more than three (3) man-eating aquatic animals. The base runner can attempt an overhead

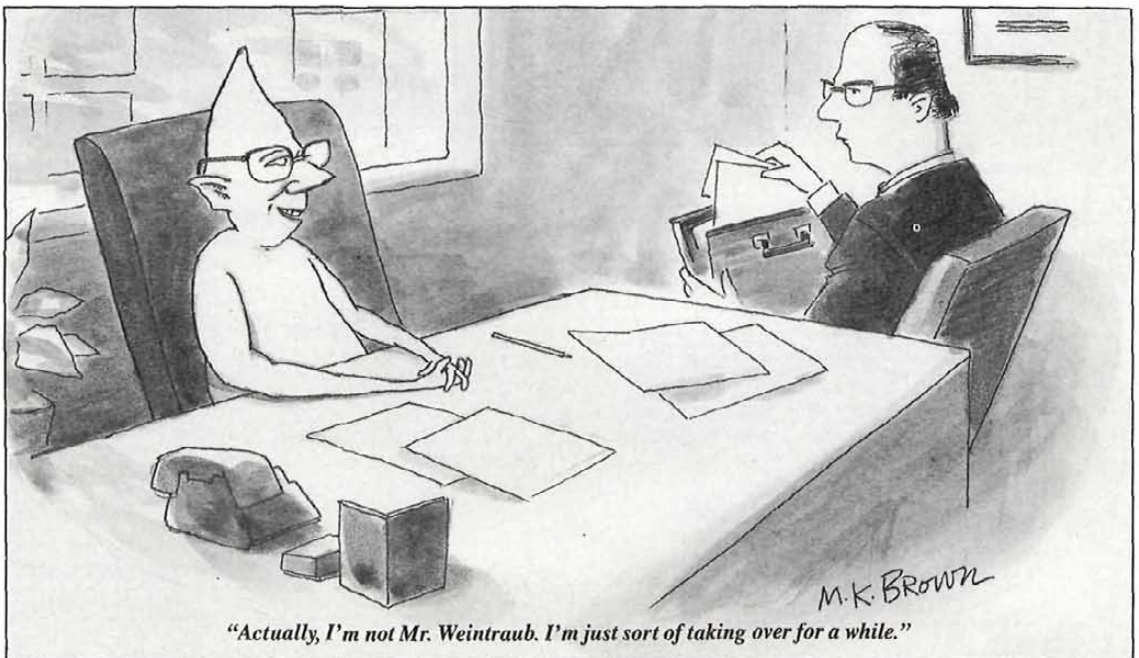
assault or bypass second. At third base, however, very likely he will be met with a cauldron of boiling oil, another completely legal defense strategy.

**RULE 555. The James Watt Minority Rights Rule:** Every team roster must include a black, a woman, two Jews, and a cripple. The cripple, however, can remain on the injured-reserve list for the entire season as long as he receives regular salary checks.

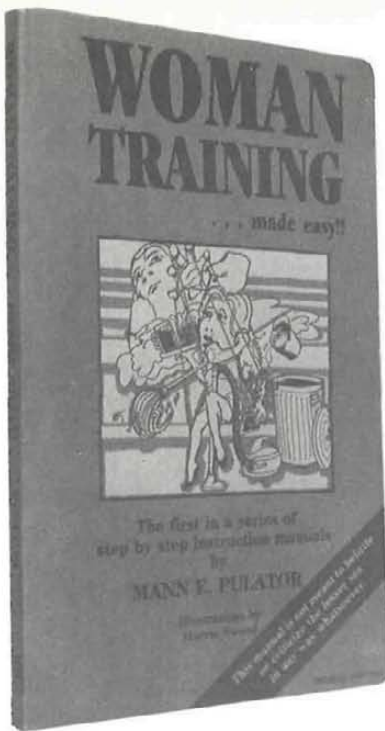
**RULE 44D. The Let's Make a Deal Rule:** Under the provisions of this popular rule, any player who has in his possession three rubber bands when Monty Hall is in attendance is awarded first base, fifteen dollars, or whatever is behind the bull-pen door. In the past, players who risked it all have won as much as third base. Others jeopardize the entire game only to win a case of canned squid.

**RULE 100B. The Yitzhak Shamir Rule:** The visiting team is instructed to arrive at the stadium early, declare that it is actually the home team, beat up anyone who claims otherwise, and partition off a large chunk of left field for a homeland.

**RULE 905. The Sports Announcer Cliché Justification Rule:** All players competing in a "must game, do-or-die" situation (see Rule 82, Section 3) shall be required to "give" some percentage more than 100. A player who cannot give more than 100 percent will be required to dig his own grave in foul territory or make his own bed and lie in it.







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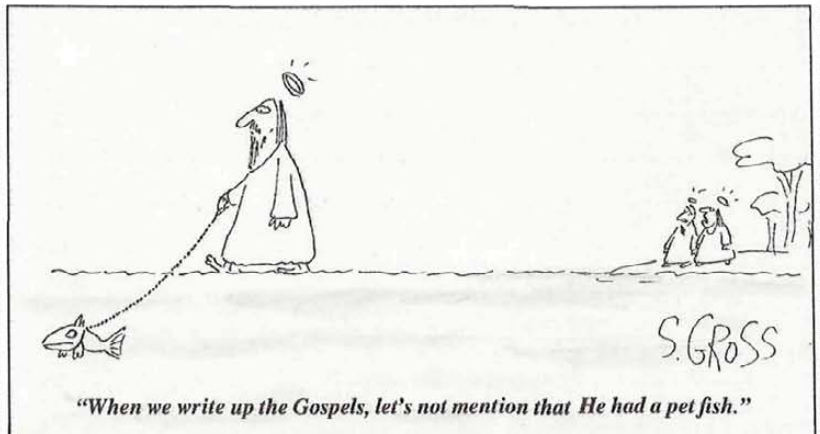
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## Twelve Little-Known Facts About Spuds MacKenzie

1. *George Michael* Spuds only eats pasta after first wrapping it around his tail.
2. *George Michael* Spuds and Michael Spinks have been known to read portions of *Great Expectations* aloud to each other.
3. *George Michael* Spuds and Orson Welles once fought physically over a pork chop.
4. *George Michael* Spuds once paid Dolly Parton \$25,000 to clip his nails in the nude.
5. *George Michael* Spuds was so grief-stricken at Cary Grant's funeral that he howled nonstop through the eulogy.
6. *George Michael* Spuds once performed rectal surgery on a Siamese cat.
7. *George Michael* Spuds frequently visits Rin Tin Tin at a canine nursing home in Santa Monica.
8. *George Michael* Spuds plays chess through the mail with Burl Ives.
9. *George Michael* Spuds is Jewish on his mother's side and was circumcised by a Hasidic veterinarian.
10. *George Michael* Michael Jackson recently bought Spuds's foreskin from the Museum of Tel Aviv for \$16,000.
11. *George Michael* United Airlines once allowed Spuds to pilot a 747 filled with passengers.
12. *George Michael* Spuds owns a sixteen-room house in Malibu which is fully equipped with a bone cellar, five walk-in closets for his collars, and three indoor fire hydrants.

Ed Bluestone



"When we write up the Gospels, let's not mention that He had a pet fish."

The *Harvard Medical School Health Letter* reported the case of a twenty-five-year-old chemist "who experienced chest pain and gurgling sounds for thirteen years before her problem was diagnosed as an incomplete belch." According to the writers of the article, the woman's "belch muscles" were not working. (*Montreal Gazette* (contributed by R. D. Higgs))

Liz Randolph, the former morning-news anchor for WBZZ-FM in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, filed a suit against the station claiming that morning air personalities Jim Quinn and Donald "Banana Don" Jefferson had defamed her.

In court papers, Randolph's lawyer said that WBZZ's morning team suggested that Randolph "has engaged in indiscriminate oral sex with large numbers of persons... and has sexually transmittable diseases."

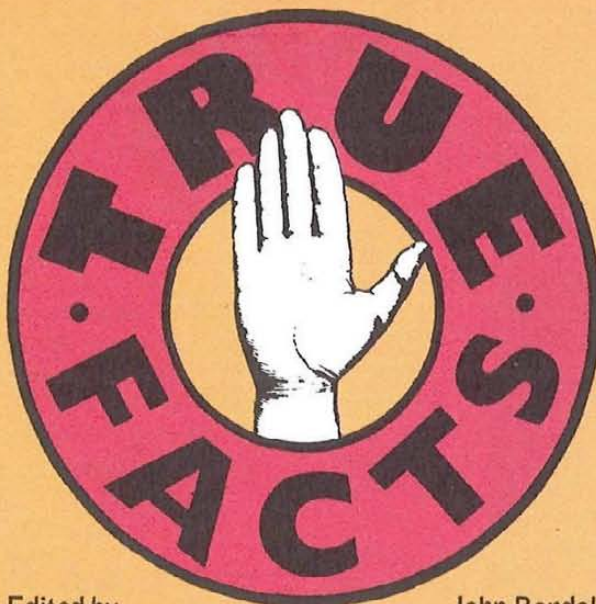
The suit arose after Randolph walked off the set in protest over a particular remark. Station officials said she was fired for abandoning her post.

The walkout took place after the morning team told listeners that Randolph enjoyed oral sex so much she wore a tattoo on her forehead which read: "Don't pull on my ears. I know what I'm doing." (*Electronic Media* (contributed by Jon Banks))

In Fort Lauderdale, Florida, sixty-two-year-old Joseph Bennett allegedly snatched the earrings off seventy-six-year-old Bobbie McCloud, then tried to grab a chain from around her neck. "He was choking me, and then he tried to bite me on the arm," said McCloud, "but it was just gums." A set of false teeth was found on the ground following the attack.

Two hours later, police found Bennett, toothless, at a bar his brother owns. Bennett denied the robbery but tried on the dentures, which police claimed fit perfectly.

The teeth, said police sergeant Ray Hudson, would "stay in evidence until he goes to court. Until then, he can eat mashed potatoes and soup." (*Fort Lauderdale News/Sun*



Edited by

John Bendel

*Sentinel* (contributed by Michael Lathrop)

Robbers broke into the First Jersey National Bank in Trenton, New Jersey, bypassed the vault, and made their way to the employees' supply cabinet. According to the *Daily Journal of Elizabeth*, New Jersey, the thieves made off with "twelve five-pound bags of sugar, twenty-four boxes of tea, six cans of decaffeinated coffee, twelve cans of regular coffee, sixteen bottles of dish detergent, nine boxes of nondairy creamer, three bottles of mouthwash, and three cases of soda." (contributed by Chris Miller)

From the *Los Angeles Times*:

"A proposal to use 'tortilla-grams' to alert illegal aliens about the government's amnesty program has failed to generate total support in the South Bay area. The Immigration and Naturalization Service said only one of four tortilla companies agreed to stuff the bilingual reminders... into their corn and flour tortilla packaging. 'It wasn't a vehement, strong reaction against the idea,' Robert Sanchez, an INS spokesman, said. 'They just didn't want to get involved.'" (contributed by David Ostovich)

According to the Josephine County, Oregon, sheriff, two

youths reported they had been robbed of nineteen dollars by two men in their mid-twenties who offered them a ride. The youths told deputies the robbers dropped them off, then rode off in the car, which they described as a light blue or tan or white Pinto or Maserati. (*Grants Pass (Oregon) Daily Courier* (contributed by Gerald Schwartz))

*Scene* magazine of St. Ambrose University in Davenport, Iowa, interviewed alumnus Beth Wood, co-host and producer of *PM Magazine* for WCPX-TV in Orlando, Florida. The article stated that Wood found the variety her job of-

ferred "especially enjoyable."

Wood was quoted as saying: "One day, for example, a feature had me sipping champagne on a balcony with one of the most eligible bachelors in Texas, and the next day I was interviewing a man who had lost half of his face to cancer." (contributed by Terry Ford)

Twenty-six-year-old philosophy student David Read of Madison, Wisconsin, formed the Nihilistic Workers Party "to spread the belief that existing social and economic institutions must be destroyed in order to make way for new institutions."

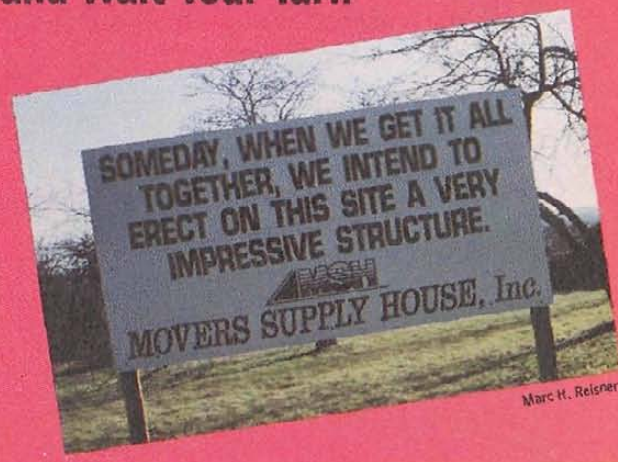
To further his group's goals, Read announced that he would douse a puppy with gasoline and set it on fire. (*AP* (contributed by Cyndi Lack))

From California's *Fresno Bee*:

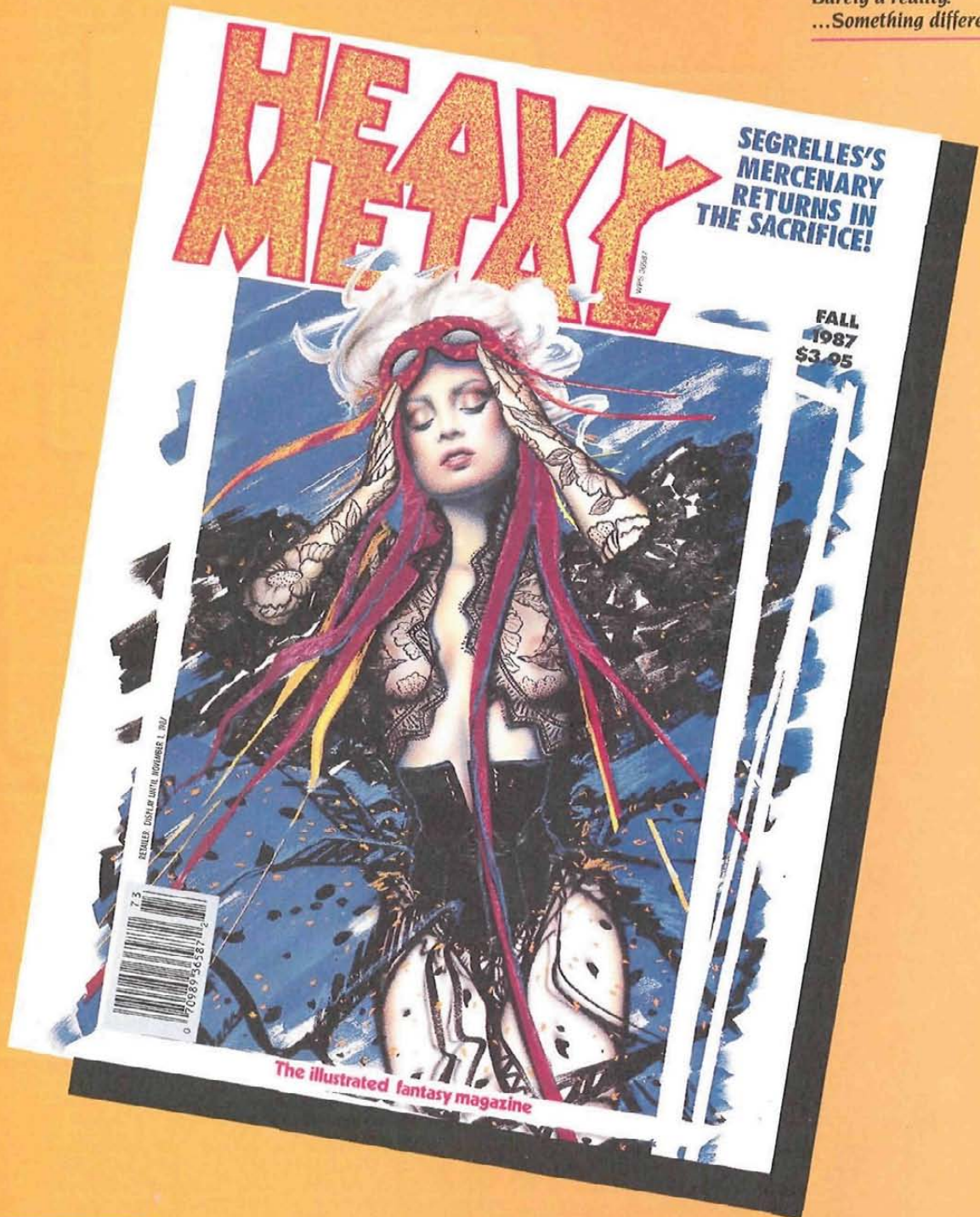
"A man who asked Charles Eugene Holmes, of Fresno, for doughnuts shortly before noon Tuesday in the 300 block of G Street hit Holmes over the head with a small hatchet when Holmes told the attacker he had no doughnuts." (contributed by Adam Johnson)

Someone disguised as a bus driver talked a Greyhound Bus Lines dispatcher into giving him ten dollars for tolls, then stole a bus from the Greyhound garage in Springfield, Massachusetts. He drove the bus

## Investors: Take a Number and Wait Your Turn



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ninety miles to Greyhound's Boston garage.

"He even filled out a report stating that the bus wasn't running right," said a Springfield police spokesman. *Boston Globe* (contributed by Dave West)

Florentino Santiago of New York City bought a lottery ticket and hid it in a secret place. When the winning numbers were announced, Santiago recognized them as the ones he had picked. However, he couldn't find the ticket, now worth \$1.25 million.

Relatives searched the seventy-seven-year-old man's house for four days until they finally located the ticket "tucked away in a pillow." Since he couldn't collect the earnings that minute, Santiago again hid the ticket, this time in a new location, which he promptly forgot.

Relatives spent another week rummaging through the house until the ticket turned up pressed in his Bible. This time Santiago bought a safe-deposit box, then returned home and placed the key in another secret place, which he again forgot.

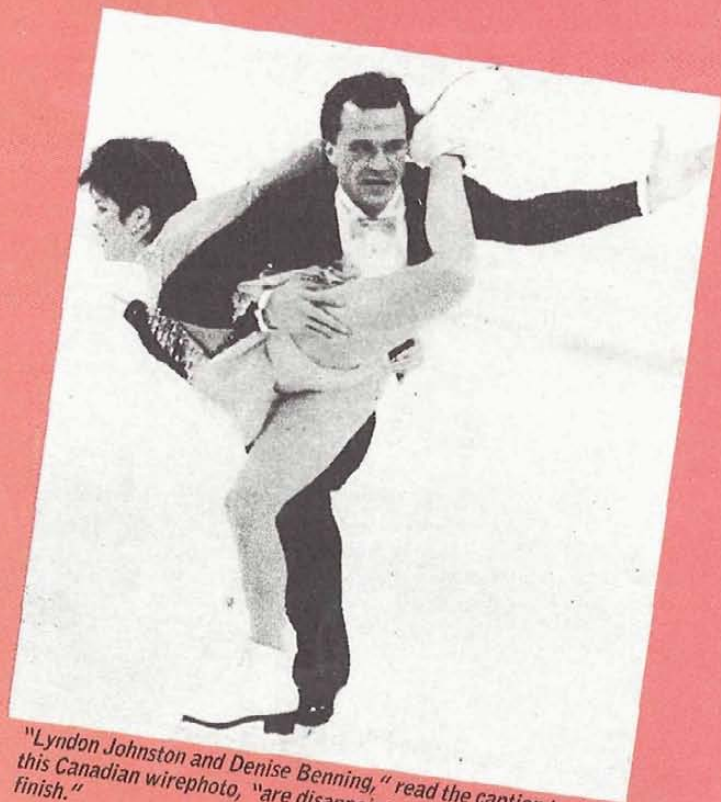
When the key finally turned up in the back of a closet, Santiago collected an initial payment of \$47,523. According to an unattributed press report, his family said that "some of the money would go toward repairing the damage done to the house in all those frantic searches." (contributed by Carl Wolf)

From the *Minneapolis Star-Tribune*:

"A man who commanded a pit bull to attack trees was ordered to perform forty hours of community service work planting or pruning trees. Gerald E. Huber, Jr. also will have to pay for the replacement of any of the thirteen damaged trees if they die, according to the order Thursday in Lancaster County Court, Lancaster, Pennsylvania." (contributed by Sue Schaubsluger)

The *Los Angeles Times* reported that "a protestor who wanted to dramatize his cause by spending a week in a garbage can dangling from the Golden Gate Bridge fell 220 feet into the icy water and was

## Excuse Me, Excuse Me, Sorry...



"Lyndon Johnston and Denise Benning," read the caption to this Canadian wirephoto, "are disappointed with their Olympic finish."

nearly washed out to sea. Paul Alarab, twenty-nine, of Kensington, California, suffered collapsed lungs and three broken ribs but was hospitalized in satisfactory condition. He was plucked from a rock by the Coast Guard."

Alarab told police he wanted to draw attention to the plight of the old and infirm, who "must stand in long lines in supermarkets and banks."

Police said that Alarab "had equipped the thirty-three-gallon garbage can with clothing, two jugs of water, a life vest, and some political pamphlets."

Initially unaware of Alarab's fall, however, police suspected a bomb in the dangling garbage can. The Golden Gate Bridge was closed for forty minutes while police investigated.

Alarab was charged with trespassing. (contributed by Jim Motter)

A drunk in Montpelier, France, attempted to hold up a café using a realistic-looking

candy gun. According to a wire service report, "The owner called police, but by the time they arrived the man had eaten the weapon." (contributed by Dean Klein)

According to the *Santa Ana Register*, "A motorist in Fresno used his car telephone to alert the California Highway Patrol that a truckdriver was weaving back and forth on state Route 99 and seemed to be drunk." Officers stopped the truck but found the driver had not been drinking.

Then the police checked out the caller, who had stopped behind the truck, and arrested him for drunk driving. (contributed by Robin Galvez)

According to the *Sun*, a two-ton elephant named Sassy grew fond of chili on the El Paso, Texas, ranch where she lived among cows before she was sold to the circus. However, the chili she ate caused tremendous gas problems in her digestive

tract.

"I'd notice the next day that the cows would stick to one end of the field and Sassy would be all by herself at the other," said rancher Antonio Guayabera. "I always thought someone was burning trash, but I finally realized it was Sassy and cut off her bean supply."

Recently, however, while performing at a nearby circus, Sassy got her trunk into a vat of chili before anyone could stop her. "I knew I had to get her out of there," said her trainer, Fritz Hildebrand, from a hospital bed, "but I wasn't fast enough. As I led her away, the gas attack started. I should have known better than to stand too close, but that first blast blew me right through the tent and into a trailer parked outside." Hildebrand suffered fifteen broken bones.

A number of subsequent elephant farts ripped several holes through the big top before Sassy could be led away. (contributed by Judi Brent)



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Signs of



the Times



Nancy C. Strand



Bill Cherenky



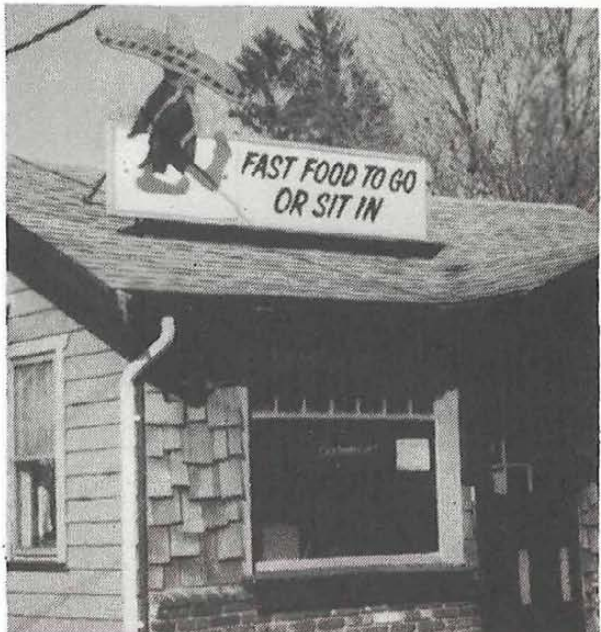
Mark Preisinger



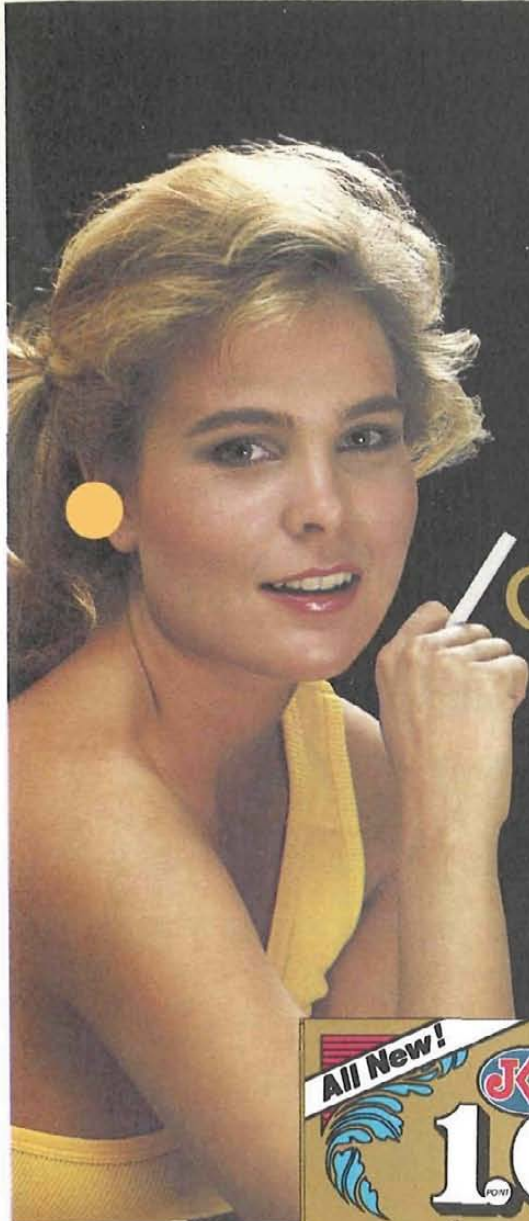
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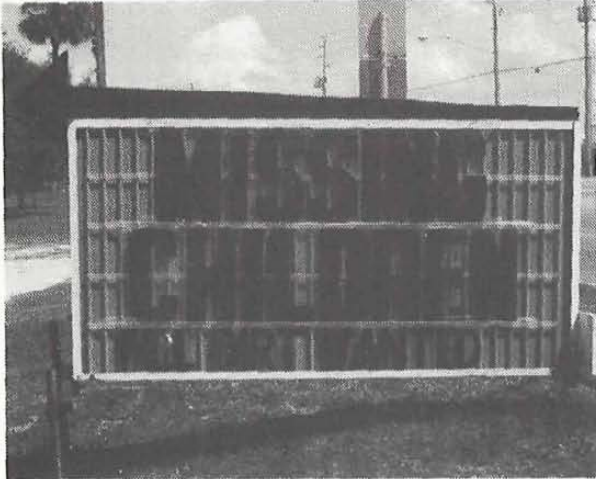
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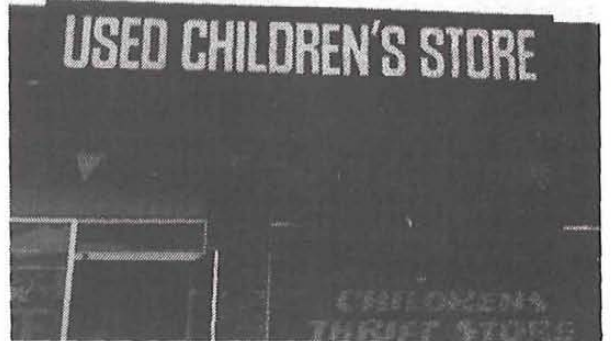
# Kids and Where



# to Find Them



Kent Lemon



Cheryl Wenzel



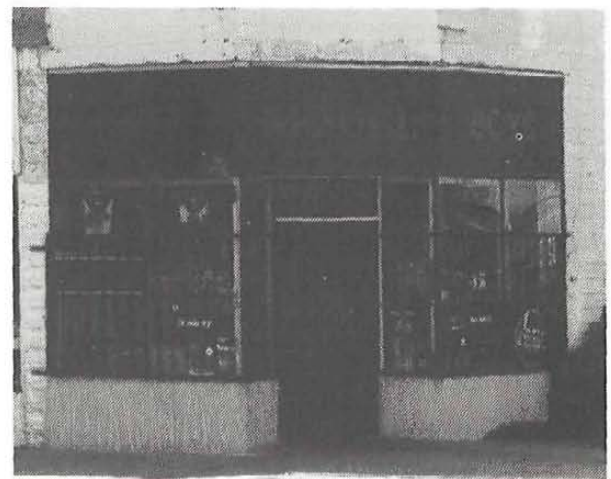
Lamar Troup



Dan Nemeth



Rich Konork



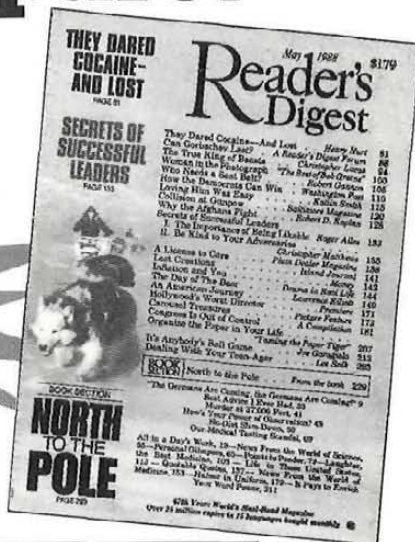
Bob Wyman



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# ZEN BASTARD

by Paul Krassner



Radio Daze

Jeff Wong

Starting in the late fifties, I used to listen to Jean Shepherd on New York City radio station WOR every night. He was on from midnight to 5:30 in the morning. You could wake up at three A.M. and he might be talking about how difficult it would be to explain the function of an amusement park to a refugee from Venus.

One of Shepherd's regular features was the hurling of epithets. He would instruct every listener to put his radio on the windowsill. He'd whisper, "Now turn the volume all the way up," and then he would scream out something scandalous-sounding—like "You filthy pragmatist!"—to get the rest of the neighborhood wondering about which family was using such strange profanity.

There was an individual in my apartment building who was following these orders. I finally tracked him down. It was a teenage Nazi who liked Shepherd best when he talked about Nietzsche. So I realized that each listener heard that program through his own particular filter.

But the notion of communicating at a given moment with this large unseen audience turned me on so much that it was almost inevitable I would get into radio myself. As a writer, you could sit at a typewriter and stall your ass off, but the fact that there were all these people simultaneously waiting at this precise moment at the other end of that microphone would require a different kind of discipline.

My first broadcasting experience was on the Long John Nebel show, which took the place of Jean Shepherd on WOR. We were talking about telekinesis and I, as the guest skeptic, was saying that if only those of us at the table could, by sheer group concen-

tration, move a dime just one inch, I would become a believer.

A fellow panelist argued that this was a complicated phenomenon that could only be achieved one step at a time. So I suggested that we start with a penny.

I was also interviewed for CBS radio. To one particular question—"Are you one of those angry young men we've been hearing about?"—I yelled my response: "No! I'm not angry! What are you asking a dumb question like that for! What is there to be angry about!"

The interviewer turned off his tape recorder and said, "Come on, Paul, play the game."

"I am playing the game. You mean play your game."

In the early sixties I started doing a weekly commentary on Les Davis's jazz show on WNCN, a station mostly noted for classical music. If I even mentioned the word "abortion"—regardless of my point of view—management fidgeted. Eventually they dropped me because I did not "fit in with the image of the concert network."

Bob Fass had me on his all-night freeform program over WBAI, and his show became my radio home. I was also occasionally on with Larry Josephson in the morning, and often with Steve Post on weekends. One night I took over for Post. I and Marshall Efron and Bridget Potter pretended to be students from Columbia University who had taken over the whole station.

"The airwaves," I announced in a nasal Brooklyn accent, "belong to the people."

We had planned to carry on this prank for maybe fifteen minutes, but it lasted four hours. The cops were called by listeners who took us literally. The cops came and we explained that it was just a hoax. After they left I snickered over the air about the way we had fooled them into believing it was just a hoax. So the cops came again.

Another time I suggested that listeners all get stoned or chant or do whatever got them high, and that they also get out a jar of honey but not eat any until I gave the signal. I played some Ravi Shankar sitar music. Then, while countless tongues were savoring the taste of honey, I played a tape of a seventy-six-year-old-beekeeper reading his epic poem about the nature of honey, and then doing some soulful numbers on his fiddle.

Once I even orchestrated an electronic orgy. At midnight I suggested that all listeners wait to make love, or masturbate, or whatever, until one o'clock. Then they could get into it knowing that they were sharing the pleasure of the flesh with a certain spirit of connection that was like a horny spider's web spun across the city, reaching even into the suburbs and border states of consciousness.

I provided the background music, ranging from the Rolling Stones to Ravel's *Bolero* (and this was several years before that scene between Dudley Moore and Bo

Derek in the movie *10*), from Janis Joplin singing "Down on Me" to Gene Autry singing "I'm Back in the Saddle Again."

I had a brief fling with television. I was supposed to have been one of the alternating hosts on educational TV's answer to network talk shows. It was called *Free Time*, and it was on New York's Channel 13. On my first show I interviewed Timothy Leary's mother, played by Marilyn Sokol. I had a little button in my ear, through which the producer kept telling me to inform the viewers that it was actually an actress.

I felt like a contrary Joan of Arc, ignoring rather than paying attention to this little voice that was buzzing around in my head. Finally, exasperated, the little voice said, "Paul, are you going to say anything or not?" Realizing that this would now be my last show, I shook my head as unobtrusively as I could.

Tim Leary was hiding out in Algeria with Eldridge Cleaver at the time. My welcoming line to Mrs. Leary had been "That's a lovely coat you're wearing. What kind of fur is it?" To which her response was "Oh, it's made of Algerian camel hump." And I simply did not want to condescend to whoever in the audience might not be aware that this was a put-on.

I moved to the West Coast in the early seventies. I had my own radio talk show on KSFJ, the ABC-FM station, each Saturday morning and Sunday night, bracketing the weekend. When I'd first been offered the job, there was a promise that I would have the kind of freedom I had enjoyed on WBAI. I accepted on the condition that I could use the name Rumplesforeskin.

I even tried to get listed in the San Fran-



cisco telephone directory as Rumplesforeskin, but they wouldn't do it. Although they were willing to give me "Foreskin, Rumples," I insisted it had to be all one name.

One Sunday evening I was having dinner at a hamburger place before my show. I sat at the counter watching this chef with a serene expression put one round piece of chopped dead meat after another into the open fire, cooking them for rare, medium, and well-done strangers.

I talked about it on the air later, inviting listeners to tell how they survived boring, menial, repetitive jobs. The calls covered a whole spectrum of escape, from becoming a machine oneself to disengaging by means of astral projection.

Another time a woman called whose house had been set on fire by a neighborhood kid who was the son of a cop. I suggested that we draw upon the resources of other listeners. It ended up with the woman taking the kid out to dinner. Presumably he didn't set the restaurant on fire.

I felt like some kind of public switchboard. I was able to connect a union organizer who had offered her help with hippie crafts people wishing to resist exploitation. And when actor Garry Goodrow needed someone to teach him the fine art of pickpocketing for a part in a film, *Steelyard Blues*, I mentioned it on the air and a retired pickpocket phoned.

Once I got a call from a guy who was so hostile that I suggested he breathe deeply before we started talking. For ten solid minutes I allowed this heavy breathing to be broadcast, so that listeners who had never gotten an obscene phone call could

finally get one over their radio.

I played a song from Charlie Manson's album, *Lie*, but without identifying him. Then I invited listeners to call and guess who it was. The guesses included Phil Ochs, Country Joe McDonald, and Ed Sanders. I finally revealed who was really singing and played another cut, back to back with "The Ballad of Lieutenant Calley" of My Lai massacre infamy.

There was never any pressure on me from anybody at the station. Once, when the head of the network's FM division came out from the East Coast, he cornered me in the record library and advised me not to get too involved with talking about "the evils of capitalism."

"I've never even mentioned anything about the evils of capitalism."

"Well, just try and be subtle about it."

"Listen, when I hear Marx and Lenin, I think of Groucho and John."

I smiled and put the Who on the turntable doing "Won't Get Fooled Again." From then on I always played that after the news.

I got fired after seven months. Another FM rock station, KSAN, let me have a few hours on that Saturday afternoon to wind things up. Fifteen minutes before I was due to go off the air, into the studio walked Gene Schoenfeld—his "Dr. Hip" socio-medical advice program was scheduled to follow mine—with his guest, the legendary Margo St. James, who once shaved the perimeter of her pubic hair into the shape of a heart because it was Valentine's Day.

Margo was a former hooker who had put on an authentic nun's costume and groped me in a crowded airport; who helped paint fire hydrants in Day-Glo colors at three

o'clock in the morning; and who founded COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics), an organization of loose women.

Now, as she unzipped my fly while I was talking on the radio, I knew that she was down to something. I continued rapping as though I were not being given head. There had been no violation of any FCC regulation during this encounter, but I was no longer welcome at KSAN either.

I was angry. I had followed the rules. I had even remembered to deliver the required station identification in a proper manner. "This is KSAN in San Francisco," I said, "the station that blows your mind..."

Recently, I did on-the-air commentaries for the final week of *The Wilton North Report*, the Fox network's temporary replacement for *The Late Show*. At three minutes per night, I used up my entire Andy Warhol allotment. Nevertheless, it was really a cheap thrill to be opposite Johnny Carson and Ted Koppel. My ship had finally come in, only it turned out to be the *Titanic*.

But now I'm finally back on the radio again, a weekly show with Peter Bergman, formerly of the Firesign Theater, on KPFF in Los Angeles. It started during the Iran-contra hearings, and we have kept the same code names we used then. Peter is Comandante Baldie and I am Thunder Heart.

And so when the scandal broke about Nancy Reagan's unofficial White House astrologer, I was able to go on radio the next morning and reveal how she had tried to obtain astral therapy for the president in order to change his zodiac sign to a better one. Stay tuned. ■



For ten minutes I allowed his heavy breathing to be broadcast, so that listeners who'd never gotten an obscene phone call could finally get one over their radio.



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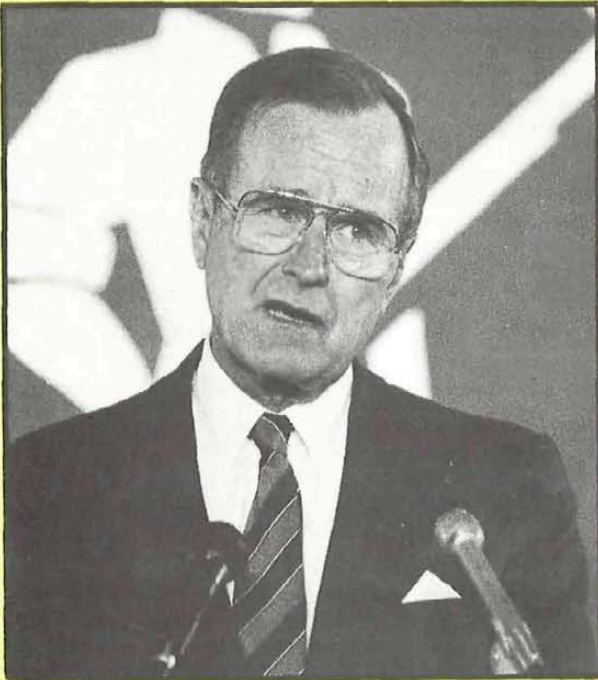
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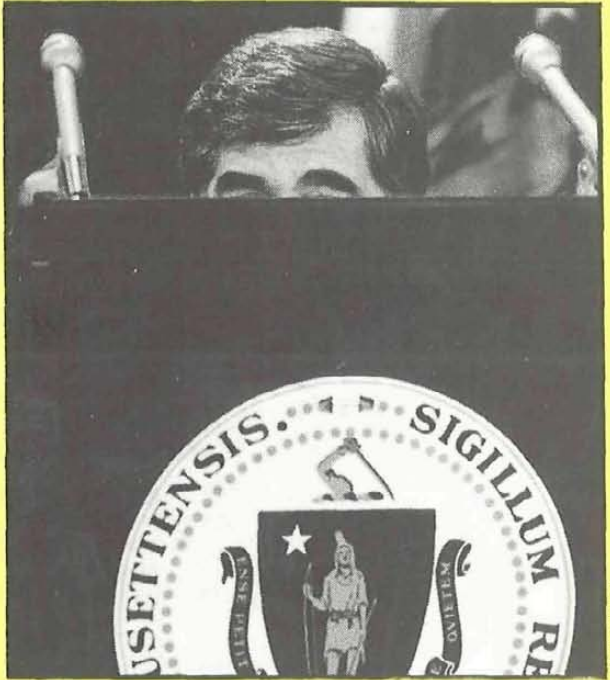
# YELLOW JOURNAL

Official mudslinger of the 1988 Olympics

## INTERVIEWS WITH THE CANDIDATES



AP/Wide World



AP/Wide World

The editors of *Yellow Journal* asked the presidential candidates how they would handle some of the more difficult situations facing the United States. Here are their responses.

### GEORGE BUSH

#### Middle East

I say let the Palestinians have their own state so they can form the dictatorship of their choice.

#### Homelessness

The problem isn't homelessness per se. Everyone has a place to stay. The problem is interior decorators taking too long to finish the job. Millions of Americans are forced to sleep on the streets outside their homes waiting for the wallpaper to be hung. The question ought to be "How do we deal with the interior decorators?" And of course the answer is "Very strongly!"

#### Drugs

I would go right to the source, the cocaine farmers, and ask them to stop growing cocaine and instead grow something that is equally popular and profitable here in the States, such as figs.

The vice president's tendency to flip-flop on issues

That may or may not be true. You see, there are two sides to every story.

### MICHAEL DUKAKIS

#### Budget

As a governor, I'm the only candidate who has ever had to balance a budget.

#### Education

As a governor, I'm the only candidate who has had to spell out problems to illiterates.

#### Homelessness

As a governor, I'm the only candidate who has had to preside over homeless people.

#### Health insurance

As a governor, I'm the only candidate who has ever had to look a sick person in the eye and ask, "So what's wrong with you?"

If someone ran up to you and screamed, "Ooga booga booga!"

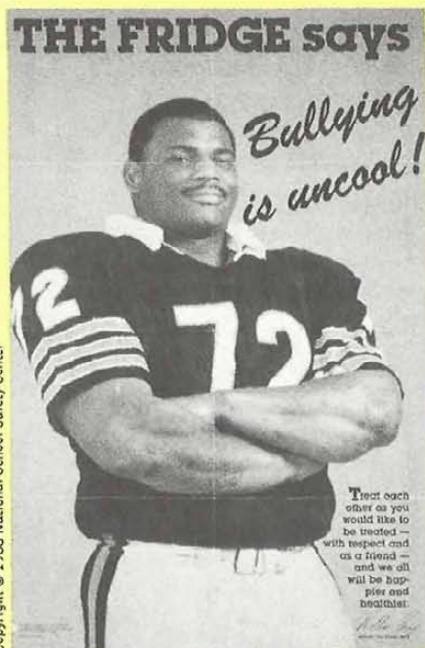
As a governor, I'm the only candidate who has ever had to surround himself with people who scream, "Ooga booga booga!"

—A.S.

# Fifteen Minutes of Filthy Lucre

Like locusts descending on a hapless bumper crop in the Midwest, New York City's hoi polloi swooped down on the auction of Andy Warhol artifacts held at Sotheby's.

Record-setting prices were fetched for the crazy-quilt lots of Warhol's personal collection. The bidding started with his cookie jar collection, and the batch of hideous Americana fetched a cool million, well beyond Sotheby's projected gross.



Copyright © 1988 National School Safety Center

This poster of William "The Refrigerator" Perry sold for \$877,500. Warhol bought it originally for \$1.95.

The frenzied bidding escalated as each new category of *objets d'Andy* was unveiled by a panting, moist, and giddy crew of Sotheby parasites. One by one the lots broke new totals in cool cash: the chair collection, the 1930s dessert spoon lots, a bundle of "Dondi" cartoons clipped from the New York *Daily News*, and the top moneymaker: Andy's personal collection of "Flintstones" jelly glasses, a Texaco giveaway item from the sixties. The complete Fred, Wilma, Pebbles, Bamm Bamm, Dino, Barney, and Betty set was claimed by Donald Trump for a handy twelve million dollars.

When asked about the remarkable prices paid for the Warhol crap, longtime sycophant and former Warhol movie personality Suede Dickie said, "The jelly glasses became art when Andy bought them. He had the Midas touch. If Andy had collected the brown sediment that collects at the bottom of a bottle of chocolate Yoo-Hoo, that would be art too."

Here is a partial listing of the top moneymaking lots in Sotheby's auction:

Eskimo Pie Wrappers	\$9,000,000.00
4 Whammo Super Balls	\$7,850,000.00
<i>Valley of the Dolls</i> (paperback)	\$7,300,000.00
"Mork & Mindy" Lunchbox	\$6,000,000.00
Farrah Fawcett Poster	\$5,890,000.00
12 Copies, <i>Boys with Inverted Bellybuttons</i> Magazine	\$4,900,000.00
3 Quisp Cereal Boxes	\$3,558,000.00
Carnival "Shrunken Head" Novelty	\$2,986,000.32
6 "Rat Fink" Key Chains	\$1,999,999.99
Family of "Troll" Dolls	\$ 984,500.00

—N.B.



AP / Wide World

Troubles continue at Eastern Airlines, where passengers of a recent New York-to-Chicago flight were asked to help "jump-start" the engine of an aging 727 jumbo jet. "Once the jet took off," said an airline spokesman, "the majority of the passengers were able to hang on without difficulty."

—M.J.

**Contributors:**  
Nick Bakay

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Andy Simmons  
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# AT&T Commercial Ends in Tragedy

Two actors and a cameraman were killed recently during the shooting of an AT&T commercial. The commercial was one of a number of AT&T commercials notable for their vicious and brutal portrayal of corporate life. These commercials show younger, more handsome businessmen reveling in the despair of older, tired corporate has-beens who still sing the praises of that sorry old workhorse, IBM.

In this particular commercial, Man A, who had lost that ever-so-important account, was perched on a ledge of a building twenty-seven stories above street level. Man B, who got the account, was leaning out the window encouraging him to jump—in fact, prodding him with a stick as well as facts proving what an incompetent boob he was.

The provocateur then proceeded to dissect the ledge dweller's abysmal life, starting with his laugh-

able relationship with his wife. He jeered at his son, the one who was a devil worshiper and had massacred twelve ponies at a children's petting zoo, and winked lasciviously when referring to his daughter, who was famed the city over as "that fast girl at Lincoln High."

At this point the actor playing Man A, who had just had his telephone disconnected that very day, angrily lunged at the actor playing Man B. They grappled. Then both men fell the twenty-seven stories onto the cameraman, who was awaiting death's knock.

AT&T announced it would resume shooting in a week and would rewrite the script to include the footage of the actors falling, which it believes epitomizes the angst its commercials are trying to portray.

—A.S.

## Survey on Job-Related Age Acceleration Released

While the old maxim about every year in the presidential office aging a man ten years has lost credibility during the reign of Ronald Reagan, especially since he would be 159 now, a recent survey conducted by the University of Chicago revealed that several other jobs accelerate the aging process even more rapidly. Below is a partial listing:

Job	Years Aged per Year in Job
Ad agency employee	22
George Steinbrenner employee	41
Leona Helmsley employee	48
Complaint counter/K mart	23
Mother of three	22
New York City transit policeman	18
Mike Tyson's sparring partner	73

The same survey singled out several occupations which actually reverse the aging process:

Job	Years Grown Younger per Year in Job
Union carpenter	3

—L.Y.

## Cost of Living Badly Rises Sharply

If the rich are getting richer, at least there's some justice: the cost of living a wretched, shabby existence is rising even faster.

The annual Spam Index, which charts skid row staples, rose 18.3 percent in 1988.

The biggest increase: a used syringe, up 68 percent to \$0.84.

The only inflation beater: dead men's shoes in thrift shops bumped up just 3 percent to \$1.47.

—D.W.



The cost of a new home has risen 8 percent. AP/Wide World

## Heller Scholar Discovers Error

After waiting twenty years for what was to be the definitive study of the problematic conclusion to Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*, critics have expressed shock and disappointment over the published result. It seems that noted Heller scholar Leo Rheinhold based his three-volume work on a copy of the novel from which the last two pages were missing.

"This is unfortunate," Rheinhold said. "I bought that copy at a garage sale in 1965. It never occurred to me that it might not be complete. Obviously, this changes everything."

To coincide with the release of Rheinhold's study, Simon & Schuster plans to put out a new edition of *Catch-22* that will end on page 461 instead of 463.

—M.W.



## Inside Larry King



Flip those burgers, my friend, I'll be back in a flash with the ceremonial John the Conqueror root and a few quarters for Jerry's kids. Come over here, I want to show you something. See? ...No, over there near the bushes... Look, IT'S MY BRAIN!!! But enough about me, let's sling the poop, chew the fat, and generally ruffle some feathers on the pop culture beat... You heard it here first: Susan Lucci to pen autobio in her own blood... Look for Patrick Swayze and Jennifer Grey to reunite in the highly touted *Polka Prancing*... No, I lost them in a fire... Latest media figure to suffer from a melting face: Mickey Mantle... If you like a good scare, and who doesn't, take a few deep breaths, clear your mind, and ponder sheer nothingness. Oohh, I just got the willies... Speaking of willies, who let Ann Jillian sing in the first place?... Don't look now, but it's William Shatner, and he looks hungry... Color me an optimist, but couldn't Pat Robertson slip and take a nasty fall? Just once?... Satisfaction, in a word, is a jar of pickled pork lips sautéed with a mélange of brewer's yeast, candy corn, and Dijon mustard... My prayer for a new commemorative postage stamp? The immortal Rip Taylor... Look out for those Atlanta Braves this year... So Cal Ripken's a lush, eh? ... Am I the only one who longs to run up and give the Reverend Al Sharpton a big hug?... Wait, no, STOP! MY HAND IS LODGED IN A GLORY HOLE! Oh my God, that was scary! You see, I accidentally dropped my Zagnut bar down the darn thing and I was just reaching for it and... Poor Cher, it took the tasteless, aging tart—what?—four movies before she won an Oscar? The little gal has really paid her dues, hasn't she?... Isn't David Brinkley a sweetie?... Add my name to the list of those who just go NUTS at the sight of Charlene Tilton's thighs on those *Dallas* reruns... You heard it here first: don't bend over when Richard Chamberlain tells you to, it will only end in heartbreak... Pull my string and call me a sap, but I can't get enough of Jerry Lewis when he takes a moment to say something in all seriousness... Say, I've got it, let's try some of that "Beat Generation" stream-of-consciousness stuff. What do you say? Here we go... Jolly farmer fog comes rolling in on prawns' feet like Velveeta oozing down the side of an olive-loaf hoagy. Yes boss say man it's Burl Ives got a song what a talent like that one o' a kind Tom Bosley! Tip your hat to the talent that is a Bob Denver, and sing the chorus for Ted Danson with that crazy hair puffed high like robin redbreast on a speed jag BABY! Had a good read as I hopped a train that

## A Report on Racism in Baseball

Professor Harry Edwards, hired by baseball commissioner Peter Ueberroth to look into ways of advancing minorities in that sport, has published a report that claims to shed light on the contrasting ways sports writers and announcers refer to black baseball players and their white counterparts.

Here is a partial list from that report:

When Commenting on White Players	When Commenting on Black Players
Hustler.....	Speedster
Works hard.....	Naturally gifted
Gritty.....	Slick
Great hands.....	Great range
He's a battler.....	Look at that little monkey run!
A favorite with the fans.....	A favorite in the clubhouse
Father was a dentist.....	Youngest of twenty-seven
Must be that recurring hamstring.....	Must be drugs
Shows good managerial potential.....	Should be offered the job of first-base coach upon retirement
Speaks well.....	Mouths off

—A.S.



Wally Backman, New York Mets: Hustler



Vince Coleman, St. Louis Cardinals: Speedster

Stephen King got my skin goosebumping like a sad episode of *M\*A\*S\*H* with Loretta Swit in a vat of caramel nougat, like MAN but I dig that DeanSammyFrankWayneCharo cluster like a ball of hot wax!... Oh, ahhh, wow, where am I?... What?... Holy cow, I must have been in some sort of creative TRANCE! Well, I'm okay now. Say, that Beat stuff is pretty wild... But not as wild as the talent of Bob Hope... I'm Larry King and I'll be back next time with drawings of the left side of my brain, not to mention exclusive transcriptions of the dreams of Neil Diamond.

—N.B.



# HORRORSCOPE

★ ★ L ★ I ★ B ★ R ★ A ★ (9/24–10/23) ★ ★



John Duke Kisch © 1987

**FAMOUS LIBRAS:** Kathy Boudin, A. Oakey Hall, Jerome Johnson, "Lumpy" Rutherford, Bokassa I, Doug Momary, Morocco Mole, Steve Brodie, Una Mae Carlyle, Joseph Luparelli, Half-Pint Jaxon, Dudu Pukwana, and Abe Hirschfeld.

**Your Birthday:** You do well to follow your instincts at the "quaint" Armenian café the family drags you to for your day's celebration—your nephew, two nieces, and your spouse will barely recover from the dish of raw ground lamb and pine nuts (and salmonella) that you wisely turn up your nose at. Poisoned food, retching relations—these are the moments in life to truly savor.

**SCORPIO (10/24–11/22):** Orb shows that you will be caught in the crossfire at a local shoe store between a vengeful former employee sacked for foot fetishism and the beefy, well-armed owner. Crouched behind a display of

Odor-Eaters, you will suffer only superficial wounds, but incompetent intern at local emergency room will cause one of these to become gangrenous, eventually necessitating an amputation. You're artistic, Scorpio—why not take the settlement money and go study with famed one-legged tap-dancer "Stumps" Murphy?

**SAGITTARIUS (11/23–12/21):** Once again you are reminded that Mars in Virgo tends to set off sociopathic incidents—you are collared by the local gendarmes while on vacation in Paris for attacking a maître d' with a blood sausage. Meanwhile, on the home front, your eldest daughter goes on a manic spending spree with your newly arrived Discover card. Wait till you discover the bill—*formidable!*

**CAPRICORN (12/22–1/20):** The dark influence of Venus at this time urges you to scoff at rules and challenge the authority of higher-ups at work—especially the paymaster, whose signature you will finally perfect around mid-month, leading to hectic activity at tellers' windows, police lineups, etc. ...Gentle "Swiss" uncle turns out to be infamous Nazi concentration camp commandant Lothar Hencke, better known as "Lothar the Impaler." Lovely childhood memories of weekends spend frog-gigging with him will somehow never again seem the same.

**AQUARIUS (1/21–2/19):** Special message for our illus-

trious Aquarian (February 6) president: Tell Nancy that advice in dealing with all manner of backstabbing (such as Regan's treachery) could have been hers for the asking from yrs. truly any old time. Ms. Quigley may be okay for reading Rieza's tea leaves, but when it comes to hardball slime à la Capitol Hill, y'all just got to have the all-seeing orb in your corner.

**PISCES (2/20–3/20):** Not until after the sun has made a decisive aspect to Pluto can you hope to get your point across to your wife that your new gay Ugandan lover will, in fact, enrich your marriage immeasurably in the long run. However, be sure to tell Mobongo that his machete is not the best way to resolve the situation at this time.

**ARIES (3/21–4/20):** Domestic disappointment looms sometime around the seventeenth when it is revealed that your seven-year-old son is evidently the heartless neighborhood "pooch snuffer" who has been poisoning terriers, Airedales, collies, and mixed breeds for blocks around during these past months.

**TAURUS (4/21–5/21):** A nice, attractive young lady will teach you something interesting this month—that chlamydia is not the name of an ancient Greek city-state. ... That unscheduled urine test at work will come after a heavy night of partying with an old college pal who is now a salesman for a pharmaceutical supply house.

**GEMINI (5/22–6/21):** While in Calcutta with the wife on a

cheap and unpleasant holiday, a dung-rolling untouchable will attempt to garrote you as an offering to the goddess Kali—I told you before, Gemini and exotic don't mix! ... Your elderly, affluent mother will suddenly take a twenty-two-year-old Greek dishwasher as her husband and sole heir. Face the feta and dance, pal, it's all perfectly legal.

**CANCER (6/22–7/22):** On a slow night, an attendant at your health club will accidentally lock you and two obese carpet salesmen in the steam room for over five hours—expect to wake up screaming, "HAIR! FAT! SWEAT!" for some time afterward.

**LEO (7/23–8/23):** Signs indicate a mishap during a visit to screwy ex-spouse's farming commune: you mistake pelican guano for the group's customary breakfast fare and eat a hearty bowlful. The humorless band drives you from its midst with stones for having "appropriated" its fertilizer. (For once go against your Leo's gentle nature and use this incident to garner sympathy for your efforts to wrest your kids from this nutbin.)

**VIRGO (8/24–9/23):** An overwhelming number of planetary aspects now come together to urge flexibility—especially in the face of late-night visitor's ski mask and snub-nosed .38. Expect relationship with wife to be strained for some weeks after—your quick and unsolicited offer of her sexual favors to the masked stranger as he edges too close to your coin collection will understandably be taken rather badly. —T. K.

## Prince Charles Confesses to Deadly Hijinks!!!

A somber, repentant Prince Charles has finally faced the press with the shameful truth about the events leading to the death of his buddy Major Hugh Lindsay.

His ears blushing a deep crimson, the Prince of "Wails" said: "It was a simple case of one-upmanship.

Hugh and I had been competing for the girls' attention all day. First it was a contest to see who could drip the longest strand of spit and then suck it back up. Hugh won that one. Then I won the fanny spank, he won the wedgie pull. I won the farting chorale. Then Hugh—or Dinglesod,

as I... sob, sigh... used to call him—well, Hugh got on a roll, taking first place when we drew in the snow with our steaming urine, impaled rodents with our ski poles, and lastly, pelted the girls with ice balls.

"The only way I could keep up was by luring Hugh onto the forbidden ski trail, knowing full well the old chap couldn't ski for shit.

"I am terribly sorry, and it won't happen again," sniffed the embarrassed Charles, and with that he slunk away. —N.B.





# TKO FOR TWO

by Richard Boler

**T**HIS IS LIKE IT IS:  
They sit, Howard Cosell and Muhammad Ali, on too-small chairs in a Manhattan doctor's receptionist office. Cosell has brought his friend here because Ali's eyes have turned inward again. His irises are half-moons, obscured by the bridge of his nose.

Cosell reaches over and, for the fourth time, pulls down Ali's T-shirt, which keeps riding up over his immense belly.

"Come on, straighten up," Cosell says. "Is that any way for a champion to sit?"

A *Jack and Jill* magazine rests on Ali's lap. It is hard to understand how he could read with his eyes like that, but Ali keeps turning the pages.

Illustration by Don Vanderbeek



Cosell checks with the receptionist, who rather sullenly tells him that it will be a while yet.

Cosell sits back down and shrugs.

"So, what else do we have to do?" He points to a picture in Ali's magazine. "Look, champ. Look at all the children."

Ali grunts. What looks like it might be a smile flickers across his fleshy features.

"The champ has always loved children," Cosell tells me. "He says they represent our future."

Ali's T-shirt has ridden up again. As Cosell reaches over to pull it down, he reaches into the champion's folded belly button and plucks out a ball of lint. It floats to the floor by Cosell's feet.

Ali says nothing. We lean back and wait.

**T**he nurse is pretty, Hispanic. Her name is Sandra Escadaro. She is twenty-two years old. As she leads us into the examining area, I ask her if she's aware who these two men are. She shrugs prettily.

I tell her that one was a famous fighter and world figure, the other the most influential broadcaster of his generation.

"You mean, like Geraldo?" Sandra Escadaro says.

Kind of like Geraldo, I say. Except in sports.

She tells me that she doesn't like sports. I ask her why that is. She says she doesn't know.

She leads the three of us into the small examining room. As Sandra Escadaro goes to shut the

door, I ask her why she wears her hair over her eyes like that. It would be much prettier swept back, I say.

"Thank you," she says simply and shuts the door.

Cosell, Ali, and I sit back to wait some more.

It is one o'clock on a Monday afternoon in the Big Apple.

I am thirty-eight years old.

**I**n Columbus, Ohio, in the year 1966, we didn't care much about world affairs. We knew that somebody had killed Kennedy and that London was in England, but that was about it.

The only things we cared about were cars and girls and cheeseburgers and anal thermometers. It was an innocent time, really. The world, it seemed, began and ended at the Columbus city limits. Everything else seemed a dim shadow, unimportant.

Except that we knew about Muhammad Ali and Howard Cosell. They were bigger than Columbus, bigger than life itself.

You either loved them or hated them. There was no middle ground. My dad loved Cosell and hated Ali, so I loved Ali and hated Cosell. That's the way things were in Columbus, Ohio, back in those days.

Everything's changed now. There's no such thing as a "girl" anymore. Cars are puny and don't have fins and sport names that sound like ships we used to go out of our way to sink. A cheeseburger is a dollop of horsemeat between two pieces of cardboard served up by some sixteen-year-old who needs a calculator to add single digits and thinks the Coasters are what you put under your Slurpee so your mom won't yell at you.

And anal thermometers. . . Don't even ask.

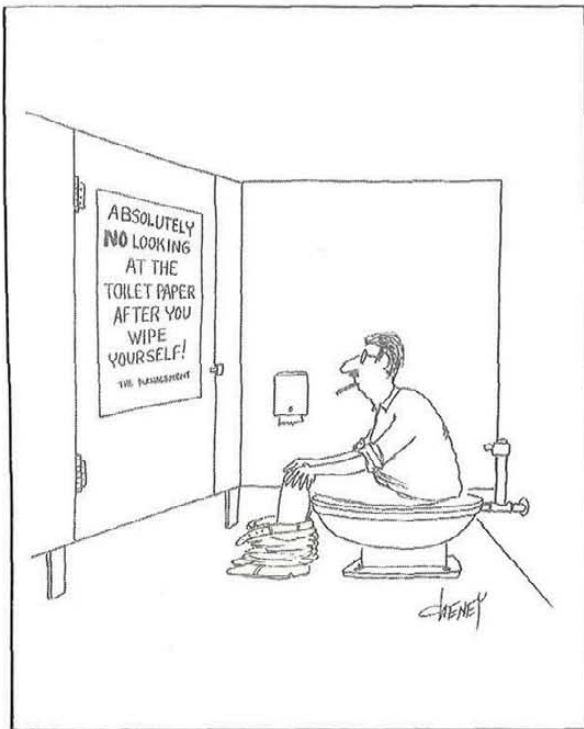
So when I heard that Ali and Cosell were destitute now, living together in a transient hotel room in midtown Manhattan, I knew that I had to go up and follow them around for an afternoon.

I'm not quite sure why. That's what I do, I guess.

**A**fter the examination (nothing can be done about Ali's eyes, the doctor said; it should pass in a week or two), we walk over to a nearby city park. Cosell says that he and Ali come here often.

No one recognizes them. These men who walked with kings and ate lunch all the time with Roone Arledge shuffle anonymously along the paths.

Most of the people here are too young to re-



member who they are or what they did. And time has obscured their features. Cosell is nearly bent over double from osteoporosis. He stopped wearing his toupee because it kept sliding off. Whatever hair he has left is white and straggles to his shoulders. He uses a cane, and looks Dickensian.

Ali looks like a mentally challenged Fat Albert.

At the wading pool, Cosell rolls up Ali's pant legs and sits him down on the pool's edge.

Ali, the Mouth That Roared, sits silently, watching the children splash and play. I have yet to hear him utter a word.

Cosell and I retire to a bench nearby and talk. The years have softened Cosell. He speaks softly, without bombast. The old abrasiveness is gone.

The money is gone also, most of it lost after an unwise investment in the 1984 Jacksons' *Victory* tour.

"Don King talked us into that one," Cosell says. "We laugh about it now, but at the time it wasn't so funny. Thirty-five million dollars we lost. Which was a lot of money back in those days.

"Oh, well. This is life. I can't complain. I've got my health. And the champ"—he gestures toward Ali—"has me to look after him. We have our apartment, our ruminations. We eat. Medicare takes care of the rest."

I ask him if he misses any of it.

"No," he says quietly. "It would be lugubrious to do so. The fame was nice. You get good tables in restaurants, people call your name on the streets. 'Way to go, Howard,' they would yell. Or 'Hey, Howard, eat shit.' Things like that.

"But every dog has his day. I told it like it is. Let the kids, the Bob Costases have their chance now." His eyes cloud over. "There is one thing that I miss, though. Just the one thing..."

Cosell pauses. The silence seems charged, awkward. So I ask him what "lugubrious" means.

"Mournful," Cosell says. "Sorrowful, especially in a ridiculous or exaggerated manner."

There seems to be nothing else to say. We sit back and wait some more.

The hours stretch on in the park. Ali seems content watching the children splash in the pool. Cosell seems content to watch Ali.

I have to go to the bathroom.

And there's something else bothering me. Something sad and ironic and very American. Something that gnaws at the back of my mind like a mangy dog on a gnarled hambone. Something about the fleeting nature of fame.

I don't know. Something like that.

It is after four when we leave. Cosell retrieves Ali by the pool and takes his hand. We walk.

At Thirty-first and Lexington, Cosell stops at a deli to order tonight's supper. Two bagels, extra cream cheese. He says he and Ali are on a diet, but I suspect that it is something else. I offer to spring for coffees, but Cosell refuses.

The man in line behind us holds a bag of Schwebel's hot dog rolls. He is Akmir Bedouin, thirty-five, a taxi driver from Murray Hill. I ask him what the rolls are for.

"For hot dogs," he says.

What kind of hot dogs, I ask.

"Fuck you," Akmir Bedouin says.

Leaving the deli, Cosell lets go of Ali's hand. Ali bounds ahead of us, like a lumbering puppy on its way home.

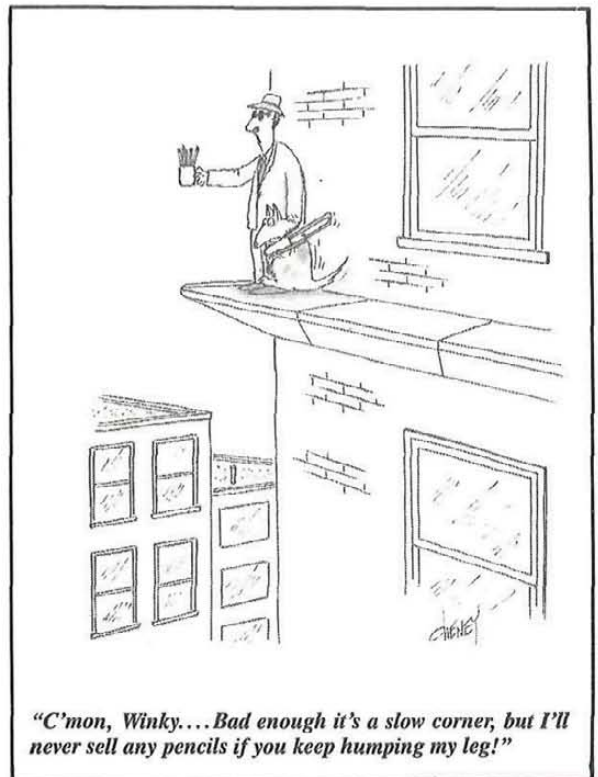
"It's okay," says Cosell. "He knows his way from here. He even stops for the street lights."

I ask Cosell if Ali remembers anything from his past.

"No, most of it is gone now. It's a funny thing, though. Through all the years, all the awards and achievements, the controversies, the headlines... he remembers only one thing. Just the one thing..."

"Do you keep in touch with Dandy Don?" I ask.

*continued on page 101*



# Waiting for Righetti

by Sam Johnson and Chris Marcil

*(A field. A small hill of dirt. A man stands on the hill. He is sweating. He wears pinstriped knickers and a matching shirt, and his right hand is covered by a huge leather device containing a ball. Now he walks slowly around the hill.)*

CANDY (to himself): I can go on!

*(Now another man, sweating, similarly dressed but encased in padded armor, approaches the hill. His left hand is covered by a leather device even larger than CANDY's.)*

DON: You can't go on. You don't have it.

CANDY: I'm losing it but I haven't lost it yet.

DON: How do you feel?

CANDY: I feel good. Strong.

DON: No you don't. What are you going to do with this guy? You can't get us out. You're in a jam.

CANDY: We both are.

*(A third man, BILLY, approaches the hill. He, too, is similarly dressed, but is older, stooped, haggard. He wears a plaster of Paris device on his right hand.)*

BILLY: How do you feel?

CANDY: I feel good. Strong.

BILLY: No you don't. (To DON): How does he feel?

DON: He's lost it. He can't go on. We're in a jam.

*(BILLY turns his back on the other two and touches his left arm. CANDY grimaces. BILLY turns and faces CANDY.)*

BILLY: You can't go on. Get going.

*(BILLY reaches out and touches CANDY's buttocks. CANDY exits right.)*

DON: He had good stuff.

BILLY: A long time ago.

DON: He went a long time.

BILLY: He couldn't go on.

DON: But he'll get us out of it.

BILLY: He always does. Almost always does.

DON: That's why he's there.

BILLY: That's why I call on him.

*(Silence. Then a fourth man, WILLIE, approaches the hill. Dressed like the others, and resting his leather-encased left hand on his hip, he is sweating. DON and BILLY take no notice until he speaks.)*

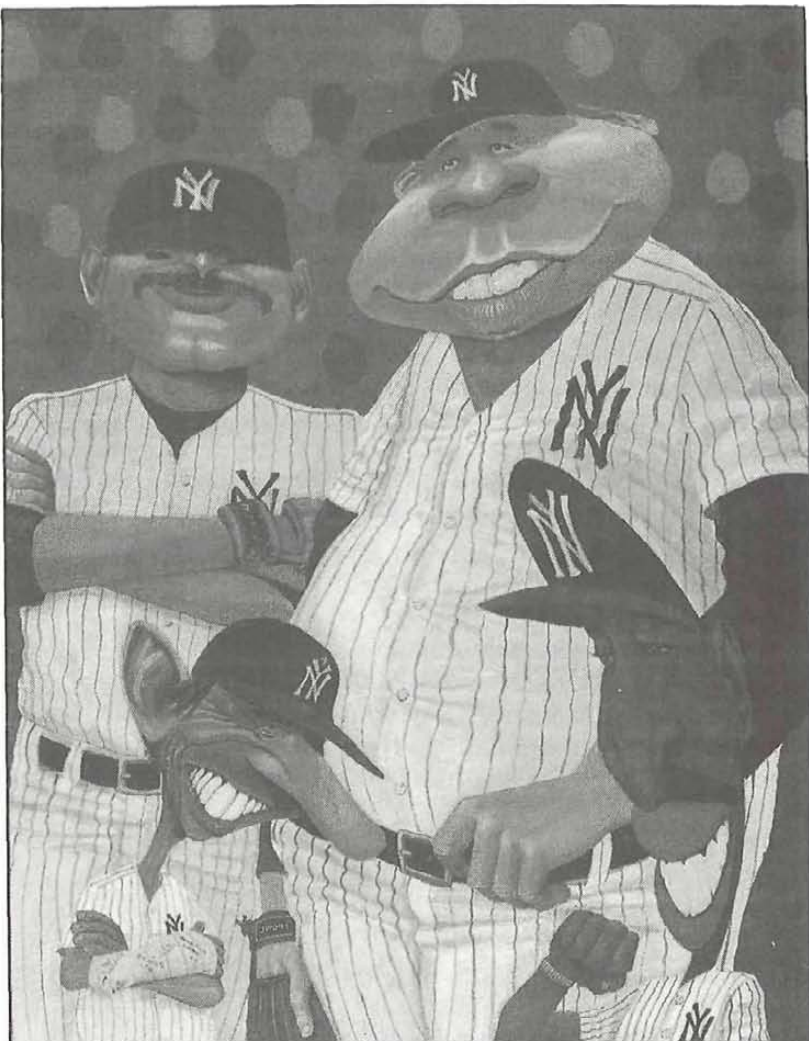
WILLIE: Where is he? We're in a jam.

DON: We all are.

WILLIE: I hope he's got good stuff.

BILLY: He better have. We're in a jam.

WILLIE: Yes, we all are. *(He spits on the*



*ground.*) We really need to get going.

*(They do not move.)*

DON: Even if he doesn't have his best stuff, I hope he has *some* good stuff.

WILLIE: Yes. But it's a long season.

DON: A very long season.

BILLY: But nothing is more important than now. Right now. Why doesn't he get here?

DON: Perhaps he's waiting to be taken here.

WILLIE: Perhaps the car has broken down.

BILLY: Perhaps he'll open with a fastball.

WILLIE: A slider.

DON: A curve.

*(They do not move.)*

WILLIE (to BILLY): We'll never get out of this jam, will we?

BILLY: I don't know.

*(A huge man, dressed in black and wearing a black grilled mask, enters from right. He is sweating. He holds a small clicking metal device in his right hand.)*

MAN: Where is he? We must go on.

BILLY: Leave us. He will be here.

*(The huge man exits right.)*

BILLY: I will slug him in the clubhouse.

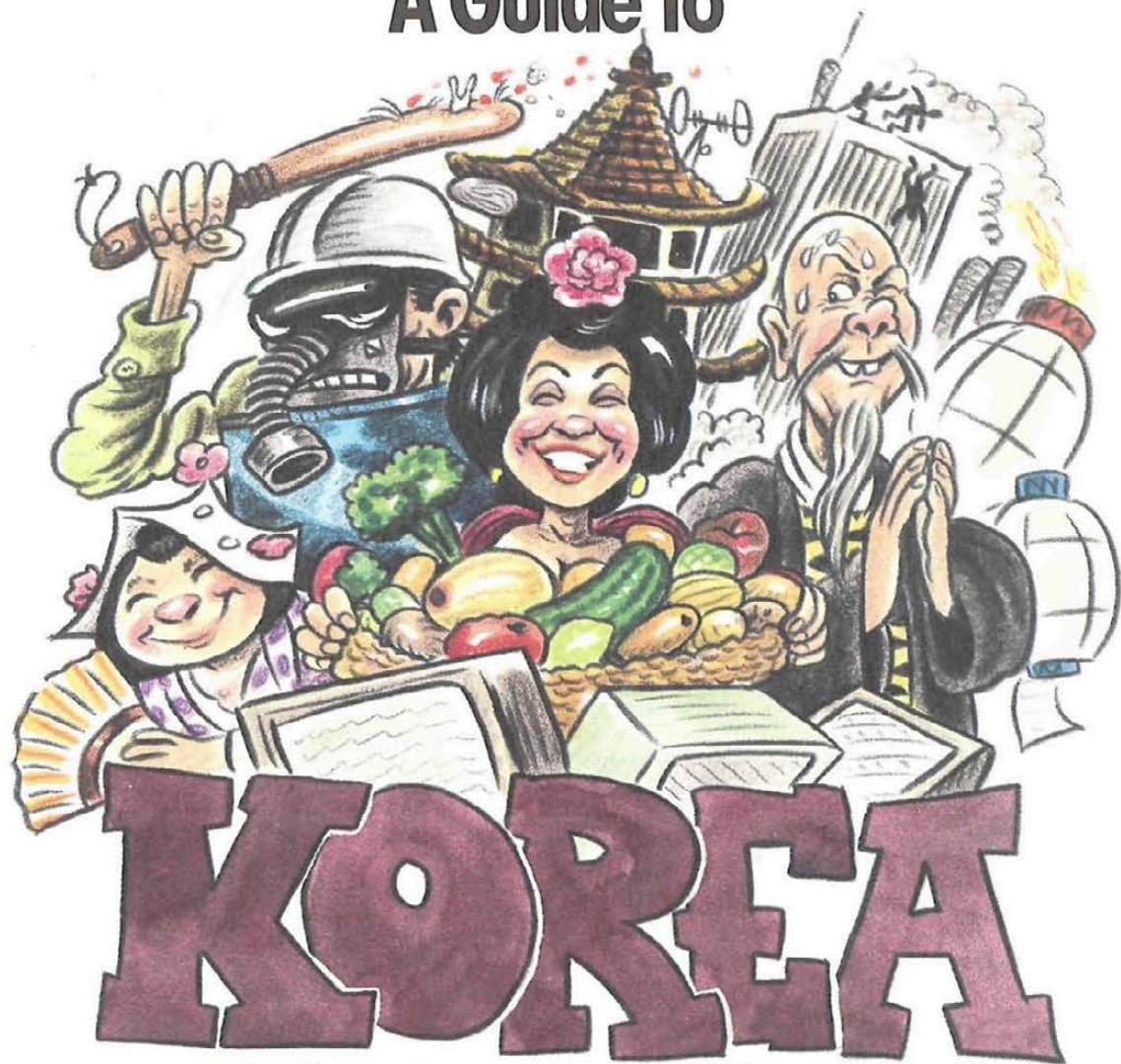
WILLIE: He is coming.

DON: Good. We're in a jam.

*(They do not move.)* ■

"I told the people that if they didn't reelect me I'd come back as a quarterback of the Bills."

# A Guide to



## and the Summer Olympics

by Gerry Sussman

Illustrated by Rick Meyerowitz

### Korea: Where Did It Come From?

Anthropologists claim that Korea was originally a part of Haiti. Millions of years ago it split from Haiti and floated away, eventually ending up in Asia.

Oddly enough, many of Korea's mythological accounts of its origins tell stories of "tiny dolls" that floated up from the seas and magically grew into human beings. Could these have been Haitian voodoo dolls? Recent archaeological digs reveal that this migration could have taken place. If you remove the colorful costumes from Korean folk dolls, they have a remarkable similarity to Haitian voodoo dolls. Koreans

might actually be transplanted Haitians. "Kouwa" in Haitian patois means "come back," which the Haitians probably shouted as part of their island split off and floated away.

### Yuk Park, the Father of Modern Korea

After thousands of years of feudal rivalries, foreign invasions, and civil wars, the great warrior-scholar-interior decorator Yuk Park united all the dissident factions under his rule by killing them. He formed the first of many Korean democratic governments with a lifetime president.

The reign of Yuk Park was the "Golden Age" of Korea, an age of ma-

yor accomplishments. The Koreans invented the first set of long underwear. They created the earliest version of the small-claims court. And scholars are now in agreement that the Koreans were the first people to masturbate.

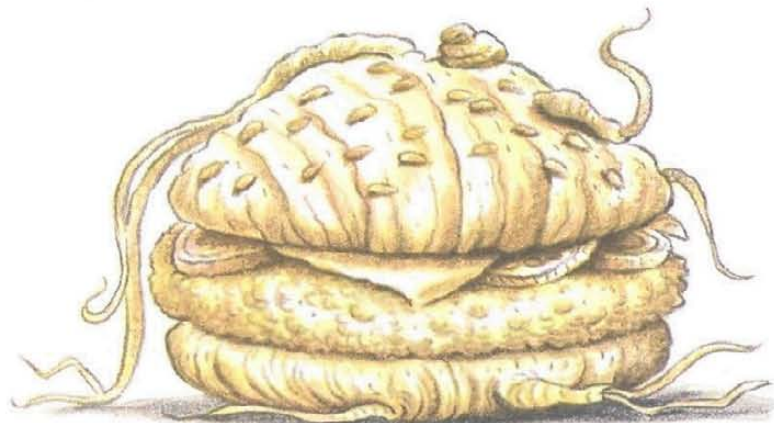
### Korea Today: The Economic Miracle

Many explanations have been offered for the economic miracle that is Korea today. Koreans have disciplined work habits, entrepreneurial skills, national pride, and of course low wages. But the underlying reason for their success is a medicinal herb called fungook, or "crazy root."

Fungook not only gives Koreans their miraculous stamina and zeal but is also a cheap substitute for gas, electricity, and other energy sources needed to stoke the fires of the factories that manufacture over half the world's goods.

when it gets very cold and damp, but you will not be in the country at that time, so don't worry about it.

A typical Korean's favorite things: shiny black vinyl shoes, organ meats, throwing stones, rigging elections, and computer forecasts of elections.



The fungook root.

is called Ka Chun Wat, or Andy Boy, the God of Broccoli.

## Confusionism

The teachings of the ancient Korean sage Confusion are still practiced by 22 percent of the people. Confusionism is becoming more popular with the younger people, who are unable to cope with the hard demands of the Korean work ethic.

Confusion believed that the world is unexplainable, chaotic, or, as he called it, "totally confused," using his own name to define this condition. Rather than trying to change the world, Confusion urged his followers to go with the flow of illogic and become totally confused.

Today you will see many Confusionists in Seoul, walking the streets with a puzzled look, asking people what seem like dumb questions. They usually wear black body stockings, down vests, and clip-on bow ties directly on their necks.

Fungook is taken in secret by Koreans. It is boiled until a big head of foam appears. Only the foam is ingested. The rest of the root is used in the manufacturing of cars, typewriters, stereos, sexual prophylactic devices, and breakfast sausages, among many other products. Koreans export ginseng, a far more inferior and limited herb, to dupe the rest of the world and divert them from any knowledge of fungook.

## The Korean People



"If you mate a monkey with a tiger you get a Mongolian. If you mate a Mongolian with a parrot you get a Korean."  
—Ancient Chinese proverb

We're not sure if this proverb is true or not. Mongolians did mate with other Asians and eventually many of them settled in what is now Korea. But we have never heard of a Mongolian mating with a parrot. We're only using this proverb because it looks good to open a section with a classy quotation.

Most of the time Koreans seem to be pretty nice folk, with a "hi" and a smile for everyone. They say that Koreans can get a little mean in the winter

## Back Scratching

The best way to strike up a friendship with a Korean is to approach him and say, "*Kam lo fung ju?*" Which means "Can I scratch your back?" He will answer, "*Sook ho hung,*" which means "Of course. I'll scratch your back if you scratch mine."

Koreans love to be scratched. Back scratching is the Korean way of greeting someone, the equivalent of a handshake. Many Koreans carry sets of artificial nails, or *kwong tu*, little monkey paws on sticks used for scratching.

## Religion

The most popular religion in Korea is vegetable worship. Koreans revere vegetables in the same way that Hindus worship the cow.

The primary Korean vegetable god

## Little-Known Factoid About Korea

The city of Seoul was chosen as the summer Olympic site for 1988 because it came up with the most creative bribe for the selection committee. Each member of the committee was given his own laundered-cash machine, with refills for up to ten years.

## The Old Korea

### Dress

Take a side trip from Seoul and you will be transported to an ancient era. In the rural village of Jusunchun the elders still wear the traditional costumes such as the *kwat*, the ceremonial robe made of dried twigs. You will also see the *han-bo*, the traditional violin-shaped



Ka Chun Wat, or Andy Boy, the God of Broccoli.





**Confusion.**

shoe made of stones, and the *kuk*, a hat made of melted antelope cheese that fits tightly on the head like a bathing cap.



**Traditional rural village costume.**

### Folk Clapping

Folk clapping is Old Korea's contribution to the country's rick folklore. The folk clap originated centuries ago when the slaves on the vegetable farms had to communicate with each other. They were not allowed to speak. Instead, they devised a highly sophisticated language of hand clapping. In Seoul, you can hear superb folk clapping done by the Fung Tsu, 250 children who clap in complex rhythms that tell a story.

### The New Korea

#### From a Turbulent Past, a Turbulent Present

The history of Korea is steeped in civil wars, tribal struggles, foreign invasions

and occupations, and despotic rule. There is always an eruption of violence somewhere, which makes your visit exciting and unpredictable. Today you can visit Seoul and be a witness to history in the making. Almost everywhere you go, there's a good chance to see or even be part of a student uprising against the government.

The best places to be a part of the action are Pagoda Park, City Hall, Toksu Palace—and now even the plush modern hotels will have students demonstrating and shouting in the lobbies. Remember to rent a gas mask, because Korean police use the latest weapon developed by the Israelis, a tear-gas bomb that can make you blind for up to six months.



**Seventeenth-century gas mask.**

Outside of Seoul you will find lots of other demonstrations, riots, and skirmishes, and a chance to see Korea's vaunted military might in action.

Note: On days when there is no action, the government stages its own student and rebel insurrections, which are remarkably realistic and highly entertaining. You can see a "Wild Student Demonstration," similar to an Ameri-

## Highlights of the Summer Olympics

September 17

### Head Soccer

Soccer played only by hitting the ball with your head, no feet. Favored team: Australia. Best competition: Kenya, Poland, Albania (if they decide to compete).

### Pornathlon

Cruel combination of track and field, shooting, equestrian events, and hard-core sex. Contestants

must run a 5000-meter steeplechase, throw the shot put and the discus, do six rifle, pistol, and skeet shooting events, ride a show and a jumping horse, and fornicate with three different women between each event. No heavy favorite, but Mexico and Japan have excelled in the past.

### Baseball Bat Fencing

Just as its name implies—it's fencing with bats. Favorites: U.S.A., U.S.S.R., Yugoslavia.

### Pillow Fighting

West Germany, Switzerland,

this playful, charming sport.

And don't miss: Greco-Roman Necking, High-Speed Smoking, Artificial Respiration, and Boat Lifting.

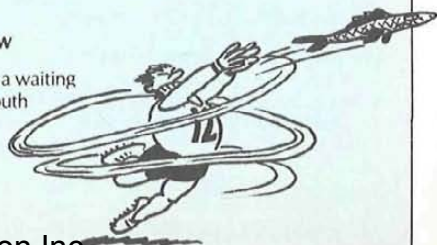
September 18

### The Herring Throw

Throw a herring into a waiting teammate's open mouth from 15 meters. Favorites: Sweden, the Netherlands.

### Cross-Country Eating

A combination of running and eating, with designated food courses along the way. 10-, 15-, and 20,000 meters. Canada, France are the favorites.

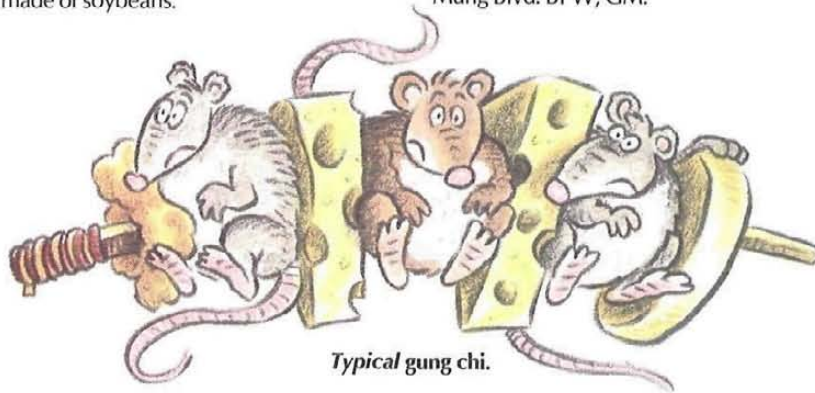


can Wild West Show, every afternoon and early evening at the Secret Garden of the Changdok Palace.

## Korean Food and Restaurants

### Mice

Koreans are extremely fond of mice and cultivate them on gigantic farms, similar to our chicken farms. They also market mice the same way we do our chickens (roasters, fryers, mice in parts—wings, breasts, legs, etc.). Korea's favorite street food is *gung chi*, or mouse kebob, a small, bite-size mouse skewered with cheese and mock vegetables made of soybeans.



Typical gung chi.

### Mice Restaurants

Note: Since the uprisings many restaurants now provide gas masks, bulletproof windows, and various kinds of security guards for their patrons. Here is the key to the abbreviations: BPW (bulletproof windows), GM (gas masks), PG (police guards), MG (military guards).

#### P. J. O'Dong's

Noisy, convivial saloon. Try the baby mice, deep-fried in beer batter. 34 Kwok Plaza. GM.

#### House of Guk

Hot spicy cuisine. Wonderful Taste Mouse, Twice-Cooked Mouse in Gar-

lic Sauce, and Sizzling Mouse with Bean Curd. 234 Hwang Ave. BPW, PG.

#### Chez Hung

Expensive, but worth it for chef Hung's free-range mice. His secret: the mice are blind and bump into things, softening themselves for the eventual feast. 212 Kweng St. BPW, GM, MG.

### Other Seoul Restaurants

#### Kung Kung Kung

The best clam bar in Seoul. Koreans throw away the clams and eat the shells, a test of their masculinity. 45 Mung Blvd. BPW, GM.

#### Ba Bung Doo

A hangout for writers, artists, pseudo-intellectuals. Good spot for random violence. 32 Sookja Ave. No protection.

#### Lung Jun Fa

Ugly, dirty, cheap, and fun. A student hangout where you are sure to find the action. Double agents eat here. The restaurant provides old World War I gas masks that rarely work. 56 Kwang Ave.

#### The Original Kim's

Claims to be the original Kim's, serving the original version of Korean pizza made with human hair. 89 Bingu Ave. GM.

### A Must-See!

#### Student Divers at the Top O' The Jook Fung

Korea's newest hotel, with the fabulous Top O' restaurant on the roof of the sixtieth floor. The food is delicious, but the main attraction is the student divers, a spectacular sight similar to the show of the divers in Acapulco.

Patrons throw coins or pearls from their tables and the students make graceful swan dives of over five hundred feet to the sidewalks below, given some gentle "assistance" from the police.

### Little-Known Factoid About Korea

The Reverend Sun Myung Moon, leader of the infamous "Moonie" sect, was a member of Korea's Olympic volleyball team in 1936, but he played in the girls' division and was never found out.

### Korean Spirits

Koreans don't mind a little drink now and then. A typical day starts with bran flakes and a shot of *boka*, a brandy made from petroleum by-products.

Serious drinking begins after work, at the *poojoo* bars. *Poojoo* is the Korean version of vodka, distilled from rope-soled sandals.

You will also develop a taste for Korean beer, which is brewed from silkworms.

### Shopping

#### Shangmungdum Market

Seoul's biggest, most colorful open-air market, where you can buy everything from a used car to a tiny Korean infant, ready for adoption. Shop and bargain for Korean cementware, jackets made of beef jerky, replacements for golf ball centers, artificial limbs, horsemat

### September 19

#### Jado

Ancient Chinese martial arts using large, sharp pieces of jade to fight with. Odds-on favorite: China.

#### Sky Hockey

The players use balloons and must keep the puck in the air. Not as violent as ice hockey or as boring as field hockey. No one dominates. Italy is favored.

#### Soaping and Rinsing

Contestants must create one, two

and three inches of lather on their bodies and rinse squeaky-clean. Judged for speed, thickness of lather, and overall cleanliness. The more hirsute athletes tend to win. Favorites: Greece, Turkey, Israel.

And don't miss: French and Italian Dressing, Apple Rolling, Fork Bending.

### September 20

#### Gladiators vs. Lions

Exactly as it says—a fight to the death. African countries dominate. Poland a dark horse.

### Pony Throwing

The ponies are wild, unbroken. So are the contestants. Mongolia is the clear favorite.



Check out: Underwater Basketball, Pony Lifting (not to be confused with Pony Throwing), and Finger Wrestling.

### September 22

#### Strudelng

The national sport of Austria. Austria is favored in the cheese and cherry events, but look for the U.S.A. to come through in the free-forms.

#### Bubble Wrap Popping

Large sheets of bubble wrap are popped by hand or foot in this exciting new sport. First one to complete a sheet wins.



*The view from the Top O' The Jook Fung.*

jewelry, pet bees, inflammable pajamas, and much more.

### Hotels

Note: All hotels mentioned have full security (BPW, GM, PG, MG). Some have round-the-clock tank patrol. All are within walking distance of the Olympic stadium.

#### Dangbun

A splendid hotel catering to Western businessmen with twenty-four restaurants and miles of indoor horseback riding trails. Every guest has his own personal servant, whom he is allowed to keep.

#### Wangpa

A dignified, traditional hotel for those who prefer the serenity of a temple. Each room has its own private zoo.

adult can finish his toilet chores in three minutes or less.

### Bed-and-Breakfast Houses

One of the cheapest and most rewarding ways to learn about Korea is to live in a *dengbu*, a bed-and-breakfast house. Chances are you'll have to share a bed with someone in the family, but Koreans are generous with bed and space and you can push them off at night. They will sleep right through. Best of all, Koreans take up little time in the bathroom. The average Korean

### Korean Nightlife

Seoul is full of music clubs, discos, and sex clubs. The sex club is another ancient Korean tradition and has none of the sleazy quality of the Western clubs. You will also find many exciting sex shows right on the street, performing next to the musicians or the jugglers. The best of the shows is:

#### Amateur Night at the Bungbung Club

The hottest ticket in town is Wednesday night, Amateur Night at the

#### Floor Sanding (rough)

Six contestants in six lanes start at one end of a wooden floor and sand their way to the other side. The fastest and smoothest wins.

#### Floor Sanding (fine)

A more subtle, refined follow-up event.

Don't miss:  
Underwater Chess,  
Leaky-Boat Rowing,  
One-Armed Wrestling.



#### September 23

#### Belching



Contestants try to sustain a belch or a series of belches for as long as they can. Current record: three hours ten minutes, set by Vasily Kozcinski of the U.S.S.R.

#### Smooth Bowling

Same as regular bowling except

that the ball is smooth, with no finger holes to grip. Favorite: Estonia.

#### Whining

This year whining and sniveling have been combined into one event. Judged on a "10"-and-under basis. Mexico, Brazil, Great Britain are contenders.

And don't miss: Zippering and Unzipping, Goat Milking, Tree Swinging.

#### September 24

#### Mushrooming

High-speed picking and packing into pint boxes. Dominated by Trinidad, the Dominican Republic, and Chile.

Also watch: Lice Combing, Long-distance Crawling, Uphill Running.

#### September 25

#### Sheetrocking

A comparatively new sport, usually won by the U.S.A. for all-around performance. Chief rival: Great Britain.

Bungbung Club in Seoul's "Little Harlem." Sex stars of tomorrow strut their stuff to the applause or hoots of the packed house. Sometimes the audience joins in. This is where stars are born.



**Tongue balancing at the Bungbung Club.**

### Sightseeing

Korea has more than its share of ancient temples, shrines, and tombs. This is a Korea very few outsiders see. Or very few Koreans, for that matter. There's a good reason. They all look alike and it gets monotonous to trek all over the country to find them.

### Pagoda/Shrineland

If you insist on seeing the old architecture, the Korean Arts Council has created miniatures of all the great examples in one room of its museum. You can absorb it all in about ten minutes.

### Photorama Museums

Because their own scenery is uninspiring, Koreans prefer to visit their photorama museums, giant rooms with spectacular illuminated photographs,



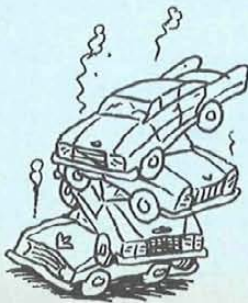
**Three famous pagodas (clockwise from the right): 1) the Pagoda of Tee Vee Ju near Too'nin 2) the Temple of Men's Underwear in Pusan-Buttes 3) the Invisible Temple of Chun Cha Fu in Pyuk Yu.**

billboard-size, of the most spectacular places in the world. Koreans come often to gape at the gorgeous scenery in

Rio de Janeiro, Paris, Hawaii, the Grand Canyon, and many other spots far more interesting than their country.

### Ball Busting

Inflatable balls are busted by hand (volleyballs, soccer balls, basketballs, etc.).



### Car Parking

A classic sport usually dominated by Mexico, but big challenges will come from Brazil, Australia, U.S.A., and India.

### September 26

Aquatic events dominate the day. Blind Swimming, Water Bowling, Long-distance Floating, and Drowning are featured.

### September 27

### Pill Popping

but at this writing it was still scheduled to go on. U.S.A. the clear favorite.

### Synchronized Golf

We haven't seen this one yet. Must be similar to synchronized swimming.

### Whale Stripping

Skinning and stripping the blubber of whales. Japan and the U.S.A. predominate.

Don't miss: Speed Stenography, Short-Story Writing, Chinese Checkers, Envelope Stuffing.

### September 28

### Uphill Crawling

Intensely competitive sport with at least ten countries in contention. Korea is the favorite.

### Car Radio Removal

High-speed opening of locked cars and removing radios and tape players. U.S.A. heavily favored but Mexico given an outside chance.

Other highlights: Hugging and Kissing, Knot Tying, Telephone Pole Climbing.



*The Great Yinmun Soup Bowl.*

**The Chun Mon Pepper Flats**

A huge area carved out of a valley that was once part of an active volcano. The surface is composed of real peppercorns the size of tennis balls that must have been volcanic remnants. Car buffs like to stage races here and test their suspensions and shocks.

**The Mong Chin New England Village**

A perfect replica of a New England village circa 1800. Koreans play the roles of post-Revolutionary War Yankees in an authentically re-created setting, and everyone speaks English.

**The Invisible Temple of Chun Cha Fu**

Now you see it, now you don't. It's an optical illusion, an ancient temple dating back to the Fun Gwa period that was put under a magic spell and disappeared. What we see is the temple trying to reenter the material world, appearing and disappearing like a mirage every hour on the hour.

**The Great Yinmun Soup Bowl**

This is a gigantic hole in a once active volcanic area, about three hundred yards long, containing an edible soup, no doubt created by the vegetables that once grew in this soil. The soup tastes like an Italian minestrone (vegetables and beans), always hot and bubbling, and thousands of Koreans come to the Yinmun Bowl every day with plastic containers and fill them up.

**Getting Around in Seoul**

The easiest way to get around in Seoul is to walk. If you're too tired, hire a *l'apja*, the Korean version of a piggybacker. Many Koreans hire themselves out as people carriers. They are remarkably strong and can carry a heavy grown-up for miles, walking at a brisk pace. A *l'apja* charges about \$5 an hour, U.S.; \$7.50 if he has to carry a child on top of the adult.

**Tippling**

Tippling is forbidden in Korea by law. In restaurants, bars, taxis, etc., pay only the price you see. In taxis you are expected to bargain with the driver to bring the price down.

**Inoculations**

You must take shots for every known disease, from achalasia of the esophagus to yellow fever. Korea is the only country in the world that also requires a special shot for cancer.



*A l'apja hard at work in downtown Seoul.*

**September 29**

**Bone Swallowing**

Chicken, fish, and small meat bones are swallowed. The point is to avoid choking. Australia is the favorite.

**September 30**

**Butting**

A simple, almost peasant-like sport that uses the head and the buttocks to swat the opponent. The big question is: Can a little butt beat a big butt? The small but

rock-like butts of Spain have the best chance to beat the big ones of the U.S.S.R.

And don't miss: Pancake Frisbee, Wool Gathering, Jewish Polo, Leg Waxing.

**October 1**

**Formal Dressing (men only)**

Regular and tails categories. Men attempt to put on full-dress outfits with speed and style, from underwear to studs, including tying a real bow tie. Great Britain, U.S.A., and Japan are in the running.

**Pineapple Bashing**

You don't bash the pineapples. You use the pineapples to bash heads. Exciting, juicy, and different. The U.S.A., represented by Puerto Rico, is favored.



**October 2**

**Rowing/Singing**

One of the new dual events. Nine-man crew must row 30 miles and sing songs nonstop. No special favorites. Brazil has the best singers, Australia the best rowers.

**Closing Ceremonies**

The ashes of M'o Pen Duk will be scattered from a balloon over the people in the stadium as the band plays "Buo Mook Foo Dung," the Korean national anthem.

DOUBLE-SPACE  
YOUR PAPERS!

WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION  
A PAPER I HAD TO DO FOR PROF. GAMATI  
by Pete Rose

Giamatti!

DO NOT  
BEGIN WITH  
"WELL"

Well, Professor Gamati, <sup>Giamatti!</sup> here's the essay you told me I had to write for you. I still think it's a pretty shitty thing to have to do just for shoving a blind scab idiot, but you're a college man so I guess you know everything, huh?

VULGAR

DO NOT ADDRESS PROFESSOR

I guess the most exciting thing that happened to me was when I got ejected from "Hamlet" in that Stanford-on-Avon place. But you won't understand that without me telling you what happened first.

DIRECTOR

STRATFOR

"UNLESS I TELL"

COMMAS,  
DAMN IT!

This was the first time any boss ever gave me the month of May off. I'm the kinda guy who doesn't like to take his mind off his work, but my wife thought this was great. I wanted to keep hanging out in Cincinnati with my coworkers but my wife--she's a cute little blonde; I'll think of her name in a minute--she said this was our chance to take the trip to Europe she always wanted. She said it was time we got some kulchur. I said, "What do you need kulchur for when you got over 4200 career hits?" I said, "Did Ty Cobb ever get any kulchur?"

WATCH  
SITUATION

CULTURE

She argued a little bit and she scratched my cheek and I plowed her a couple of times with my forearm. But you know how it is arguing with a wife. Next thing I know I'm flying into Paris. Not the one in Texas down where Billy Grabarkewitz came from. Nah. This one's in France and they don't even have an AA farm club.

?

FROG!

We were in this big art museum, looking at some big picture of a little dago getting a crown put on his head, and the tour guide says something that makes my blood boil. "Who got called out by the first-base umpire?" I say. "No," says this little blond chick standing next to me. "He said, 'That's why they called it the First Empire.'"

WATCH  
THOSE  
QUOTE  
MARKS

NAPOLEON  
SIGNIF-  
OH, SCREW IT!

"Oh," I say. "When was this?" So the tour guide says, "1804" I say, "Man! Talk about delayed calls!" So the tour guide says, "Perhaps the gentleman doesn't realize that we are discussing Napoleon I--the most signifigunt figger of modern Western history." I say "Signifigunt!" Just like that. "Signifigunt! Ha! Did he lead the league in hits in his third major league season?"

AN!

He just looked at me so I gave him a couple with my forearm. Next thing I knew we're upstairs and we're looking at a picture of a old lady in a chair. I'm bearly listening until this tour guide says "Whistler restricted his palates to cooler colors. He would balk at the use of reds." I yell "He did what to the Reds?" Swear to God he sounded just like Dave Palone. So I...

PALLONE!

Well you can figger it out.

Later we're walking down this street where I couldn't pronounce the name and I see a bunch of guys clustered around a radio. Qviusly they they must be listening to a ball game so I go over. Like I say--I don't like to take my mind off my work. I ask these guys "How are the Reds doin'?" they look at me blank-like for a minute but then one of 'em says "Ze Reds zey ween again." I give this guy a slap on the back but then he says "Eet ees anozer beeg ween for Mosteran."

MITTEBRAND

Then this cute little blond number who's following me around says--she looked familiar I just can't place her--she says "Pete? I don't think we should stay in Paris. I think we should get kulchur someplace where they speak our language."

Speak our language. Sure. The first night we're their we go to this play and I'm tellin' the guy next to me "My first full season I slug .371 against Ty's .473 but I'm battin' switch and he's on one side of the plate with a .284 SA against lefties." And the asshole looks at me like I'm talking gibberish. Don't believe nobody what tells you the English talk American.

Okay so this play starts--"Hamlet"--and it's okay. They did have these guys named Francisco and Bernardo who don't look a damn thing like Dominicans to me. But I let it pass. Then this old fart comes out and starts making speeches. "Give thy thoughts no tongue" he says. "Give every man thy ear but few thy voice. Unto thy self be true. Neither a borrower or a lender be." Like that.

Well I'm sitting there getting pissed off at this guy and I can't figger out why. Then it hits me. He's listing ground rules! This guy going on and on about stuff everybody knows but you have to listen to him anyway--he's just like a umpire! So I turn to this woman next to me who looks a lot like my wife and I say "What's this old geezer's name?" And I woulda swore to God she said "Palone."

So I'm outta the dugout and up on the stage like a shot. I'm givin' him a piece of my mind and he's screamin' like a sissy! "Get out! Get out! Get out!" So I'm yellin' "He's safe! He's safe! He's safe!" And I know damn well I'm right even if I can't exactly remember what the play was on account of I'm so pissed.

But I don't touch him. Nobody knows better than Charlie Hustle that a umpire is a sacred thing who cannot be struck. Even if he is a blind power-crazy asshole who's bet a few grand on the game. All I do is yell and point at the ground and kick dirt on his feet. Only their's not a lot of dirt on those English stages. Man I'd hate to make a head-first slide on one of those!

But then he has to go screaming for help and waving his arms. And one of his fingers scratches my cheek. I swear to God. I got the abrasion to prove it. Here look...no wait. You can't see me can you? Anyway, I got the abrasion."

So what can I do? What else can the greatest player in the history of baseball do? Including Ty Cobb?

Yeah you got it. One! Two! Bam! So the security guards show up and drag me off and ship me back to the U.S. And now I'm back to work and I don't care if I never hear about Europe again. For awhile some broad kept calling me from their and begging me to wire money to her but after I stopped answering the phone I guess she got the hint.

Yeah it was a lousy vacation. But still, You shoulda seen that Palone or Palonius or whatever guy trying to go on with his speech. And all those English theatre-goers jumping out of there seats and pelting him with beer and hot dog wrappers and transistor radios.

Man. That was kulchur!

THINE!!

Rose, you approach the English language with all the respect and consideration you showed Ray Fosse in the All-Star Game. I would give you an F, but you probably couldn't figure out what it means. So 'how about a letter grade you'd understand?

(K)

You're outta there, bum!



ATTITUDE



JOCKS  
MUST  
BE  
WE...

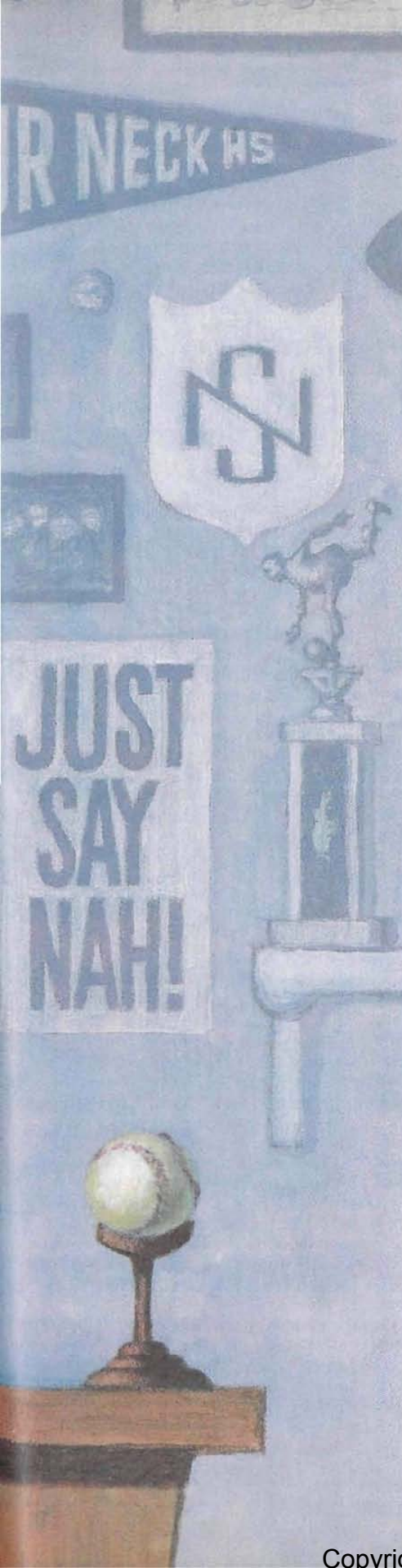
CONOR  
NECK  
HIGH

T GOING!

*L. Brown*

PHYS. ED.





# The Execution of Coach Holler

by Josh Alan Friedman

NOBODY KNEW EXACTLY WHEN ALF HAD gotten this notion to kill Coach Holler. He'd had six months to think in prison, and that had something to do with it. The mere fact he was now at Sour Neck High, on school grounds, was a blatant violation of his parole. Furthermore, he was "consorting" with the likes of Bruce Rodrigues, a fat rodent of a boy with a beet-red face. Rodrigues was a high school dope dealer and former underling of Alf—representing another parole offense.

"Everyone thinks ya get fed well in jail because my weight is up," moaned Alf, pacing the back aisle of the boys' locker room. It was the final month of the 1969 school season, their last chance to corner Coach. And Alf was determined to *get* Coach Holler, as if waging some deep biblical vendetta. "All's they fed us was a strict diet of potatoes, and more potatoes. . . . Bend down for a bar of soap, and ya get a dick up yer ass."

Rodrigues erupted in laughter; he'd never heard that line. He worked the switchblade into the lock at Coach's office. Rodrigues knew how to pick a simple Segal tumbler, he'd

seen his older brother do it. There were only two prongs left to align. He'd just earned straight F's in eleventh grade, and blindly followed Alf in the mission. Alf was two years older, left back once. He might have completed twelfth grade if he hadn't been plucked mid-season for a full semester in jail.

Both boys were hybrids—half greaser, half hippie—and all juvenile delinquent. It had been quite some time since either had been near the school gym. By tenth grade, any stone freak worth his salt at Sour Neck High had become a conscientious objector to homeroom Pledge of Allegiance and gym. Everyone cut gym, it was a total embarrassment. Sit-ups and acid just didn't mix.

The locker room had a sour reek. It congealed up unthinkable sports, like pole vaulting or soccer.

"Maybe I'll stuff the bastard in here," Alf considered, folding his own 175-pound body into one of the lockers.

"Might be a tight fit—Coach got a paunch," said Rodrigues, still working the knife like a key. Coach was due at his office in back of the lockers at three o'clock. They planned to ambush him in the office.

Rodrigues's hair hung shoulder-length, and his eyeballs darted as though they were having nervous breakdowns. Whenever he tripped, cars turned into rats, and people became mice.

"Coach always wins," said Rodrigues, lighting up another Camel and saving the coupon from the pack. "Coach helped win World War II. Coach almost cleared this school of dope. Since when do you figure we can take Coach down?"

"Jesus, Camel still gives prize coupons?" asked Alf, in another world. "You actually save 'em?"

"Yeah, I save 'em," said Rodrigues. "When I'm lying in bed dying of cancer, I can win a rod and tackle to go make-believe fishing." Rodrigues cast his make-believe fishing rod. He almost had the lock.

Alf squeezed back out of the locker. His girlfriend had been waiting when he got out of jail. She thought he was crazy, had flipped his lid for wanting to kill Coach. Just like the time he was determined to sit and watch twenty-four hours go by, staring at a clock.

Cleo was no ordinary girlfriend. She was wildly blond, an amazon with half-football boobs that drove guys nuts. But they were intimidated by her. She had only one real arm—the other contained a metal prosthetic hook for a hand. This hook didn't stop her from delivering hypodermic shots clean as a doctor to Alf, who considered being a heroin junkie part of a very elite club. Cleo occasionally shot scag too, the cutest skin-popper in town. But all the junkies in high school lined up like little boys for Cleo's steady aim with a used syringe. Some called her The Doctor.

Sure, all the freaks hated Coach, cut his

---

Everyone  
cut gym,  
it was a total  
embarrassment.  
Sit-ups  
and acid  
just didn't  
mix.

---

class, but Cleo didn't see any sense in trying to ambush him. She didn't want Alf to get his ass kicked, or end up back in jail. Cleo's loyalty, however, no longer mattered. He'd have none of her lip, and dismissed her because she had sprouted a few ugly pimples. "I can't deal with no purple mountains' majesties," he told her. "Ya let me down." If the bitch couldn't keep her face clear of acne, she didn't deserve the likes of Alfie. Furthermore, he detected she was menstruating, which skeeved him out. "Is that any way to greet a boyfriend after six months inna slam, on the rag with zits?"

Alf lay back on the locker-room bench, self-assured, carefree, taking a long drag on his cigarette and savoring a total lack of responsibility. Waiting for Coach. His adoptive parents always blamed themselves for his troubles, and they would bail him out if he burned the house down—whichever he'd once tried.

"Coach'll adore my hairdo," he said, dreamily stroking his Mr. Potato Head crew cut to hurry the growth. They had shaved off his mane in jail. Prison was yet another institution poor Alfie was marched off to, a natural progression from school.

ALF REMEMBERED HIS FIRST CONTACT with Coach Holler, six years before. Coach had taught junior high then. Gym came fifth period. On opening day, Coach stood his fledgling class "at attention" along the waxed-floor basketball court. The thirteen-year-old boys were strangers to each other, having jelled from a dozen elementary schools into Sour Neck High. Coach read off a roll call from his clip-

board. Alf was amazed to hear his name barked out by this square-jawed cartoon of a man. Coach then instructed the recruits how to stand "at ease." He chewed his cud as if a wad of tobacco were there and delivered the initiation speech:

"Welcome to Physical Education. You're all men now." He spoke from the side of his jaw, pure sarcasm. A whistle chain dangled around his collar. The back of his neck was creased like a redneck farmer's.

"As men," he continued, "all of you will be required to buy a jock. You'll wear it during each period of gym. Jockstraps come in four sizes. You can pick one up in any men's clothing store for \$2.89. Small, medium, large, and super. If you're a big man, don't be embarrassed when you walk in—just go to the counter and say, 'I want a SU-PA!'"

Coach explained how athletic ability would be graded from A to F. But it was the secondary grade that really mattered—*Attitude*: O for Outstanding, S for Satisfactory, and U for Unsatisfactory. Being a great athlete was not important, it was what you put into the game. "Attitude," recited Coach, like a man with better things to do than granting his time to kids. "That means stuff like cooperation, fair play, courtesy, effort, punctuality, responsibility, self-control, and respect for school rules."

A week later, Coach took the group to the school's indoor pool. Again, the boys lined up for Coach's folksy poolside etiquette lecture. He warned them against creating any "warm yellow rivers." Then he did his pantomime of encountering an "alien white pearl" in the water—that being snot, which was not allowed. Swimming along innocently, Coach came across the thing from the corner of his eye, like it was a sea monster.

Once the pool had to be emptied, all ten thousand gallons, on account of a bowel movement sitting at the bottom of the deep end. Coach had never looked angrier. "All right," he demanded, lining them up against the wall at attention. "Which one of you bathing beauties is responsible?"

"Here's one for *Sports Illustrated*," grumbled a fellow coach, interrogating fifth-period gym class till school break. The culprit never came forward.

Coach was in charge of boys, a grumpy drill sergeant, showing them a taste of the real world. He was a boy's man, and truth be told, had gotten painfully shortchanged, pussy-wise, in his life. When Holler was younger, a promising tackle in high school, his own coach told him he'd have plenty of years to grab puss. High school was the time to concentrate on football, not girls. Believing this, he'd become a coach himself. Thereafter, Coach Holler never amounted to shit as an athlete, and the girls were never around after his discharge from the Army.

Rodrigues sprang the lock and Coach's office door opened. It was a quaint little

lair, neat as a pin, which could pass any Army barracks inspection. The cabinet was filled with basketballs, footballs, and bats, a sweet, rubbery smell of sports equipment.

"Look, Coach eats Honey Grahams!" said Rodrigues, crushing a box of crackers. On his desk were copies of *Hank Bauer's Championship Baseball*, *Bill Sharmon on Basketball Shooting*, and *Time-Life's The Wonderful World of Sport*. A monogrammed handkerchief was folded beside a bottle of Maalox.

"Coach's pay stub!" came Alf, hawking out a lunger at the ceiling. "Look, the bastard only makes \$176 a week, after taxes! Ha, the sucker!" Both of them hit the floor laughing. A pal of theirs cleared \$250 a week working the night shift on a garbage truck, and he was eighteen. Coach was merely an underpaid civil servant, a tiny cog in the bureaucracy of the Sour Neck school system.

His laughter settling, Rodrigues cleared his throat, dredging up a goodly amount of phlegm from the bottom of his nicotine-packed lungs, and fired it up to the ceiling. It clung, began to stretch, and froze midway.

"Uggh!" he panted, tugging his hair in ecstasy. "It's beautiful!"

"You hung a real lunger!" came Alf, mightily impressed. Greasers spent all lunch period in the cafeteria doing this. When some spitter had achieved this wondrous spectacle—getting it to slowly stretch, then hang there in suspended motion—the other spitters gathered round transfixed, groaning in ecstasy.

There was some sort of war plaque on the wall awarded to Coach in honor of the Seventh Infantry Division. Alf spat on it. He then spat on the football team portrait. Big Bo Denton was the star offense, Coach's pet, clutching a citation in the shape of a paddle at the fore of the photo. The same paddle hung on Coach's wall, proclaiming the Nassau County Second Place Varsity Football Team of 1968.

High school sports were squeaky clean, no graft or game fixing. Coach's players never received hundred-dollar handshakes, or were seduced by sports cars to join colleges. Alf was baffled by football, which might as well have come from Mars. Athletes and drugs were an inconceivable mixture. Most members of the football team had never even *heard* of pot yet.

Big Bo Denton surely had. He was the hugest Negro at Sour Neck High. Denton lived above the Spinny Hotel on Gibson Hill, and had little to do with white society. Yet his social standing, due to football stardom, was out of Alf's reach. Denton drew bleachers full of cheering neighbors from Gibson Hill, ecstatic nieces and cousins rooting him on during games. It was there, during the last game, that Coach had made his most recent bust. Alf recalled having seen the Denton name make sports head-

---

Those who  
can do something,  
do it;  
those who can't,  
teach;  
those who  
can't teach,  
teach gym.

---

lines in the *Sour Neck Bugle*. And there he was up on Coach's wall, 250 pounds of athletic pride.

Alf remembered the last time he'd taken gym seriously, back in tenth grade, trying out for varsity baseball. Alf had been passionate about pitching. Twenty pitchers were separated from the two hundred try-outs.

"I want you to throw easy the first few days, just warm up," Coach instructed all. "I won't be impressed by speed, so don't throw your hardest for another week."

Coach strolled past the pitchers as they threw to their personal catchers. "Don't try to impress me when I walk by," he barked. "I'll be watching when you least expect it."

All the tryouts threw their hardest fastballs, of course, right from the git-go. Alf threw his arm out that week, the shoulder cuff rotator separating from the joint. His arm was dead the rest of the year. He couldn't even attend gym.

Coach never missed a chance to berate him in the halls: "There's nothin' wrong with you. Whaddya, smokin' that heroin? I saw you using that arm, you liar. Whaddya, on LSD?"

Most teachers held an animosity toward their students at Sour Neck High. The teachers' parking lot was filled with old Volkswagens, Plymouths. Adjacent to this was the student parking lot, filled with spanking-new Cadillac Eldorados and Lincoln Continentals. Sour Neck, Long Island, contained more psychiatrists per square acre than anywhere on God's earth. They provided their kids with good car. But

Coach Holler was at the bottom pay scale of virtually everyone. He drove a battered '62 Pontiac. There was an old saying: Those who can do something, do it; those who can't, teach; and those who can't even teach, teach gym.

Alf kicked his boot heels up on the desk. Coach's environment gave him the willies. Rodrigues handed Alf the switchblade, shut the light, and closed the door. They waited.

ALF THOUGHT OF HIS FATAL DAY, just six months ago. He had decided to come to school one morning, which required waking up to a 6:30 alarm, when it was still fucking *dark* out. The school bus came a half hour later. By the time it collected its prisoners, the bus reached school by eight o'clock. About thirty yellow buses rolled in simultaneously.

Alf recalled dark skies swollen with clouds, a funeral march to the boys' bathroom. Forty long-haired losers and freaks crammed in for their morning ritual, each toking furiously on hash pipes stuffed with Red Lebanese, Green Moroccan, and Black Afghan. Man, you had to do your drug. And if that didn't fry you enough, a chemical of the week was always on sale. A fat kid named Abbott displayed a vial each morning, hawking the contents like snake oil. The vial was filled with little capsules of THC, horse tranquilizers, or strychnine rat poison. Abbott's fat fingers fished them out at a dollar per. He'd stay up the night before, stuffing the caps himself with a pestle and mortar, stolen from science lab.

This week's specials were called "Pink Fucks." And oh, how they did fuck you up. The main ingredient was an elephant barbiturate. Alf sprang for two. By 8:30 the bathroom would empty out for homeroom. There the freaks would sit among the straight and wait for the drug du jour to hit. They'd nod at each other conspiratorially or pass out. Coach would usually be doing one-armed chins, preparing for the poor souls slotted for first-period gym.

But that morning, Coach made one of his infamous raids. No matter which of the twenty bathrooms the hippies relocated to, Coach smoked it out eventually, like he did the Japs in the jungle. The Pink Fucks had hit Alf hard. Most of the guys in the boys' room scattered, but Alf was too whacked out. He was caught with a quarter-ounce of hash in his lap. Coach enacted a citizen's arrest. He dragged the lifeless, Pink-Fucked body of Alf into the gym and held him in an armlock on a mat until the arrival of the Nassau County Police. Coach's policy was always to call police before parents. Then school policy was to follow up with expulsion. Coach had busted a dozen kids so far. Hash was a narcotic on the books; a quarter-ounce was considered a felony, with a maximum fifteen-year jail sentence. Alf got three years, reduced to six months.

*continued on page 110*

**SCHMUCK:**

**An  
Oral  
History  
of**

**George**

**Steinbrenner**

by John Weidman

Ever since he bought the New York Yankees in 1973, George Steinbrenner has been in the headlines almost as often as his ball club. We all know the public Steinbrenner: smug, petty, arrogant. A convicted felon. But what's the man behind the headlines like? We asked around, and this is what we found out...

**DENNY MIX**, twenty-five, played briefly in the Yankee farm system in 1985. He currently tends bar at Wylie's Booze Corral in Midlands, Texas.

George Steinbrenner? I love the guy. He got me this job tending bar. No shit. I'll tell you how...

Three years ago, I'm playing shortstop for the Lubbock Yankees in the Southwest Rookie League. I'm hitting .382, I haven't made an error in fifty-seven games. Two years, tops, I'm playing baseball in the Bronx.

All right. July 9, we're playing Oklahoma City, we get word George is coming into town to check the team out. I can't wait. Let him get a good look at his future all-star, right?

All right. The game starts, and I'm out at shortstop, and I look into the stands, and there's George, sitting right behind the dugout. And he's drinking beer. And by the top of the second, don't ask me how, he's had about nine beers and our pitcher gets in trouble. He gives up a coupla hits, then he starts walking guys. And I can see George turning red and pretty soon he's yelling,

"I'm paying you to throw strikes, asshole! Put it over!" And our pitcher's getting even wilder, and here comes the manager to yank him, but before he gets out of the dugout, George jumps on the field and here he comes, all wobbly from being shitfaced, and he heads out to the mound and *passes* it and staggers up to me and says I'm a disgrace to Yankee pinstripes and I should get the fuck off the field.

He thinks *I'm* the goddamn pitcher!

So I say, "Mr. Steinbrenner, excuse me—" And he grabs my shirt and yells that he's the boss and I'm a piece of shit and

then he tries to tear the numbers off my uniform, like in an Army movie where the sergeant gets broke back to private. Then he pukes all over me and falls flat on his face. And then he says I hit him. Jumped him from behind. So he fires me on the spot, and blackballs me, and no one will go near me, and I'm through in baseball.

And that's how George Steinbrenner got me this job tending bar. Great guy, huh?

**MICKY RICHARDS, thirty-three, is a waiter at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles.**

I work room service. Midnight to six. One night a call comes down at 3:15, some guy wants a fifth of bourbon and a turkey club with triple bacon, extra-crisp. The guy's George Steinbrenner.

Okay. I get the sandwich and I go up and I knock and someone yells, "Come in," and I go in and this is what I see: the drapes are all pulled down, the rug is scorched, there's empty liquor bottles all around, and in the corner, swear to God, there's this big pair of boxer shorts that someone took a dump in.

And in the bathroom someone's blowing lunch, like from his toenails up. And then the gagging stops and Steinbrenner comes out, all nude, with these big balls that he's got hanging down and I say, "Your sandwich, sir." And he grabs it and he takes a bite and spits it out. It's got no mayonnaise on it. So I say, "I'm sorry, sir. I'll bring some right up," and he says, "Oh no, you won't, you bum. Bend over." And he pulls my pants down and he sticks the sandwich up my ass.

You ever have somebody stick a sandwich up your ass? I mean a *toasted* sandwich, crusts still on, with triple bacon, extra-crisp, and with those little toothpicks? I was in the hospital for three weeks. My wife wanted me to sue. But I said no, this kinda thing, this is what makes George Steinbrenner the guy he is. He knows what he wants. And when he doesn't get it, he sticks a sandwich up your ass.

I don't care who you are, you gotta respect that.

**BISHOP FRANCIS A. MULCAHY is the bishop of Jersey City, New Jersey, and the state coordinator of fund-raising for the CCC Foundation (Crippled Catholic Children).**

Let me tell you something. There's a box seat in heaven reserved for Mr. George Steinbrenner. He's a saint. And I don't use that word loosely. I know he's not going to like me talking about him like this, because he's really a private man at heart, a shy man. He hates publicity.



A.P./Wide World

What that man has done is adopt the CCC. In his own words, he told me that every Crippled Catholic Child is like a child of his own, and he spares no expense, in time or money, to give those kids the treats they deserve.

Now I must tell you that other fine and worthy philanthropists donate money to our foundation and I am thankful. But George does more than write checks. He is involved. He has important friends in all walks of life. All he has to do is make a phone call to so-and-so at Entenmann Bakeries and ten thousand day-old jelly doughnuts are delivered to the kids at the CCC hospital at no charge. It never stops. Last year he got Ben Vereen, Julio Iglesias, and Tammy Grimes for our Christmas pageant.

I once asked George Steinbrenner to be a guest speaker at our Sunday school class, but he refused. Instead he sent Lou Piniella, who the kids idolized. He has the divine inspiration to always do the right thing.

**"MICHELLE," twenty-three, is a prostitute. She lives and works in Minneapolis, Minnesota.**

I'm a hooker. Mostly I do Japanese businessmen, but whenever he's in town, I do George Steinbrenner.

Each time it's the same. I meet him at this cheap motel out by the airport where



everybody else checks in as Mr. and Mrs. Smith, but we check in as Mr. and Mrs. October, don't ask me why.

George brings a lot of stuff with him. First off, he's got a sack of grapefruits. Squishy ones. Then he's got this giant baseball bat with "George's Thang" written on the end. And then he's got this tape of some guy "Reggie" hitting three home runs in the Super Bowl or something. He puts the tape on the TV, then we get naked and I throw the grapefruits and he swings at them.

Mostly he misses, but sometimes he hits one and it goes *splat!* against the wall and he yells, "Aw-right!" in this funny kind of Negro voice and spits and sticks one finger in the air and runs around the bed with his balls banging all around. George has this really little thing, but these enormous balls that hang way down. It's really weird.

And then I throw some more, he swings some more, and we keep doing that until there's no more grapefruit. Then he pays me. Fifty bucks. In the beginning we used oranges, but they were too small and he couldn't hit them and it made him cry. That's it. He's weird, you know.

**RICHARD NIXON is the thirty-seventh president of the United States.**

I remember George Steinbrenner very well. It was 1971. I was having a late snack at the White House with Bebe Rebozo and John Mitchell when the butler announced a guest. I don't know how the hell he got in, but Mitchell said it was okay, he was a fundraiser for us.

Meanwhile I'm having the damndest time getting the ketchup out of the bottle for my cottage cheese. You know how hard it is to start a new bottle of ketchup. It won't come out. Bebe and John are no help in these matters. I'm whacking away at the bottle when this fellow in a green leisure suit comes in and says, "Let me show you how to get the ketchup out." He sticks a knife down the bottle and wiggles it. "Try it now," he says. I turn over the bottle and sure enough, the ketchup is flowing out like water.

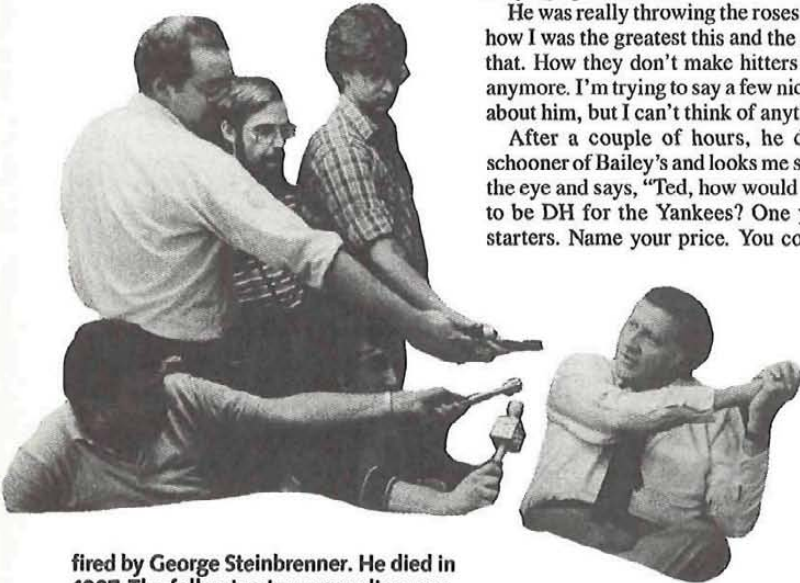
It was Steinbrenner, of course. He gave me one of the most valuable tips of my life.

He had this big shopping bag from Safeway or Kroger's with him that he wanted to deliver personally to me. I thanked him for it and asked him to stay for a drink. He declined. He was sweating profusely. I guess he was nervous, being in the inner sanctum of the president. I know what sweating feels like. I shook his wet hand and he left.

Bebe looked into the shopping bag. It had \$240,000 cash in it. He put it away for the night, and the next day we all forgot about it because we were distracted by that mess in Vietnam. And to this day we've

never found it. Bebe was in charge of the laundry and he forgot where he put the shopping bag. My guess is it's still somewhere in the White House.

**DICK HOWSER managed the Yankees during the 1980 season. He won 103 games, finished first in the Eastern Division of the American League, and was**



**fired by George Steinbrenner. He died in 1987. The following tape recording was found in a safe-deposit box along with his will.**

Dear George: I'm dead now, and you're not. I guess even God makes an error every now and then. Ha-ha! Too bad you can't fire him.

But seriously, soon you will be dead. And that's good. Your death will make the world a better place. On the other hand, the place where I am, where the dead guys go, will be a worse place, because you'll be here. Ha-ha!

What else? Oh, yeah. Remember the second game of the '80 playoffs? Remember Willie Randolph tried to score from first on a single and got thrown out at the plate and that was it, we lost the game and you almost had a heart attack and you hit me with that barbell in the training room? You know what? I knew Willie couldn't score. I knew he'd get thrown out. I sent him anyway! Ha-ha!

Up yours, you lousy jerk!  
Love, Dick.

**TED WILLIAMS is the greatest natural hitter in baseball history, the last man to hit over .400. Today, at seventy, he is one of the great sportsmen of the world, independently wealthy and as independent of mind as he always was.**

I met George Steinbrenner a couple of times on the rubber-chicken banquet cir-

cuit, so when I bumped into him last spring at the Ritz Carlton in Boston, where we both were staying, we said hello and promised to have a drink.

To his credit, George called me the next day and we made a date at the hotel bar. He was in a great mood that night—very expansive. He drank Harvey Wallbangers. With Bailey's Irish Cream chasers. I'm a light-beer man myself, and I had a problem keeping up with him.

He was really throwing the roses at me—how I was the greatest this and the greatest that. How they don't make hitters like me anymore. I'm trying to say a few nice things about him, but I can't think of anything.

After a couple of hours, he downs a schooner of Bailey's and looks me square in the eye and says, "Ted, how would you like to be DH for the Yankees? One year for starters. Name your price. You could still

hit better than 90 percent of the choke-ups on my team right now."

There isn't much that knocks me for a loop except a few angry marlin in Bimini, but this son of a gun did it. He knew I could still do it. He must have scouted me, because I was still on the batting range every day and was only 10 to 15 percent away from top form.

"You will hit the bejesus out of the ball, Ted. You still have the eyes. You don't even wear glasses. You will break records. Do you know why? Because you will have too much pride in yourself not to. You won't play unless you know you can do it, and you can do it, right?"

The son of a gun had me. He knew it wasn't money I wanted. It was something I had to prove. I said, "Screw the money. I'll take two million. No bonuses, no incentive clauses. Just a straight two mil."

He thought it sounded a wee bit high, but that was just the club owner talking. He shook my hand and said it was a deal. Let the lawyers work out the details. He bought us a carafe of two-hundred-year-old Napoleon brandy to celebrate and drank it all. I felt like a kid of forty again.

The next morning I called George at his room and was told that he had already checked out. I finally traced him to his home in Tampa. He was very friendly on the phone and thanked me for a most enjoyable evening. I reminded him about our deal.

"What deal?" he said.

I said, "The deal you offered me last night." There was dead silence on the phone for a few seconds, and then he said that I must be thinking of someone else. I spelled it out for him, and I heard this laugh. He was laughing so hard he started to cough and spit up. He couldn't stop. Ted Williams, a DH at seventy? He thought I was crazy.

That fat fuck insisted I was hallucinating, that we'd had a couple of drinks and then we both went to bed. Then he hung up.

I never thought I'd see the day when I would say that George Steinbrenner really knows how to hurt a guy.

**TONY MAZZELLA, fifty-nine, is a horse trainer. Since 1985 he has trained George Steinbrenner's trotters and pacers.**

You know these races they got, where celebrities are the jockeys and they raise a lot of dough for crippled kids with MSG and stuff? George likes to ride in those.

Around the track, we got a nickname for George's horse: Scumbag Hanover. But that's another story. This story is about George and Oleg Cassini, the little clothes designer guy.

Cassini rides in these races, too. And three races in a row, he wins. Who cares? It's all for charity, right? Before the next race, George comes to me and tells me to fuck up Cassini's horse. I tell him I don't do that. He tells me he'll give me ten grand, so I do it. I put Darvon in the horse's feed. It slows the horse down, but he wins anyway.

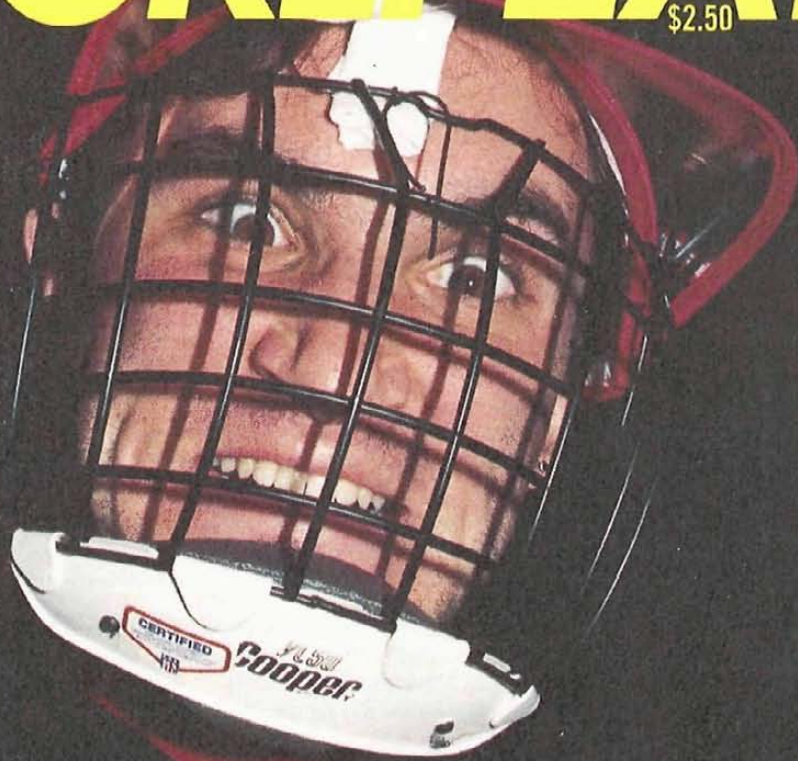
Next race, I ask George if he wants me to fuck up Cassini's horse again. He says no, this time he wants me to fuck up Cassini. So I put Darvon in Cassini's lunch. About a pound of it. The little guy goes over like a tree, they rush him to the hospital, George is happy as a pig in shit. He puts the silks on, hops into the sulky, and goes out and loses to Joan Rivers.

Hey, you hang around the track, you meet a lot of shitheads. But George is in a class by himself.



# FOREPLAY

\$2.50



LA. FRINGE

DONALD TRUMP WELCOMES YOU TO ARENA GOLF

Official valuable  
souvenir magazine  
of the Arena Golf  
special exhibition  
preview demonstration season

# GREETINGS!



AP/Wide World

Welcome to the special exhibition preview demonstration season of ARENA GOLF!!!

It's your game, America! Forget endless tournaments! No more dull three-hundred-yard drives and boring forty-foot putts! Send those old, tired courses that have been played for centuries back to Scotland where they came from! You want strokes? See thousands! Indoors and with hundreds of screaming fans!

But it's not just golf—it's action, action, action! Imagine the greatest athletes in golfing history, the finest and most graceful masters of the stick and ball, locked for sixty sweat-spewing minutes in a death struggle of high-impact, no-holds-barred mayhem!

Watch in utter blood-lusting amazement as the sport's top pros—Seve Ballesteros, Curtis Strange, Craig Stadler, and the newest recruit, Bo Jackson—bite, fight, and maim their way to victory!

And since we want to foster a love for golf's subtlety and beauty, we're showing off Arena Golf with a four-team, seven-game season designed especially for cable television! If you don't have access to cable, come on over to our place. Bring your friends! Drink to excess! Shout obscenities! No need to be quiet while golfers are putting here. It's your game, America!!!

So what are you waiting for? Purchase our tickets! Meet our mascots! Buy our merchandise! Park in our lots!

It's Arena Golf! Get hooked on it!

Donald Trump  
Commissioner, Arena Golf

## Arena Golf: The Season



Double Bogey Sez:  
"It's more fun  
if you know  
where to  
show up!"

### Eastern Conference

New York Bogeys  
at Madison Square Garden  
New Jersey Hazards

### Western Conference

Los Angeles Fringe  
at L.A. Forum  
Shreveport Sprinkler Heads

League  
Championship  
at Nassau  
Coliseum

Two-Game Series  
at AGBDN  
Studios

Arena Golf Grand  
Final Championship  
Winner

Loser, Game 1

at Byrne Arena

Loser, Game 2

Loser, Game 3

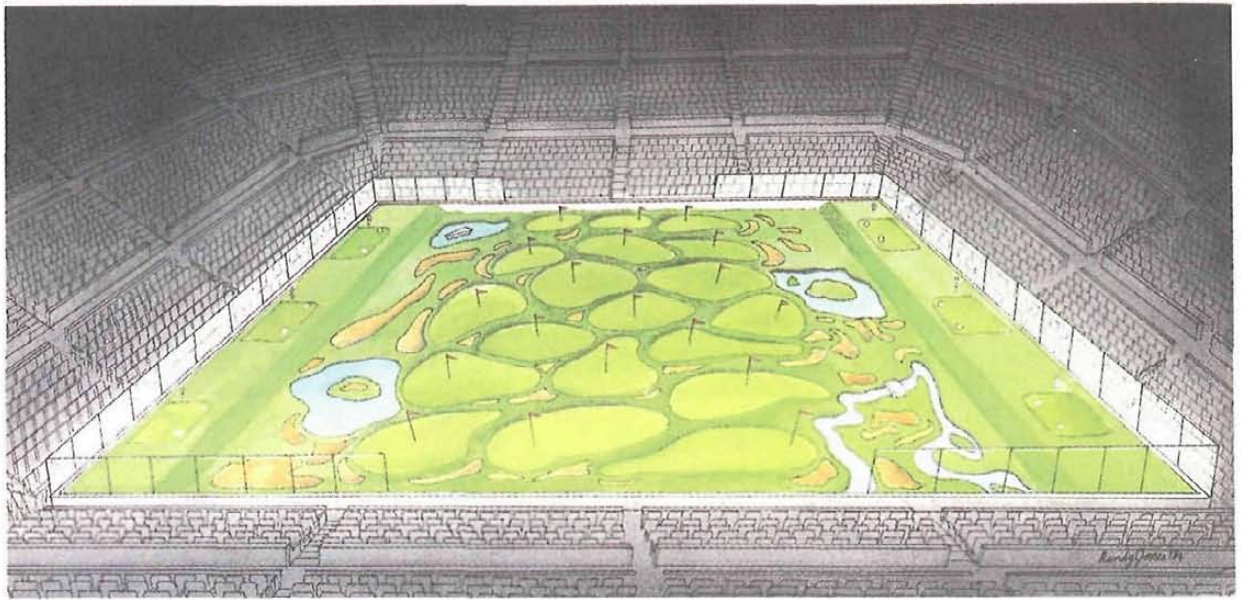
At Martin Luther King  
Junior High School,  
Shreveport, La.

Four teams will compete in a double elimination tournament culminating in "The Green Massacre Weekend," a two-day orgy of music, sport, and product demonstration, capped by the beautiful "Tournament of Balls" parade.

All games will be broadcast nationally on AGBDN—the All Golf, Bowling & Darts Network, the *only* twenty-four-hour golf, bowling, and darts network. Videotapes of games will be distributed to video stores, and swatches of the playing surface will be made available by direct mail.



# Arena Golf: The Surface

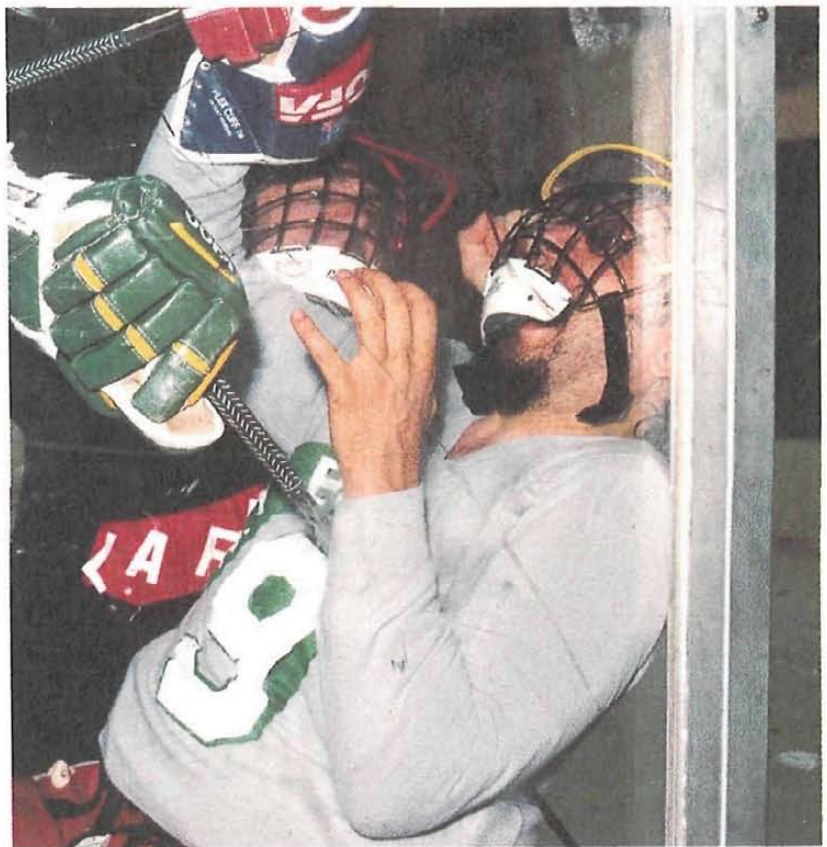


The field includes six tees — three for each side, eighteen holes to be played by each team, and sand and water hazards altered continuously by the caddies, who can also change pin placement.

TALK TO DOUBLE BOGEY!!  
CALL 1-555-GOLF  
24 HOURS  
\$9.00 per call

## Arena Golf: The Players

The *drivers* are mainly responsible for putting the balls in play from the tee area and fielding long shots from the opposing team. In addition, they serve as the primary "enforcers," blocking, checking, and hurting opposing players who approach their end of the area. Drivers are



*Arena Golf is a club to the head.*

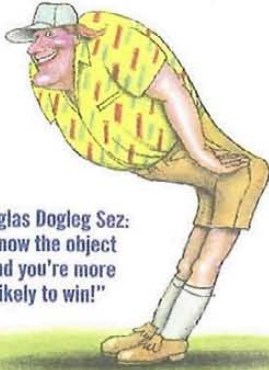
Harry Hazard Sez:  
"It's better if you  
know who's playing."

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known primarily for their strength and nasty temperament.

The *putters* are responsible for scoring, receiving drives from the tee area, and directing them toward holes while deflecting opposition putts (and putters). They rely on speed and agility. They are the players most likely to be carried off the field.

The *caddy* is responsible for making the course as difficult as possible for the opposition and behaving like a general nuisance. He relies on intelligence, small size, and half a ton of moving machinery. The caddy is also the only player on the field allowed to cheat.



Douglas Dogleg Sez:  
"Know the object  
and you're more  
likely to win!"



*Arena Golf is victory.*



*Arena Golf is precision.*

*Arena Golf is a caddy's tidiness.*



Ralph Rough Sez:  
"It's safer if you  
pay attention!"

# Arena Golf: Game Action

The object of this game, like golf, is to sink your balls into each of the eighteen holes in fewer strokes than the opposing team. Unlike golf, the opposing player attempts to block the scoring, using any means in his power, which range from deflection of golf balls to a forearm check to the skull.

Any player struck seven times by opposition balls is out of the game. Any player injured or killed due to a forearm check to the skull will be allowed to be carried off the field. If a player is injured or killed due to a golf ball to the skull, he must stay on the field for the duration of the game and will be considered part of "the rough." Any ball lodged under a body may be played not



Arena Golf is teamwork.



Steve Sprinklehead Sez: "Know what's going on and you may come back!"

more than one club head's length from the deceased or injured. If the body is capable of crawling, it may do so, but must remain in the playing area.

One of the aspects of the game that make it such a fascinating sport is the absence of a referee. Since golf is a gentleman's sport, everyone is on the honor code. But caddies are permitted—in fact, encouraged—to cheat, adding yet another dimension to an already dimension-conscious sport. And since the caddies keep

score, the number of strokes each team takes doesn't really matter.

As the drivers continue to put each team's eighteen balls into play, the putters begin to work the "green."

Meanwhile, the caddies try to make their opponents' shots more difficult, and their own team's easier, as they furiously race around the arena in their titanium golf carts, disseminating the correct clubs to teammates or running over balls, clubs, and players of the opposing team.

## Arena Golf. America's Game.

### KIDS! Get Your Arena Golf Souvenirs Now!

Plush Toys (check one) ..... \$19.95

Double Bogey  Steve Sprinklehead

Harry Hazard  Douglas Dogleg

Ralph Rough

Car Air Fresheners ..... \$ 6.95

Transformers (check one) ..... \$10.95

Putter-into-switchblade

Visor-into-bazooka

Helmet-into-lead paint

Chinese finger traps

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Sex \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Parents' Occupations \_\_\_\_\_

Estimated Annual Income \_\_\_\_\_

## Arena Golf Scorecard

Team	Position	Player	Hits	thorax	Elim	Goals
SHREVEPORT	P	WATSON	6	4th 2:39		6
	P	PALMER	7		2nd 10:05	7
	P	SIMPSON	1		1st 10:12	1
	D	RODRIGUEZ	3	3rd 6:04	Stroke	3
	D	KITE	0			0
	D	AZINGER	0			0
	G	BRZNICKI	0	1st 3:30	L.F.L.	0

In our sample game, we can see that Tom Watson scored six goals and managed to avoid most opponents' balls until he suffered a game-ending injury, in this case a ruptured thorax, at 2:39 of the fourth period. Arnold Palmer was hit for the seventh time at 10:05 of the second period, indicating his age made him a relative punching bag. Scott Simpson scored the game-winning goal. Chi Chi Rodriguez collapsed from a stroke in the third period, and Tom Kite and Paul Azinger had uneventful games. Caddy Brznicki was torn limb from limb in three and a half minutes.



1 GOLD 100-2



2 GOLD 100-2



3 GOLD 100-3



4 GOLD 100-2



5 GOLD 100-2



6 GOLD 100-2



7 GOLD 100-2



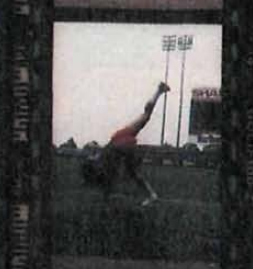
8 GOLD 100-2



9 GOLD 100-2



10 GOLD 100-2



11 GOLD 100-2



12 GOLD 100-2



# How to Be a Ball Girl

A Day in the Life of  
Cyndi Perki of the Chicago Cubs  
as told to Wendy Bott

**7:00 A.M.** Awaken refreshed after twelve hours of sleep to study the pictures and works of mentors. This morning: Bounci McFarlane, Quirki Keenan, and Skippi Masters.

**8:00 A.M.** Time for breakfast. Hot chocolate 'n' Yodels.

**9:00 A.M.** Calisthenics. Do face-tightening exercises till you can bounce a quarter off your cheeks while smiling. Remember: a smile makes every fan feel special. I smile anywhere from 2,000 to 40,000 times a game. A smile for each fan.

**10:00 A.M.** Thigh-tightening exercises. Do them until you black out. Remember: your thighs can never be too tight.

**11:00 A.M.** Fanny-tightening exercises. Do them until you can squash a peach between your buns. Remember: nobody likes a pudgy ball girl.

**12:00 P.M.** Suit up. If your shorts contain more cloth than a Kleenex, you aren't doing your best for team and fan spirit. Underneath the thin white cotton of your shorts, wear bikini bottoms with the team logo centered on the rear end. And when you bend over to retrieve a ball—SURPRISE!—smiles all around.

**1:00 P.M.** Hair and makeup: With the excitement of the game, your cheeks should be rosy-red. At away games, my mitt is blue, so I wear eyeshadow to match; at home, I wear a pink glove, which I match with my lipstick. Put your hair in pigtails so tight it feels like your scalp has had a face-lift; they're bounciest that way!

**2:00 P.M.** Pregame warmup: Toe touches, jumping jacks, big smiles. That's what the fans are paying for!

**2:30 P.M.** Play ball! And to me that means it's time for today's first wad of grape Bubble Yum! Just the taste of it brings flooding forth the ball girl's motto, always and forever: "Go for it!"

**3:00 P.M.** Caught a foul grounder off the hot bat of Cub cutie Jody Davis! Is he even cuter than last year? He smiles at me; he must know we're on the same team.

**3:05 P.M.** Second piece of Bubble Yum. Add it to first piece. Delicious!

**3:20 P.M.** Your eyes swell with tears when you hear the crack of the mighty bat of that dreamy Ryne Sandberg. As he runs to the base, you feel your heart going bump-bump-bump under your shirt.

"Go, Ryne, go!" you exude, and you perform a triple back handspring while waving to the throngs. You have never felt more alive, and the crowd responds to your unabashed joy by cheering for you wildly.

**3:35 P.M.** Wendi, that bleached-blond trollop with the doughy ankles who's working the first base line, boots an easy grounder. The crowd boos, and she is humiliated!

**3:45 P.M.** Time for more gum. The delicious wad in your mouth is almost as big as the pride you feel in your heart participating in America's greatest pastime, and chewing America's *greatest* gum, grape Bubble Yum, brought to you by the bubblegum people. When you want that good bubblegum taste, reach for Bubble Yum!

**4:00 P.M.** That big hunk Andre Dawson hits one out of the park! The two of you are in joyous symmetry. He, jogging confidently around the bases; you, performing a breathtaking split and combo side flip. The crowd responds with a standing ovation! Both Andre and I take a bow.

**4:30 P.M.** It's that Ryne Sandberg again. Tingling with anticipation, you watch as he goes through that adorable wiggling routine before he swings. Oh! He hits a sharp grounder to you! You sashay to your left, do a languorous hip-dip (a real crowd pleaser), and backhand it in your pretty pink mitt! The masculinely hit horsehide stings your palm, but the cheer of the crowd is an ample Band-Aid!

**4:47 P.M.** A home run! All is laughter, tears, leaps, and embraces as the Cubs win! You do back handsprings and double-aerials from third base to home plate to out in the outfield! You keep doing this even after the fans have left and the ground crew has placed the tarpaulin on the field. What a game! What a day!

**5:15 P.M.** Sadly you leave your home away from home, ol' Wrigley Field. It is painful, like leaving an old friend, but the pain in your smiling muscles tells you the day has been a peach.

**6:00 P.M.** At home you light candles under your manteltop portrait of Karen Valentine and think back on just how very happy your day was. Lo-cal Jell-O fountain with fresh fruit for dinner.

**7:00 P.M.** Bedtime. Almost too excited to close your eyes, you know you will dream about the upcoming "Buns" calendar, in which you will represent July. Hey, relax! You've got to fall asleep first, remember?! Rest up, sleepyhead. Because in less than twenty-four hours, you'll again hear the cry "Batter up!"

AT LAST—  
FITNESS MACHINES FOR  
THE REST OF US  
ANNOUNCING

# THE NEW NAUTILUS LITE SERIES

Today's health-conscious Americans demand exercise facilities that will complement their goal-oriented lifestyles. Since time is money, the average person may not be able to enjoy a traditional, full-circuit Nautilus workout. For those with time factors impinging on their routine, we are proud to present a bold innovation in fitness: Nautilus Lite Machines.

**A Revolution in Fitness  
The New Nautilus Lite Exercise Stations**

The newest from Nautilus is a series of exercise stations based on the beneficial motions of non-athletic endeavors—

perfect fitness regimens for those who can't commit to total muscular fill-out.

Use of these machines will allow the exerciser to marshal the forces of muscle groups used only in specific activities. For example, the Snow Shoveler enables the exerciser to cultivate the stomach and forearms of a plowman, while the Receptionist facilitates cultivation of the elbow flexibility and page-flipping prowess of an actual receptionist.

With these machines, exercisers will be able to address body-part by body-part fitness goals, and even customize their physiques by harnessing the power and flexibility of strong and sensuous but otherwise dormant muscle groups.

## THE CALCULATOR:

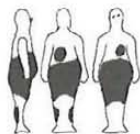
With minimal effort, even a conditioned athlete can cultivate the spindly calves, enlarged heart, and gluteal sprawl of a veteran accountant.

**SEAT/PAD ALIGNMENT:** The height and position of the seat are unimportant, as long as the crook of the neck is positioned at the top of the chair back and the buttocks balanced on the edge of the chair seat.

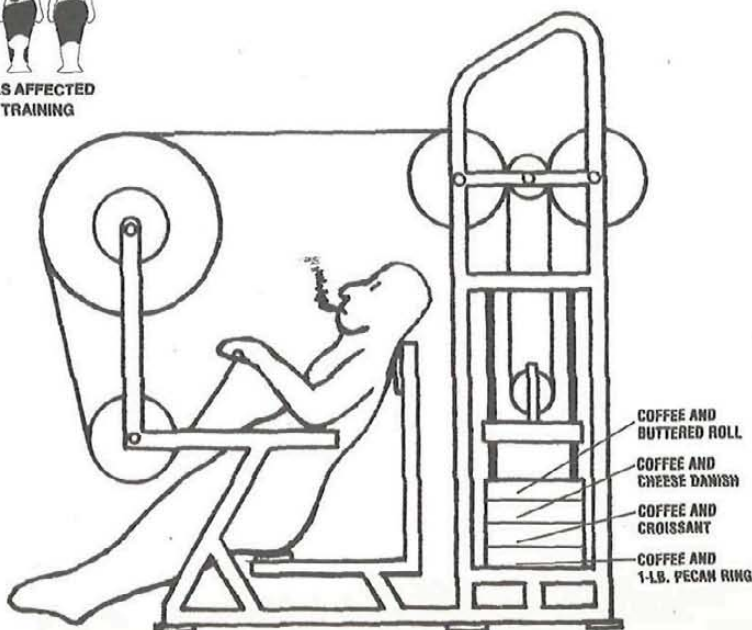
**EXERCISE POSTURE & BREATHING:** Neck should be slightly bent at the top of the chair back to further restrict whatever breathing hasn't been squelched by cigarettes and bloated heart tissue filling chest cavity intended for occupancy by lungs.

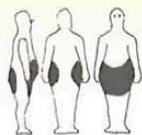
**EXERCISE MOVEMENT:** Frequent arm maneuvers to simulated telephone, cigarettes, pastry ensemble, porno in desk drawer, and Styrofoam coffee cup. Nap between sets.

**TRAINING BENEFIT KEYPOINTS:** Accelerates the flattening and expansion of the buttocks and sedentary muscle groups. Encourages and hastens the development of wide, soggy thighs.

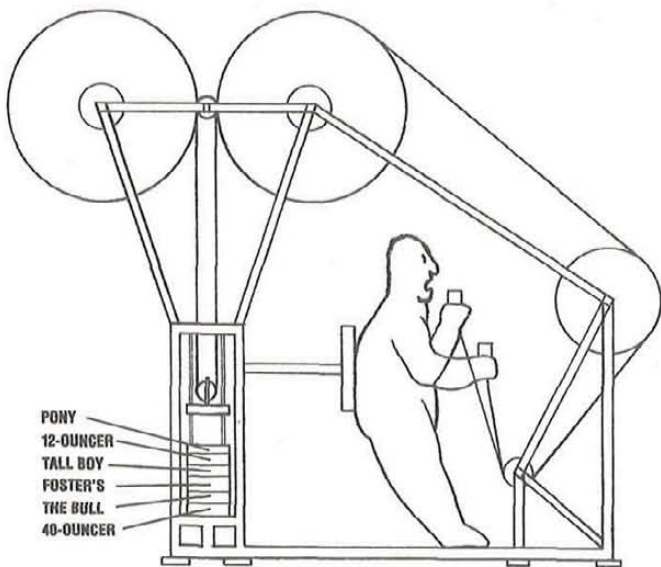


AREAS AFFECTED  
BY TRAINING





AREAS AFFECTED BY TRAINING



- PONY
- 12-OUNCER
- TALL BOY
- FOSTER'S
- THE BULL
- 40-OUNCER

### THE CONSTRUCTOR:

At last, a machine that allows young and old, clerics and housewives alike to develop the abdominal bulk nurtured by construction activity.

#### HANDLE/RESISTANCE ALIGNMENT:

Lean against support beam; set resistance grip to desired gravitational resistance.

#### EXERCISE POSTURE & BREATHING:

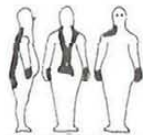
Maintain posture described above. Breathing should be heavy, and accompanied by whistling and catcalling.

**EXERCISE MOVEMENT:** Move resistance grip up to face; while releasing to straight-arm position, whistle or jeer in direction of nearest unitard.

**TRAINING BENEFIT KEYPOINTS:** Builds up manicottial abs and encourages outward development of abdominal mass. Also stimulates cultivation of capillary mapping in the nasal region, and highlights outward growth in Handlae D'Amor muscle group.

### THE LEAF RAKER:

Leaf raking has for decades been an activity associated with a finely honed, naturally developed physique. Now you can develop for your own the body of a gardener with the Nautilus Leaf Raker.



AREAS AFFECTED BY TRAINING

**HANDLE/RESISTANCE ALIGNMENT:** Adjust pull-bar to height of hipbone. Set rake-plume dial for length of strokes—longer strokes build stamina; shorter, quicker strokes for bulk.

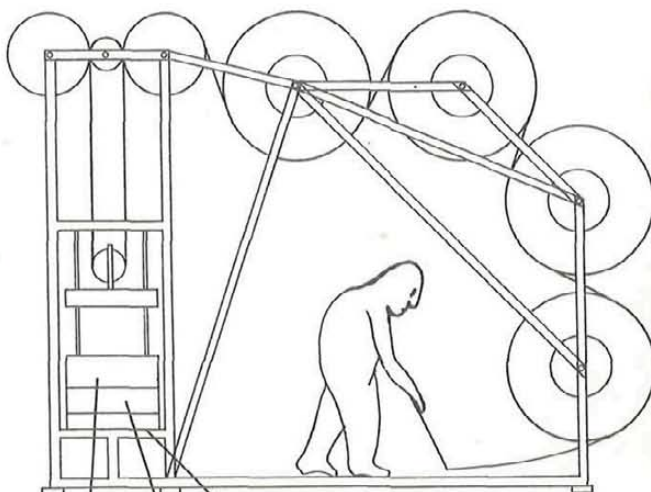
#### EXERCISE POSTURE & BREATHING:

Breathe in during rake-plume extension; exhale during flexion. Sway shoulders slightly in conjunction with flexion or extension, pivoting front foot accordingly. Turn trailing foot outward and exhale when reaching for simulated beverage.

#### EXERCISE MOVEMENT:

Hold hands 6–12 inches apart, pulling in a sweeping motion. Pause briefly at peak of extension; when follow-through of flexion is complete, commence inhalation and cast rake-plume back out to count of two. Lift simulated beverage to face and release.

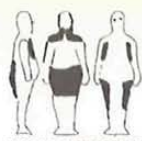
**TRAINING BENEFIT KEYPOINTS:** Leaf raking encourages development of scoliosis, as well as the beneficial blisters which form the foundation for calluses.



BREEZY  
SEPT. DAY  
BENEATH  
SAPLING

MISTY  
OCT. DAY  
UNDER  
20-YEAR-OLD  
BIRCH

RAINY DAY  
IN LATE NOV.  
UNDER  
TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY  
OAK



AREAS AFFECTED BY TRAINING

## THE WAITRESS:

Ever notice the sleek, strong physiques of the men and women who attend to your cravings for dinner rolls and cream gravies? Ever wonder how nature was so kind to them that they probably eat six pounds of leftovers a night and don't put on an ounce, even though they can't possibly have time to exercise with their busy auditioning schedules? Well, it just so happens that the muscle groups involved in the waitressing profession are among the most muscularly productive in the human body.

### HANDLE/RESISTANCE ALIGNMENT:

**Entrée flexion:** set overhanging resistance pad to the height of your elbow, balancing pad on underside of forearm. **Cocktail press:** set resistance pad to height of your shoulder, balance pad on palm. Set chin

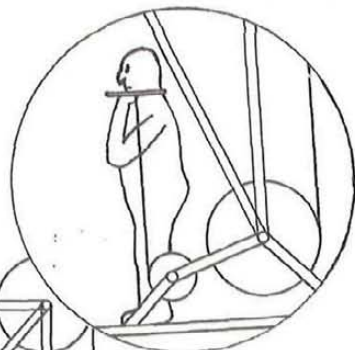
pad to height of chin and tuck firmly beneath chin. Don't spill!

**EXERCISE POSTURE:** Keep back completely erect, using chin pad as guide. Allow legs and back to support weight of resistance pad, arms to do balancing and motor work.

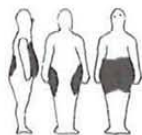
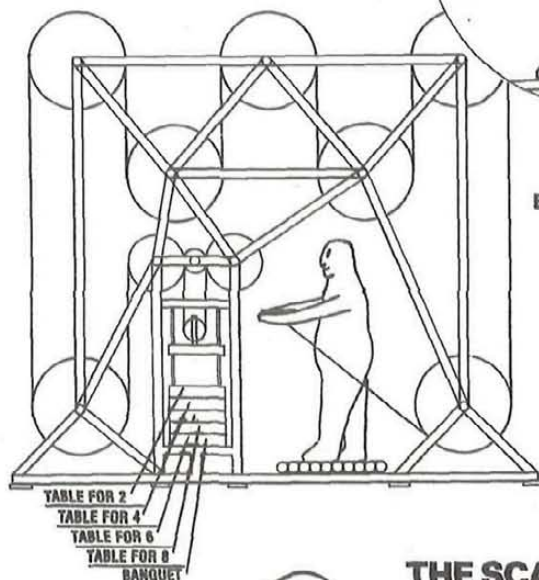
**EXERCISE MOVEMENT:** While walking briskly on treadmill, maintain height of resistance pad. Maneuver between simulated chairs, tables, children, and spilled food.

**TRAINING BENEFIT KEYPOINTS:** Anaerobic fitness; also shapes and firms the haunches, building the savory buttocks and toned legs associated with the restaurant service profession.

### COCKTAIL PRESS



### ENTRÉE FLEXION



AREAS AFFECTED BY TRAINING

## THE SCAVENGER:

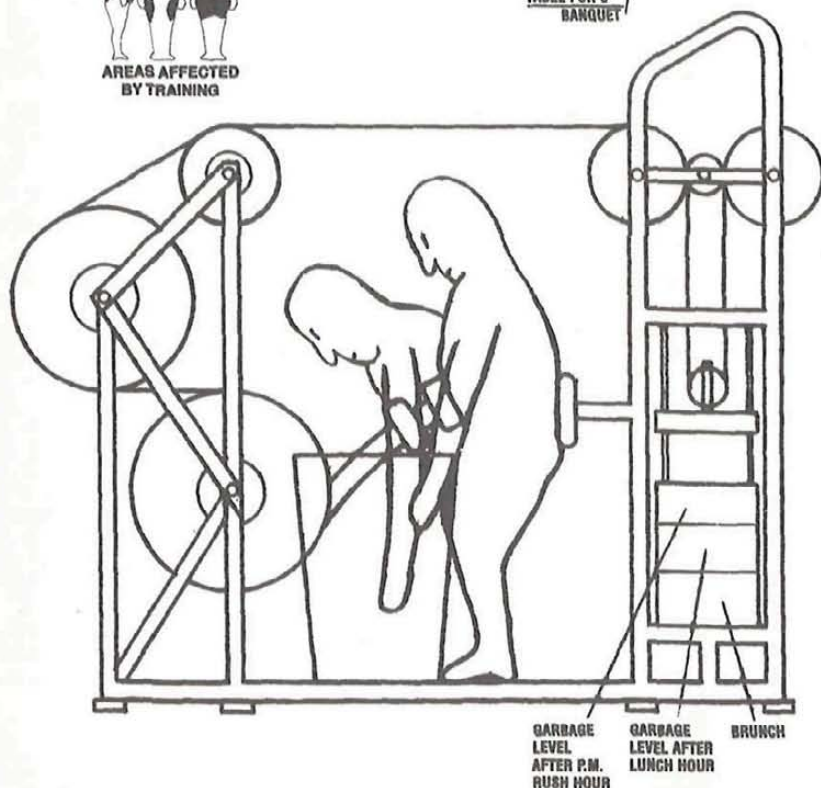
Now you can be as svelte as the professionals. It has been medically proven that the physical motions of foraging are very beneficial. With the Scavenger you can benefit from this motion without risking disease from filthy garbage.

**SEAT/PAD ALIGNMENT:** Set the horizontal pivot bar to an axis height equal to your hipbones to simulate the height of a standard, municipal-issue trash can.

**EXERCISE POSTURE & BREATHING:** The more taut your abdominal muscles during a slenderizing exercise, the more profound its effects will be. Pretend that there is something acrid and revolting in the "litter basket" and, pulling your tummy in tight, refrain from breathing for the duration of the exercise set.

**EXERCISE MOVEMENT:** Keep legs straight, bending from the hip. Rest one hand on the horizontal pivot bar for support, and extend upper body out over can. Plunge hand to desired degree of difficulty. Come up slowly to straighten body, bringing hand to mouth before repeating.

**TRAINING BENEFIT KEYPOINTS:** Trims down waist, abdominals. Healthy exercise also has beneficial asset of curbing appetite.

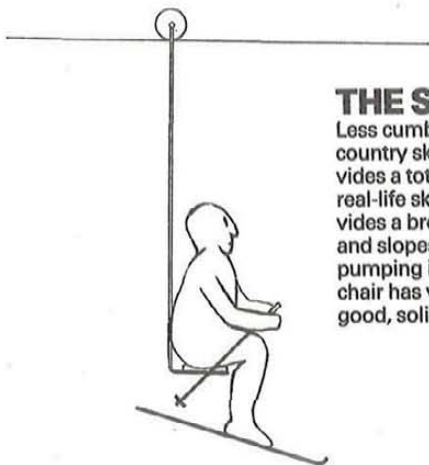




# Going Nowhere Even Faster: The New Nautilus Lite Cardiovascular Conditioning Program

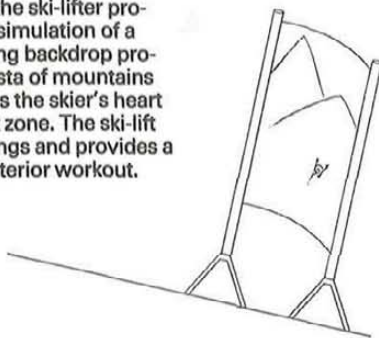
Though a cardiovascular conditioning program—based on the simulated motions of rowing, bicycling, cross-country skiing, stair climbing, and treadmill—is now an inherent part of most people's fitness programs, a major complaint of many exercisers is how time-consuming and impractical a proper session of aerobic activity can be.

Nautilus is proud to unveil a line of aerobic fitness stations that will speak to these concerns: the New Nautilus Lite Cardiovascular Series. These state-of-the-art units allow the exerciser to greatly accelerate his or her aerobic fitness program while imprinting a useful neurophysiological pattern, thanks to the breakthrough incorporation of functional technology into the exercise motions.



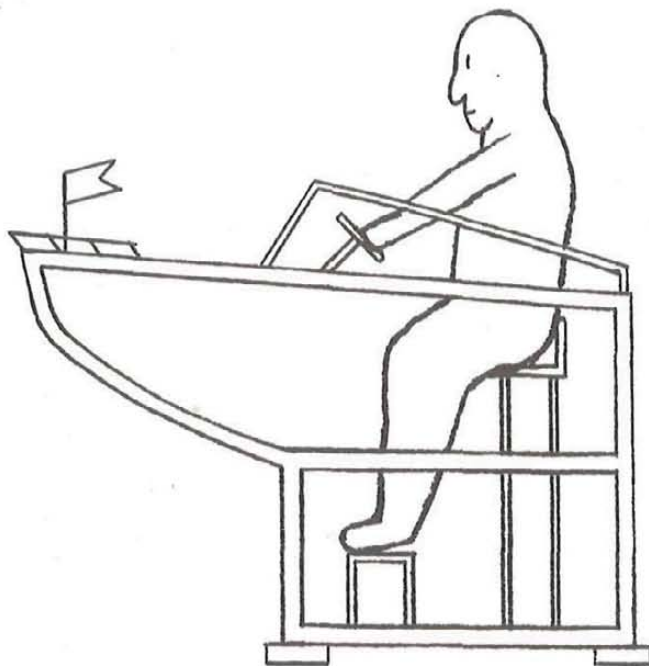
## THE SKI-LIFTER:

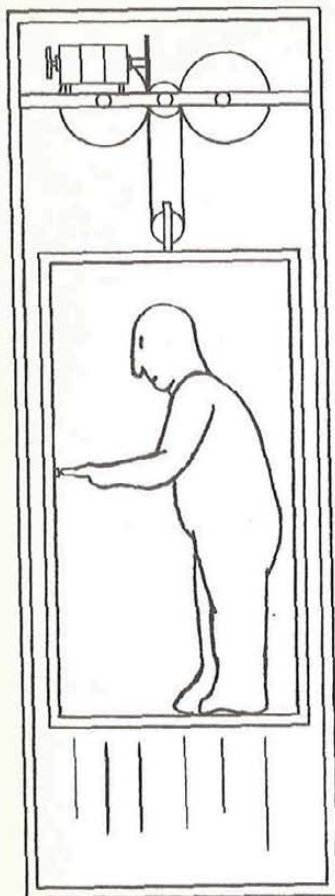
Less cumbersome than traditional cross-country ski machines, the ski-lifter provides a totally realistic simulation of a real-life ski-lift. A rotating backdrop provides a breathtaking vista of mountains and slopes which sends the skier's heart pumping into its target zone. The ski-lift chair has variable settings and provides a good, solid overall posterior workout.



## THE SPEEDBOAT:

This machine develops the muscles necessary to navigate a high-powered speedboat—a leisure-time activity that can cause severe muscular strain if indulged in only on weekends and odd holidays. The steering wheel is fully adjustable, and an air-blowing unit delivers slightly salted fresh sea air that produces a feeling of well-being due to the highly elevated negative-ion count.





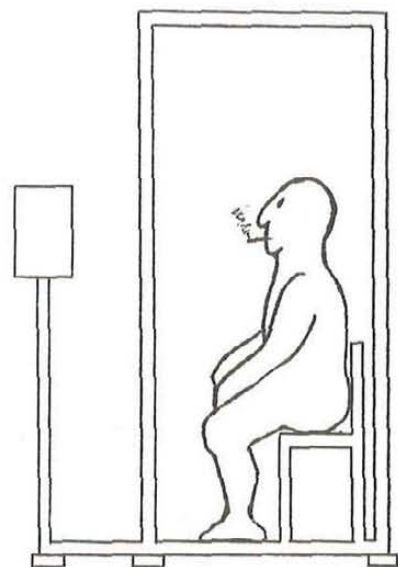
RIDING POSITION



EXPERT—MANUAL  
OPERATION

### THE ELEVATOR:

This machine actually develops the skills and balance necessary to negotiate elevator riding, with a special emphasis on the high-speed elevators of today's modern office buildings. Featuring three varied skill levels: passive riding, active push button, and expert-level manual adjustment.

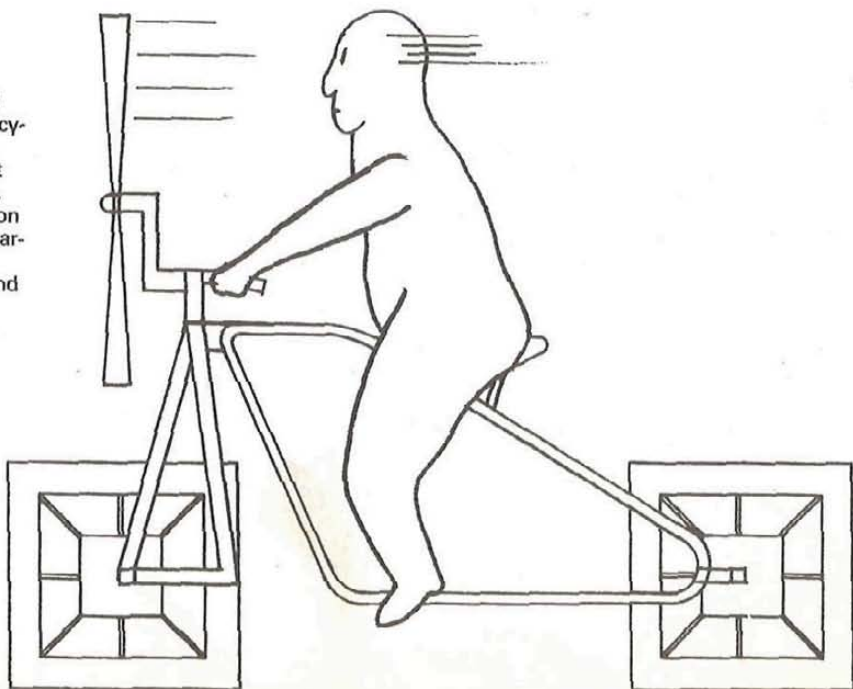


### THE BUS STOP:

Now you can aerobically simulate twentieth-century methods of locomotion with the Bus Stop machine. Cast aside that antiquated treadmill and complete your cardiovascular circuit in fully padded suburban comfort.

### THE MOTORCYCLER:

A machine for the upwardly mobile bicyclist. Featuring luxurious chrome, this station will, by virtue of the attention it will attract from distaff club members, instantly improve your blood circulation and send your pulse racing into your target zone. Variable resistance on the clutch lever makes for optimal wrist and upper-hand development.



# MORE

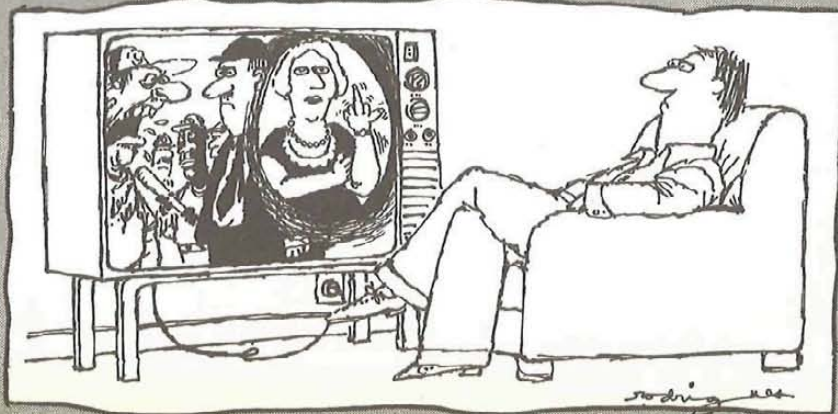
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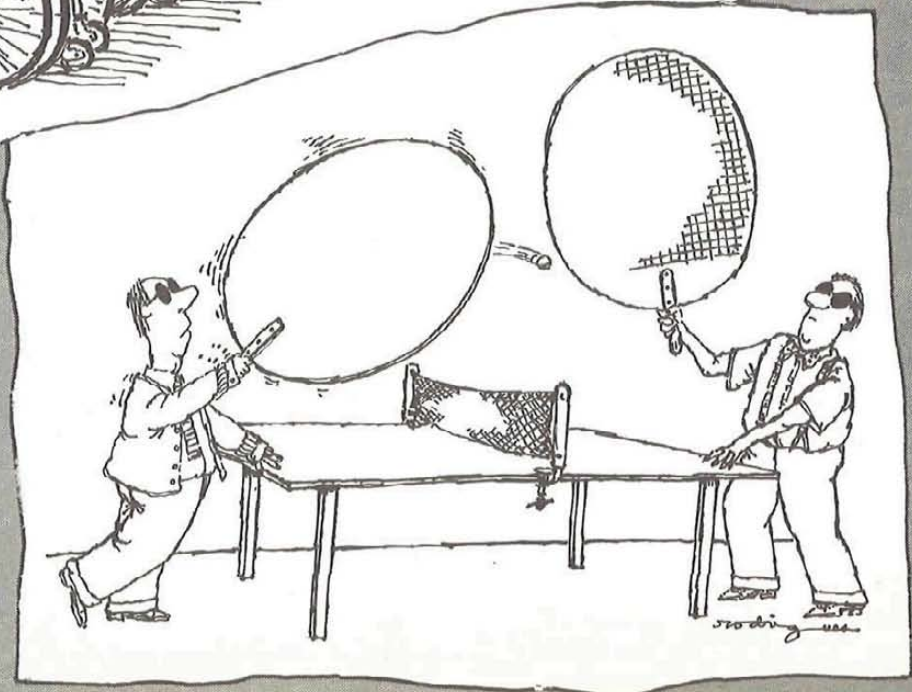
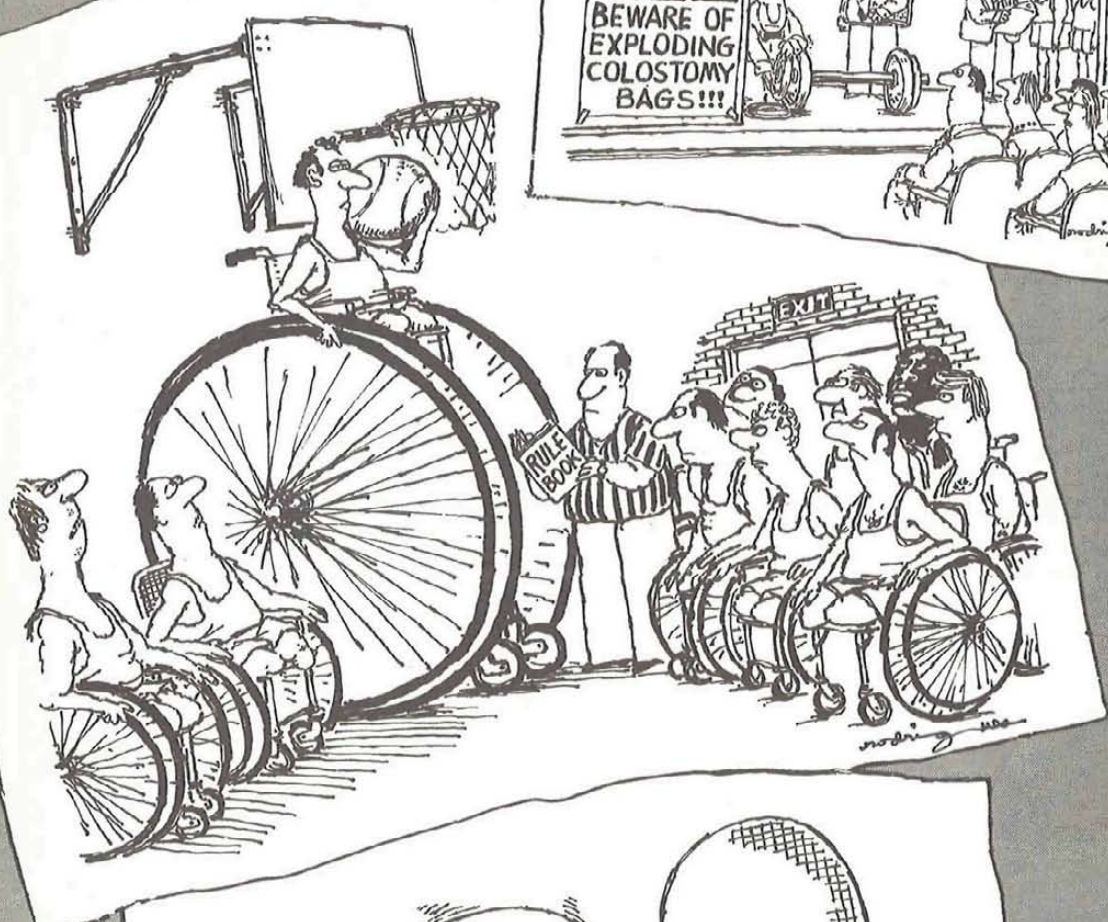
# SPORTS

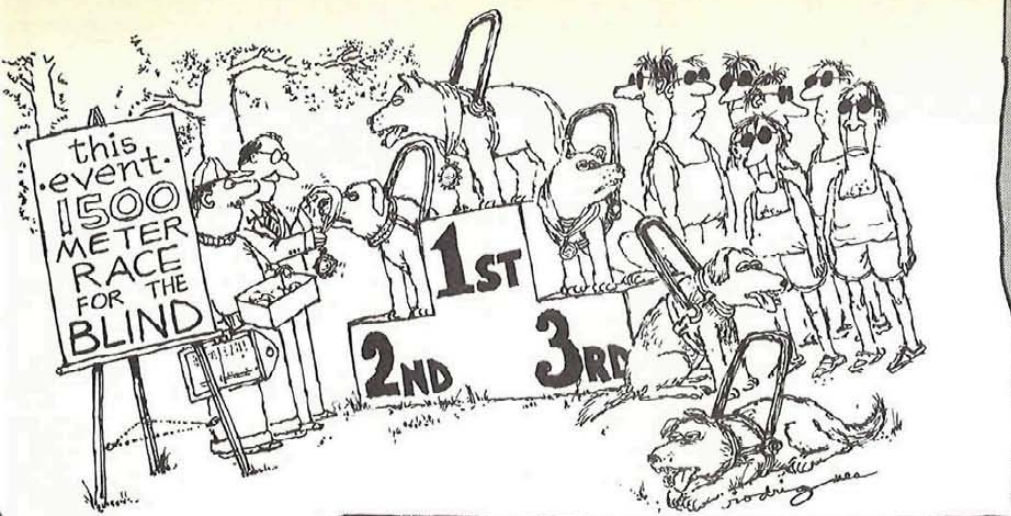
## CARTOONS



*by: rodriguez*  
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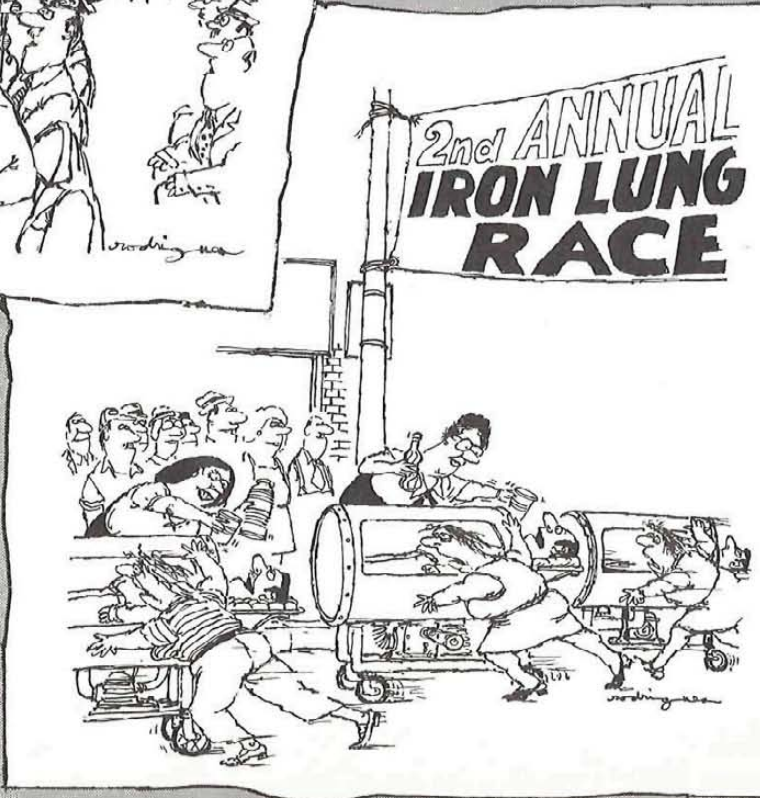
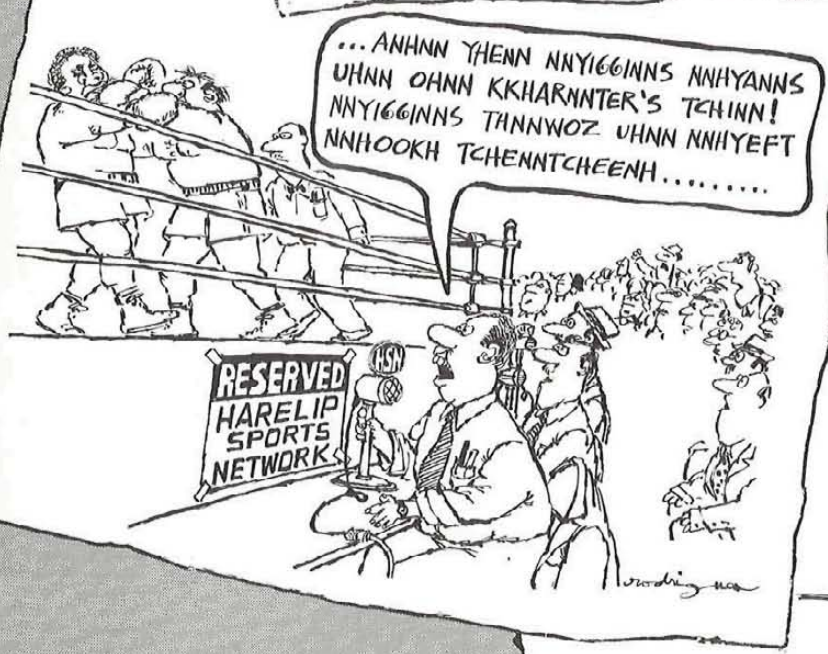
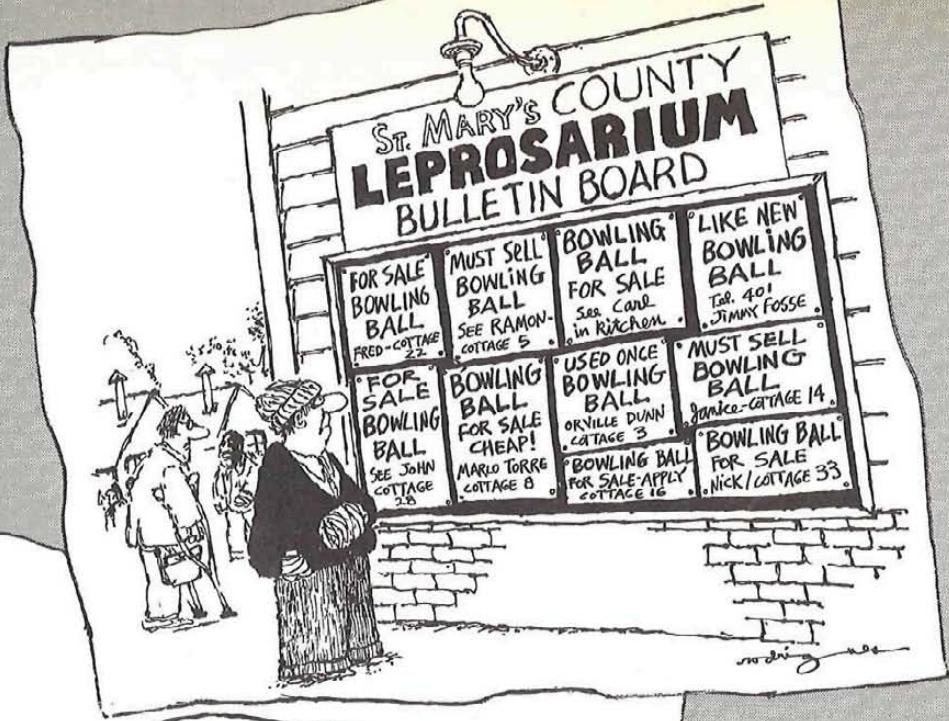






...IT'S ALL OVER! IT'S ALL OVER!  
WHEN A HUNCHBACK'S HUMP IS HIT  
BY A PITCHED BALL, HIS TEAM  
AUTOMATICALLY WINS THE WORLD SERIES!





# A.A.O.C.

## American Armchair Olympics Committee

Box 006-14AJ61, Ames, Iowa 50621-0635

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Men Without Hats  
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husband du jour  
Committee Who Can't See  
Rob Lowe's Appeal  
NAMBLA International  
People Who Want to See  
Wade Boggs Dead  
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Juan Antonio Samaranch, President  
International Olympic Committee  
1007 Chateau de Bidy  
CH-1007  
Lausanne, Switzerland

August 2, 1988

Dear Mr. Samaranch:

The Olympics are a great tradition, a time for Americans to sit back with a tall, cool one and thank the Lord they don't have to roll over and kiss an East German broad good night. It's a time to detect child molestation tendencies in that weird never-married uncle who pops a woody during women's gymnastics and lightly bounces the pretzel bowl in his lap, humming "Thank Heaven for Little Girls." The Olympics is our way of life against theirs, our amateurs against their professionals, our athletes against their officials. It's a time when Eastern bloc judges assume the objectivity of an all-white jury in Birmingham, Alabama, in '64, at a trial of a black man accused of threatening a bus full of white third-graders with his "big black Johnson." It's a time when we all realize that our national anthem sounds like the B side of a Pavarotti single. Yes, the Olympics are a lot of things to a lot of people, but one thing they rarely are is exciting. Oh, there are flashes: the 100-yard dash, basketball, boxing, terrorist attacks. Mostly, however, the Olympics are just a bunch of tote boards, events you don't think about at all during the preceding four years, and announcers in blazers the color of giraffe diarrhea telling you what you're about to see, what you're seeing, and what you just saw. We figure that if they're going to make us wait four years for something they should at least make it more exciting than a miniseries that Valerie Bertinelli would turn down. We've come up with an eight-point plan to make the Olympics more exciting, and we hope you will consider these ideas:

#1. IMPLEMENT PARI-MUTUEL WAGERING ON TRACK EVENTS. Who cares about the semi-finals of the 800-meter run? You would if you had twenty dollars on the Nigerian in lane seven who went off at 3-1. You won't get any argument from the runners. After the Games, the best ones would earn big bucks breeding with speedsters of the opposite sex to create even faster bloodlines. That would sure beat doing Wheaties commercials.

#2. GIVE EXTRA POINTS TO GYMNASTS WHO PERFORM IN FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD GEAR. If enough of them go along with it, ABC should figure out a way to put a camera in the balance beam, right where they do their splits.

#3. GOLF SHOULD BE ADDED. I know it's strange to mention "golf" and "exciting" on the same page, but think of how entertaining it would be to see Russians in purple-and-yellow-checked slacks. Also imagine the colorful commentary: "The golfer from Vietnam has hit into the bushes once again. I hope he doesn't just squat there for hours like he did on fourteen."

#4. THE HIGH JUMP AND POLE VAULT BARS SHOULD HAVE BARBED WIRE WRAPPED AROUND THEM AND 10,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY RUNNING THROUGH THEM.

#5. ALL WOMEN COMPETITORS SHOULD HAVE BUTTS LIKE DEBI THOMAS.

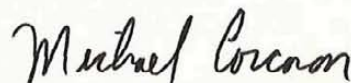
#6. JAVELIN-THROW EMPHASIS SHOULD CHANGE FROM DISTANCE TO ACCURACY. Contestants would stand in the middle of a field as hundreds of wild boars were released. The gold medal would be presented, posthumously, to the athlete who speared the most boars before finally being torn limb from limb.

#7. BASKETBALL SHOULD BE JUST A BEST-OF-SEVEN SERIES BETWEEN THE U.S. AND RUSSIA. Do we really need to watch the two powers thump countries like Venezuela, Turkey, and Belgium, whose players keep forgetting that you can't kick the ball?

#8. COMMERCIALS STARRING EITHER BOB UECKER, JOHN MADDEN, SPUDS MACKENZIE, OR JOE PISCOPO SHOULD BE SHOWN ONLY DURING THE SHOT-PUT COMPETITION.

These are a few ideas to help return the thrill to the Olympics, but I think one final addition would stir the fierceness of competition even further: the country that wins the most gold medals will receive a notarized promise from James Michener that he will never write about that country.

Very truly yours,



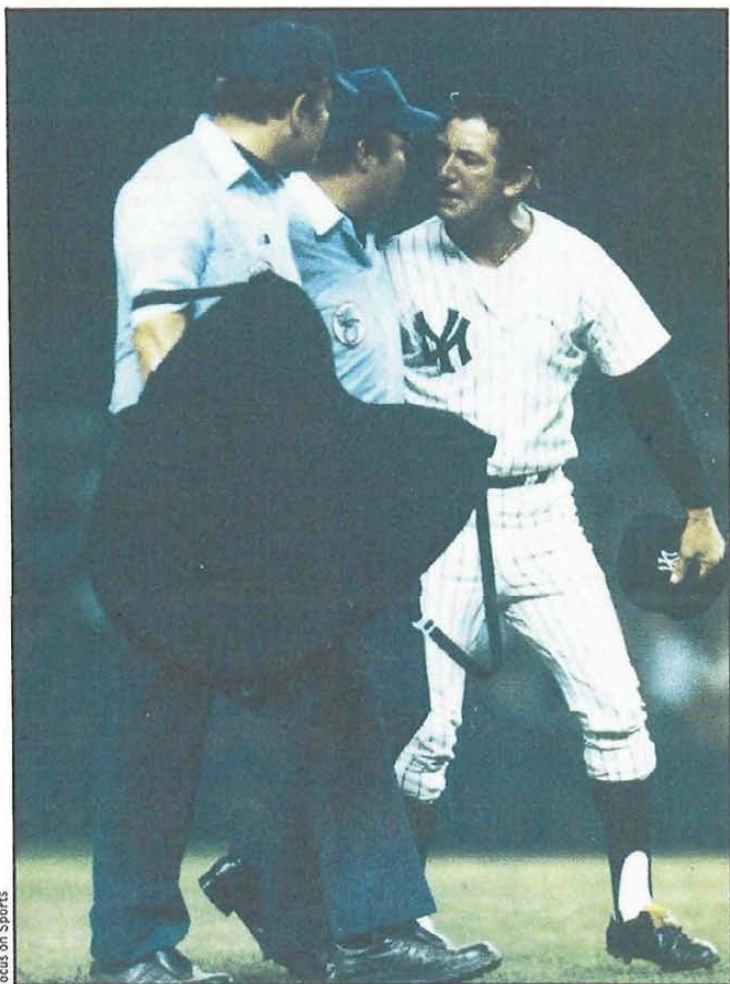
Michael Corcoran  
President  
A.A.O.C.



# Sporting House

OCTOBER 1988

PRICE: \$2.25



## BOBBY KNIGHT

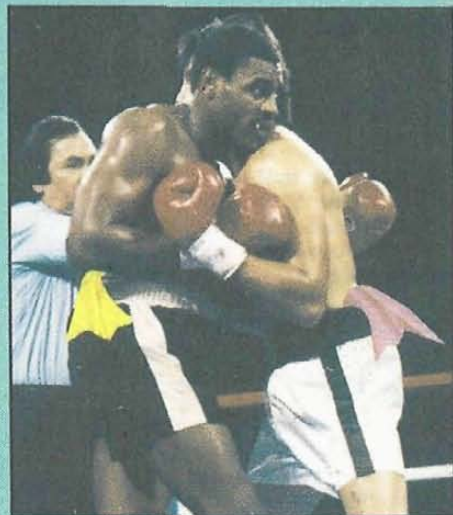
A knight in shining armor/2



Focus on Sports

## FLAG BOXING

Will the hanky cut down hanky-panky?/59



Focus on Sports

## BILLY CRIES:

"I've always depended on the kindness of strangers!"

See page 16

Fast-Pitch Bowling: Year After Year,  
It's Still Earl Anthony

Golf: Who Really Cares?

## COVER STORY

# KNIGHT IN SHINING ARDOR

The ball goes bouncing across the gym floor, loudly spanking the ear, but all eyes are focused on the bleachers, where Bob Knight is doing some spanking of his own.

Red-shirted freshman Toby Hall failed to box out his man in the man-to-man defense Knight is implementing, and now he is paying the price of learning. One...two...three, the blows rain down hard on Hall as he lies across Knight's lap. A tear forms, but stubbornly refuses to fall. Once the count is up to thirty spans, Knight ruffles Hall's unruly mop of curls, furtively gropes his thigh, and sends him back into the game with a word of encouragement: "It's for your own good, son. Now go get 'em."

Let me be the first to say there is a new Bobby Knight at work this fall. Sure, Bobby still has that temper, but now it shares a bunk with tender support and affection. Bobby has added a new four-letter word to his famous vocabulary, a four-letter word called LOVE.

"I realized that you can teach a young man a whole lot *more* by administering physical abuse, and then healing the wounds with tender words," sighs Knight over cheese fritters in the coaches' lounge. "A mind can be controlled a heck of a lot easier if you confuse it with mixed messages."

It's no secret that publication of last year's *A Season on the Brink* forced Knight to take a long, hard look in the mirror. "I saw a bully in that mirror, but what really hurt is that I saw a bully who wasn't fucking up young minds *half as much* as he could have! I mean, there was untapped potential in me, and untapped potential makes me wanna kill."

There have been changes in Knight's lifestyle as well. Now divorced from his wife, Knight has remodeled his spacious suburban home to accommodate the fourteen-man varsity squad who live with him year round. ("I learned that trick from the

Moonies," says Knight with a wink.) The players' quarters are broken into two areas: "The Officers' Club," as Knight has dubbed it, is a masculine world of dark woods and bunk beds, and it features a full-time cook and a group Jacuzzi. "The Hole" is, quite frankly, the equivalent of a county correctional facility: prison-gray cells and bars, with only a sink and a peehole. When I asked to see an adjacent room guarded with iron doors, Knight hastily changed the subject. The Hole is where Knight boards players who are out of his favor. It is punishment for crimes as severe as a costly turnover or as minor as a "funny look." "There is a lot a youngster can learn from prison politics," Bobby asserts, "and I'd much rather have my boys learn it here than out there where I can't watch."

Our private talk is interrupted by Knight's customary



AP/Wide World

three A.M. surprise practice. The new Bob Knight is very much in evidence here.

"What does the center do when the point guard drives to the hoop!?" Knight bellows at center Marvel Wynne, simultaneously bouncing a medicine ball off Wynne's head.

"I don't know," stutters a shaken Wynne.

"Weecell, then, until you DO

know, mister, I'll just keep throwing this ball at your head, you stupid pussy!"

It is dawn before a punch-drunk Wynne can answer the question correctly. Knight, good to his promise, has thrown the medicine ball approximately four thousand times at his head. Both men are spent and sweating. But nothing pleases Knight more than seeing a player grasp a new idea. He drags himself over to Wynne, rolls on top of him, and whispers in his ear: "Well, Marvel, you finally sewed up that vaginal orifice. Damn, but I'm proud of you. You just have so much physical ability I can't stand by and see you waste it. Good practice, son." Another day has ended, another mind has been shaped.

Who says you can't teach an old dog new tricks? There is a miracle happening in Indiana, and you heard it here first.

## Baseball Expansion

The biggest game in Twentynine Palms, California, isn't baseball. At least, not yet. The big game is talking! They like to talk about a lot of different things here, like cactus, sand, and spiders. But what is it that's on the tip of the tongue of most Twentynine Palmians? Baseball!!!

Well, not exactly baseball. But it has something to do with baseball. In fact, it has everything to do with baseball, although it isn't baseball exactly. But I'll give you a hint. Without it, you can't play baseball. No, they're not talking bats. Although what they're talking about can hold bats. No, it's not a bat rack. And no, it's not a bat boy. It's a... no, it's not a baseball... nor a baseball player. It's a... if you shut up, I'll tell you!

So what is all the hubbub about in this thriving desert community of eighty-seven? Why, it's the 55,000-seat baseball stadium that's under construction, of course!

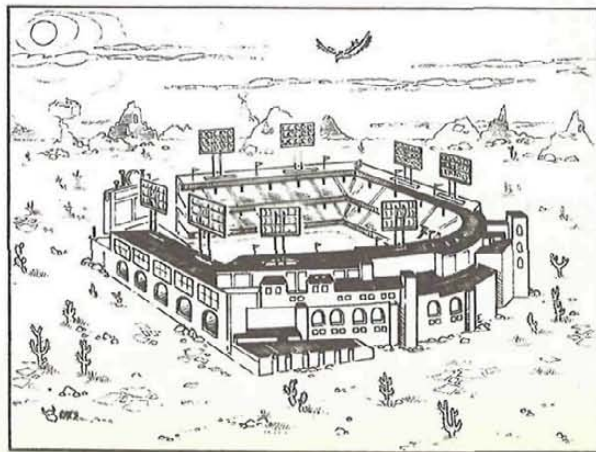
That's right. Move over, Denver. Watch out, Tampa/St. Pete. Twentynine Palms, California, is gunning for a major league franchise, and insiders at the commish's office claim it has as good a chance

as any place. And to ensure its success, the new stadium will be among the more lavish in the country. Not only will it be equipped with a rollback dome, for those particularly nasty desert days when the mercury gallops around the 120-degree mark, but it will also boast the first jacket-required restaurant in the area. A Mexican-Italian restaurant, its head chef will be the locally

renowned Artie Miller, the former 7-Eleven night-shift manager who was responsible for cooking all those succulent and tasty frozen burritos and pizzas in the microwave (look for a similar menu at the restaurant). And, of course, there will be enough Port-O-Sans so no one will have to wait on line.

Since Twentynine Palms is just a

(Continued on Page 9)



Ted Enik

## COLUMNS

## ARNIE PULCHOOKA

I for one feel like standing up on top of my typewriter and loudly proclaiming to all the secretaries and mailroom boys within earshot of my hoarse bellow: "There could never be enough balks called in a game as far as this well-paid columnist is concerned!"

I enjoy watching the umpire work. A lot of people think the umpire should be a silent factor in

the game. "The best ump is the one you never notice." I disagree. I like my umps visible. You know, the ones that screw up a lot of calls. Why? Anything to help the game become more exciting. The umpire should have the same effect on the game as an oil slick on the track of the Indy 500. Will the ballplayer handle it and go on to victory, or will he skid out of control, wiping

out half the grandstand?

Here are a few other things I like:

—I like domed stadiums. It gives one that living room feel, as if you've invited your friends over, all fifty thousand of them, for a beer and a dog.

—I like Astroturf, the manufacturing of which creates jobs, and who can argue against jobs.

—I like the designated hitter rule, not because of the additional offense produced, but I'm from the school that says, "The more you get to play, the merrier."

—I believe in corked bats, because cheating is fun to watch.

—I like it when fans throw things onto the field, thus endangering the players' lives.

## RED B. HIND SCUTTLEBUTT ALLEY

# Won't You Push My Wheelchair Down Memory Lane?

Word broke early Tuesday morning that the world had lost a Hall of Famer, a giant, and a legend with the passing of Thumper Load. The great one succumbed to a breaking ball heaved over the plate high and inside, the way the Grim Reaper likes 'em. It wasn't the first time Thumper got brushed back, but this time he didn't get back up and dust the dirt off his uniform, groping his crotch in that famous gesture of defiance. This time he stayed down.

He was known as the Chill-cothe Blood Clot, the Suppository of Swat, and the Penicillin Kid for his exploits on and off the field. To yours truly he was a friend, a hero, and the man who could get you laid in every town on the barnstorming circuit from Flemingsburg to Dry Ridge.

Oh, the nights. I remember them like the hot lick at the end of a wet towel. Thumper would take a young reporter, name of Hind, off into the murky possibilities of Myrtle's Dance 'n' Swallow in downtown Booneville to trip the light fantastic and give HIS SIDE OF THE STORY.

Was it on one of these forays in search of truth and large-bottomed women that Thumper caught the dose of clap that ravaged his mind and body for forty years and finally delivered him to the great ball orchard up yonder? The Penicillin Kid's behavior grew erratic and led to more than one tragicomic episode, like the time he attempted a sacrifice bunt wielding nothing more than a tampon festooned with the hieroglyphics of his screeching, babbling, festering madness. Sure, it's all well documented: the drooling, the con-



AP/Wide World

## THUMPER LOAD

fusion, and yes, the wandering hands, but that's the sad part. The part Thumper's detractors keep screaming about in cheap tabloids east and west. I remember the good times, the glory of a gladiator in his prime.

Two out, bottom of the ninth, and it looks like the pennant hopes of the La Grange Filter Kings are soon to be pipe dreams. One after another, the famous power-hitting shank of the Filter Kings lineup, affectionately known as "the lumberyard," have gone down swinging: Mama's Boy Lipscomb, a called third strike; Rompulous Jones, a high, arcing can of corn

snagged by Squirt Lurtsema at short; and the Selmadilla Mudhens are one out away from being named champions of the Mid-America Ball League.

Then came Thumper Load. Any Selmadilla dreams would have to blow past the lumber of a man who had stroked fifty-one downtowners in the regular season. As the Leviathan of Thump strolled toward the batter's box, this reporter, then a sprightly twenty-three and still capable of sensation below the waist, felt his testicles rise and grid for a vicarious brush with history. Thumper took his stance at the plate, that strange posture so like

a convicted ax murderer's, and waited for the pitch.

Selmadilla ace Junior Drake wound up and delivered. Thumper eyed the fat screwball with the anticipation of a welfare family on Thursday, put his front foot into the bucket, AND SWUNG! . . . Strike one. The rabid crowd released a communal gasp as its hero fell with the momentum of his errant swing. But Thumper got up, and with a determined squirt of tobacco stood in. The second pitch? . . . A called strike, which amazed and incensed Thumper. Umpire Rolfe Schlittenhardt had had it in for Thumper ever since that day in the Turkish sauna, and he had just evened the score with a call that reeked like a beer-and-bratwurst fart.

Two strikes on him, and Thumper Load stepped up to the plate with little hope of glory, but in moments like this the great ones find that extra reserve, the secret trove of magic that makes one man a Hall of Famer and another a journeyman. As Drake delivered the fateful pitch, Thumper inched his formidable *caboose* IN THE DIRECT PATH OF THE SCREAMING FASTBALL!!! The steaming heater glanced off his beckoning left buttock, and Load went down with a howl of pain. Then, as he had so many times before, he got up, dusted off, those powerful hands lingering defiantly on his crotch, and trotted to first.

The fact that he was picked off first on the next play takes nothing away from what this reporter humbly submits is the single greatest moment he has witnessed in sixty years on the beat.

## BASEBALL

## NOTEBOOK

## A.L. WEST

## WHITE SOX



Pale Hose shortstop Ozzie Guillen (\$537,500) has changed his name to Esmeralda, hoping the exciting name will make him a more exciting player.

## ANGELS



Conceding that their front office is weak, the Halos have traded shortstop Dick Schofield (\$552,222) to San Diego for executive secretary Emily Watson (\$17,500). . . . Bat boy Dickie Ross (\$7,500) pulled a muscle in his back picking up Wally Joyner's (\$340,000) bat and was placed on the 21-day disabled list. The team has called up Roger Thorpe (\$6,000) of its Laredo Ropeburns farm team, that team's leading bat boy.

## ATHLETICS



Bay Area Slum Dwellers manager Tony LaRussa has banned beer in the clubhouse. From now on, only top-of-the-shelf alcohol will be consumed. Says the skipper, "Only top-of-the-shelf for a top-of-the-shelf team". . . . Count the Freckles on

Mark McGwire Day has been rescheduled for a sunnier day.

## MARINERS



When the Mariners are on the road, the Kingdome is turned into a giant parking lot. Result: attendance is higher when the team is away. . . . Former nasty manager Dick Williams has taken up Scientology, and can be seen manning a *Dianetics* bookstand outside the stadium.

## TWINS



The Twins-Red Sox game was delayed 45 minutes when the roof of the Hubert H. Humphrey Stadium inexplicably deflated. Fans were asked to pull out emergency bicycle pumps from under their seats and pump the roof back up. . . . Bowing to pressure from black groups charging racism in the organization, the Siamese Cities have agreed to promote four blacks from pretzel vendors to hot dog vendors.

## RANGERS



Get those honeycombs ready—8/22 is African Killer Bees Day. The first hundred of those buzzers to enter the stadium get to sting the opposing player of their choice. . . . Actress Marlee Matlin (*Children of a Lesser God*) has been hired to do play-by-play.

## ROYALS



In a remarkable display of teamwork and camaraderie, players and coaches alike combined to beat the crap out of first baseman Steve Balboni (\$350,000), who dropped an easy pop fly, allowing the winning run to score. . . . George Brett's mother says "Hello."

## A.L. EAST

## YANKEES



Players say that during rain delays they pass the time by making the sound of a baseball whizzing through the air as they watch teammate Don Slaught (\$531,500), a past beanball victim, fall to his knees and whimper. . . . Injury-prone Jack Clark (\$1,500,000), who reinjured his ankle while running to first, was put to sleep.

## ORIOLES



Field marshal Frank Robinson, who has tried every conceivable lineup configuration for his team, including using players from other teams, has announced he will field a team consisting solely of Ripkens. . . . Team psychiatrist Dr. Peter Schmelling announced that the oft-whipped team suffers from collective Stockholm syndrome. That is, they feel hostage to the rest of the American

League teams, who have beaten them at will, and have a strong sense of compassion toward them. They especially like the Yankees and have only the nicest things to say about Red Sox pitcher Roger Clemens (\$1,350,000) and the way he strikes them out.

## BLUE JAYS



A homesick George Bell (\$1,900,000), who hails from San Pedro de Macoris in the Dominican Republic, has bought a small tract of land and built a working slum complete with stinky water, no electricity, broken sewage pipes, half-naked children playing on dirt roads, and not enough food to go around. The contented slumlord claims: "It's just like home!" . . . Pitcher Jimmy Key (\$468,091), acclaimed off the field for his excellent Oedipus Rex imitation, finally tied the knot with his mother 8/8. Unfortunately, in his excitement he accidentally stuck two large nails through his eyes and will miss at least one start.

## INDIANS



Top Injun brass admitted that during spring training they hired former Argentinian generals, now living in Paraguay, to help whip last year's worst pitching staff into shape. Lefty Greg Swindell (\$190,000) claims electric shock to his testicles has really helped his fastball. . . . Team foreman Doc Edwards penned an apology to Continental Airlines after his players hijacked an Oakland-bound plane and forced it to land in Baltimore. Players refused to release their hostages unless their three-game series with the Athletics was canceled and replaced by seven consecutive three-game series against the Orioles.

## RED SOX



Spooked Crimson Stockings players claim they can feel the presence of the ghost of Bill Buckner wandering about the clubhouse dropping anything he can get his hands on. Legend has it that the spirit of Buckner, the former first baseman, is doomed to roam the clubhouse until the day the Red Sox win the World Series, thus freeing his soul to return to Los Angeles, where his body lives with his wife and children. A locker has been cleared for the Buckner ghost, as he is expected to be a mainstay for quite a while. . . . Wade Boggs (\$1,650,000), weary of the antics of sister and homeless cause célèbre Billie Boggs (25¢) refuses to support her any longer. Says the

## IT'S TIME TO GET SERIOUS

\* ESPN EXCLUSIVE

MISS PORTER'S  
vs. CHOATE

FRIDAY-SATURDAY

\* 2:00 EST



NORTHEASTERN GIRLS' PREP FIELD HOCKEY PLAYOFFS

## BASEBALL

great one: "I've had enough. As of today, she no longer gets first dibs on my garbage!"

## TIGERS



Domino Pizza, the owner of the Bengals, has baked a pizza which is an exact replica of Tiger Stadium, down to the tobacco stains on the dugout steps, which were made with anchovy paste. Seats were carved out of giant button mushrooms, and the bases were sliced from humongous logs of pepperoni. A box seat of pizza is selling for \$75 and goes to a good cause—Domino Pizza.

## BREWERS



Shortstop Dale Sveum (\$185,000) was taken to a Detroit hospital with third-degree burns after being scalded while taking batting practice in a large pizza that looked like Tiger Stadium.

## N.L. WEST

## ASTROS



Billy Hatcher (\$240,000) was shamed again when a fourth-inning broken bat revealed that a large kielbasa had been stuffed in the "meat" of his Louisville Slugger. Kielbasa is a well-known propulsive, and Hatcher awaits the league's ruling on the infraction. . . . Early reports indicate that the Astrodome has been found to be carcinogenic.

## BRAVES



An already disoriented Ted Turner got plastered and sang show tunes in the Braves' shower following a 9-0 loss to the Phillies. He then raised a series of red welts on the rump of SS Andres Thomas (\$110,000) with a wet towel, serving a hot lick for each of Thomas's seven errors in the game. . . . Dale Murphy (\$2,000,000) knows all the words to "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida."

## DODGERS



Frank Sinatra states he has "no idea who Tommy Lasorda is." . . . Don Rickles has been pitching pregame batting practice at home games, much to the chagrin of Fernando Valenzuela (\$2,050,000), whom Don has taken to calling "the wetback wonder of creative genetics, no I'm kidding, I love this man" . . .

## Baseball Executive of the Year: Syd Thrift, G.M., Pittsburgh Pirates

### Thrift Shop

"That'll be two bits, Mike," mutters Syd Thrift as he shakes his now familiar empty coffee can. A dutiful Mike LaValiere digs into his pocket and hands Thrift a quarter for the cup of coffee he just poured at the Pittsburgh Pirates rec room.

What's that you say? A big-leaguer forking out for coffee? What's happened to all those major league percs? What's going on here?

Welcome to the Syd Thrift era of Bucs baseball. The Pirates' general manager, our SPORTING MUSE Executive of the Year, credits his attention to "tightening the belt on the little details that make winning programs" for his amazing rejuvenation of the Pirates' fortunes.

A team mired in fiscal hell, the Pirates were on the brink of collapse before Thrift was called in to do what some called the impossible. As Syd tells it, "We have a weekly operating budget of

\$234.56. One week over that line and it's goodbye, Pirates." In this era of corporate baseball there is only one way to walk the fine line of financial ruin: THE THRIFT WAY.

It started with a virtual house-cleaning of Big "Bucs" Pirate superstars. Thrift cut his payroll into the league's smallest in a matter of months by trading established, expensive vets for a cadre of young hopefuls eager to play for the \$4.65 an hour a hard-bargaining Thrift negotiated. And players better not gripe about finding their own way to road games. "As a young man I hitchhiked all over this great land of ours," says a reflective Thrift, "and I wouldn't dream of depriving these boys of that opportunity."

And it doesn't stop there, my friends. Here is a partial list of other reforms under "Thriftonomics":

—Players must make a \$2,000 cash

deposit against foul balls lost in the stands. ("Do you know how much a ball costs?" chortles Syd.)

—Each player is issued one bat for the season, preferably the aluminum models Syd got wholesale.

—Players are expected to spend their time between at-bats in the dugout sewing team-color quilts for sale at the concession stands.

—All players are assigned a uniform number between 1 and 9, saving on those expensive double digits.

—New players will wear the names Peña, Reuschel, Ray, and Rhoden on their backs to save on costly uniform letters.

And the beat goes on. "That'll be one dollar, Andy," Thrift calls to Andy Van Slyke (\$825,000), who has just failed to run out a routine grounder. "You're a marked man, Van Slyke, you're dead meat. . . ." Syd makes no secret of the fact that Van Slyke's salary is on the hit list.

300-game winner Don Sutton (\$350,000) denies speculation about early Alzheimer's symptoms.

## REDS



Owner Marge Schott fell down on 8/3, and no one helped her up. . . . Look for Pete Rose to judge August's female butter wrestling contest.

## GIANTS



Pitcher Dave Dravecky (\$700,000) recovering nicely from radical arm surgery in which the southpaw's entire left arm was removed, retooled, painted a subtle peach color, and remounted on his shoulder. . . . Mrs. Enid Bascom (\$13,500), the Giants' secretary for marketing, retired after it was discovered she had been dead for twelve years.

## PADRES



Manager Jack McKeon burst an artery screaming at aging under-achiever Garry Templeton (\$909,423) and refused treatment until his vision blurred and he fell down. (No one helped him up.) . . . The Kroc family will give away samples of McDonald's new treat, "McPork Snout," during home games in August.

## N.L. EAST

## METS



In an attempt to keep his team alert all season, player engineer Davey Johnson has posted inspirational signs that read: "Hey, you! Clean up!," "Don't forget your bat," and "Have you tucked in your shirt today?" . . . G.M. Frank Cashen to introduce line of men's bow ties with Bill Blass.

## PHILLIES



Marketing V.P. Junior Drake announced special promotions in the month of August: 8/15—Pancake Festival, 8/22—Knish Night, 8/30—Transsexual Night. . . . Ray Shore, director of player personnel, announced the release of Mr. Snigs, a razorback boar given a shot at shortstop with the Phillies AA farm team, the Drummond Geeks.

## CUBS



Mark down 8/23 as the first annual "Don Zimmer Spit-Off," an event designed to bring the rural Illinois Cubs fans. . . . Broadcaster Harry Caray fighting Cubs brass on use of drool bib

during games. The club fears the "moist mouthpiece" will short out his mike and receive a lethal shock.

## PIRATES



Plans are under way to introduce controversial "hoop skirt" away-game uniforms in '89. . . . July sewage backup forced three-day traffic logjam after two-night doubleheader against Padres.

## CARDINALS



Ozzie Smith (\$2,340,000) snagged an Andre Dawson (\$1,850,000) grounder with his left nostril and had enough composure to step on second to force advancing Ryne Sandberg (\$840,000) during 8/16 day game. Action was halted as Cards trainer Shag Bagley removed the offending horsehide with spaghetti tongs.

## EXPOS



The Expos purchased the contract of minor league shortstop/razorback boar Mr. Snigs from the Phillies organization. The disgruntled Snigs saw no immediate future with the Phillies, and is happy to start over with a clean slate.

# ASK THE REFEREE

VAL RABINOWITZ

**Q.** Okay, let's say the Philadelphia Flyers' Dave Brown takes his stick over to the bench, sharpens the tip with a knife until it is razor-sharp, then goes back into the game and impales Brian Trottier, driving the stick deep into his ribs and working it up and down. What would be the penalty on such a play? ... Tyronius Cobb, Detroit, Mich.

**A.** Two minutes in the penalty box.

**Q.** Let's say the Rams have the ball on the Falcons' two-yard line, it's fourth and goal, a hard rain is coming down with the winds gusting north/northwest, then south, then east, and Rams coach John Robinson has the sniffles. He's underdressed for the surprising downpour, wearing an Armani linen cardigan, an ascot from Dunhill, a simple cream oxford shirt by Mr. Bob's of London, pleated slacks by Kikit, no socks, and ventilated cordovan loafers by Ferragamo. Jim Everett, a man who, by the way, has a passion for model train sets, looks over to the sidelines for the signal from coach Robinson, who is at that very moment in the act of sneezing, whipping out his Hermès hankie and wiping his Clinique-bronzing-gel-coated nose. Oddly enough, a sneeze is the Rams' signal to punt, and although this is clearly *not* Robinson's intention, Everett calls the play and the Rams punt on fourth and inches. Can they then call a time-out, say it was all a mistake, and replay the down? ... Ray Partec, Santa Monica, Calif.

**A.** No.

**Q.** Is it just me, or did American League umpires expand

the strike zone last year when Carney Lansford was up with two men out and runners on first and third during night games in the seventh inning throughout the month of August? ... Donna Hutchings, Chicago, Ill.

**A.** Yes.

**Q.** Do you ever allow a pitcher to stay in the game although you know he is doctoring the ball? ... Gord Spenser, Jacksonville, Fla.

**A.** Yes, if the money's there, or if the Cardinals are batting.

**Q.** Do pitchers throw at a batter's head as often as they used to? ... Buddy Jelts, Muncie, Ind.

**A.** No. It is a practice that has almost become extinct. The only time you really see the beanball nowadays is when the plate umpire requests it.

**Q.** Isiah Thomas is on the foul line for two shots. He sinks one, and as he sets to shoot the second, Michael Jordan insults him and the two start fighting. Are both

players automatically ejected? ... Wayne Whitacker, Guelph, Ont.

**A.** The game is halted, the officials take the two players out to an alley behind the stadium, beat them with rubber hoses, and force them to fight with one fist tied behind their backs while bets are taken from all comers.

**Q.** Who was the dirtiest, cheat-iest player you ever saw? ... Redondo Guarte, Miami, Fla.

**A.** Steve Garvey.

## BASEBALL

### Hallowed Be Thy Name?

Major leaguers are changing their names faster than you can say "John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt!"

The following is a partial list of names submitted to the Commissioner's Office of Names and Numbers:

BOB "DOUGHBOY" HORNER  
WILLIE "DOPEY" McGEE  
KEVIN "HAYSEED" McREYNOLDS  
MARK "PINKY" McGWIRE  
JOHN "SPAZ" KRUK  
OREL "HERPES" HERSHISER  
KIRBY "TUBESTEAK" PUCKETT  
DON "BEERFART" ZIMMER  
"CRAZY" BUTCH WYNEGAR  
"FRAGILE" JACK CLARK  
DAVE "WASHED UP" STIEB  
DARRYL "BEANHEAD" STRAWBERRY  
DANNY HEEP "OF SHIT"  
WADE "CRYBABY" BOGGS  
BUDDY "WHITETRASH" BELL  
RAY "MR. LOPEZ" KNIGHT  
GARY "AMWAY" CARTER  
PETE "CRO-MAGNON" ROSE  
JIM "BLINKY" EISENREICH  
ANDRES "ANAL WART" GALARRAGA  
DENNIS "DANGEROUSLY IMBALANCED" BOYD

### INSIDERS SAY

**KIRK GIBSON**, Dodger outfielder (\$1,833,333), after watching Dodger skipper Tommy Lasorda bend over to pick up some loose change off the dugout floor: "Now I know where prosciutto comes from."

**PAT RILEY**, Lakers coach, on pregame prep: "I don't send my team onto the court until my hair is lacquered into a rock-hard shell. Like a candy apple, or some really old spaghetti."

**WHITEY HERZOG**, Cardinals manager extraordinaire, on the hard part of sitting through extra innings: "I love the game, you know, the strategy, but I tell ya, I got this boil on my butt, and by the bottom of the eleventh inning that puppy's screaming, 'Lance me! Lance me!' You know what I'm saying?"

## THE SPORTING MUSE & Boar's Head Announce All-Fatty-Meats Team!

HONORARY CAPTAINS: GATES BROWN, GREG LUZINSKI, MICKY LOLICH

1B BOB HORNER  
2B GLENN HUBBARD  
SS HUBIE BROOKS  
3B TERRY PENDLETON  
RF BILLY HATCHER  
CF KIRBY PUCKETT  
LF DAVE PARKER  
C MIKE LaVALLIERE  
P SID FERNANDEZ, FERNANDO VALENZUELA, AURELIO LOPEZ, JUAN BERENGUER  
DH KENT HRBEK, STEVE BALBONI, DON BAYLOR  
MANAGER: TOM LASORDA  
COACHES: DON ZIMMER, YOGI BERRA

## THE SPORTING MUSE & Lilly Pharmaceutical Announce All-Rehab Team!

1B KEITH HERNANDEZ  
2B ALAN WIGGINS  
SS LAMARR HOYT\*  
3B DALE BERRA  
LF TIM RAINES  
CF WILLIE WILSON  
RF DAVE PARKER  
C DARRELL PORTER  
P DWIGHT GOODEN, DENNIS MARTINEZ, STEVE HOWE  
MANAGER: BILLY MARTIN  
COACHES: YOGI BERRA (How else would Dale make the team?), JOE PEPITONE

\*Found wandering between second base and third.

# PRO FOOTBALL

## NOTEBOOK

### AFC

Surefire Hall of Famer Dan Fouts realized fifteen years was enough when he couldn't walk without the aid of a fully harnessed dogsled. . . . Broncos brass pondering trade for disgruntled Cowboy plowboy Tony Dorsett. In return for the aging halfback, Dallas would receive a bag of dried apricots and future considerations.

Seattle meisterartist Chuck Knox and Dolphin resident genius Don Shula locked jaws for 72 hours last week while deliberating over new rules committee changes. The face-off ended when Shula's right frontal incisor pierced Knox's hard palate and the Seahawks' perennial playoff shrinking violet passed out from lack of blood. . . . Super-ass-hole Mark Gastineau attributes last season's sub-par performance to a lack of complex carbohydrate intake combined with a trial reduction in his use of nipple rouge. The Jets' unlikable Samson vows:

"This year it's gonna be pasta and rouge, pasta and rouge — my nipples will be like little cherry tomatoes, red 'n' ripe". . . . No truth to the rumors implying Broncos QB John Elway to wed Olympic also-ran Brian Orser.

### NFC

Eagles svengali Buddy Ryan hopes to solve his problems at outside linebacker by breeding All-Pro DE Reggie White with his prize three-year-old, Alybathsheba. . . . Dallas exec Tex

Schramm to take his annual bath in November, proceeds to benefit Toys for Tots. A matching grant has been supplied by the 7-Eleven Corp. if Tex washes behind his ears.

Tampa Bay's franchise cornerstone Vinny Testaverde, putting the kibosh on questions regarding his level of intelligence, held press conference during which he tied and untied his own shoes, unassisted. . . . Rough-and-tumble Giants linebacker Carl Banks confesses that he "weeps in butcher shops."

## No Ifs, Ands, or Butts!

LOS ANGELES — Bovine Raider elder statesman Jim Plunkett is steaming white-hot mad at a report in the *Los Angeles Times* claiming that he had cosmetic surgery in the off-season for gluteus redux, also known in layman's parlance as a "buttock tuck."

There is no question that Plunkett's once plush derriere, which seemed to expand with each passing season, appears to

be a leaner, meaner, *pert* caboose.

Confronted by the local press on the issue of his hind tissue, the Heisman heifer attributed the new streamlined mudflaps to a macrobiotic diet and avid participation in a local health spa's "Rump Busters" aerobics class.

Regardless of whence came Jimbo's newfound fanny, it seems destined to splay out and sag on the Raiders bench this season.

## Bull Market

NEW YORK — The buzz around the world of football this week has the presumably defunct USFL re-forming for a new mini-season in 1989.

The ersatz league's source of new life stems from interest accrued from wise investment of the dollar fine paid to the USFL following the renegade league's 1986 antitrust suit against the NFL.

USFL commissioner Harry

Usher held a closed-door meeting where he reportedly waved a check for the sum of \$1.73 and yelled, "We're back in business, boys!"

Plans are under way for an amended season featuring three six-man squads and a one-week season falling between baseball's All-Star Game and resumption of the second half of the baseball season.

# FAN-O-MATIC BASEBALL GAME

*The game for men who don't have a personal life*

\*\*\*\*\*"I love it."—Pete Rose\*\*\*\*\*

## Hey, baseball fans! It's exciting baseball—just like the pros!!!

You have control over all the players, who actually hit, pitch, field, and run according to their abilities! If they're good, they hit homers! If they suck, they strike out!!! **JUST LIKE THE PROS!!!!**

Game comes with complete lineups and stat sheets for every player who ever played in the major leagues, the minor leagues, the old Federal League, the Negro leagues, the softball leagues, the Babe Ruth leagues. . .

### YOU DO IT ALL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

- You pitch
- You hit
- You field
- You run
- You manage
- You sell hot dogs
- You park cars
- You pay off minor city officials
- You have an ulcer
- You dry out at the Smithers Institute
- You get sent back down to the minors
- You ride the bus
- You get old and lose a step
- You get glasses
- You still can't hit curve balls
- You leave the game bitter and humbled
- You coach Z ball
- You open a bar in a lousy part of town
- You die an old, poor wreck of a man

- 8,000,000 players!
- 2,000 team leagues!
- The smell-of-the-dugout software!
- IBM compatible!
- Plenty of parking!
- No lines at the refrigerator!

JUST LIKE THE PROS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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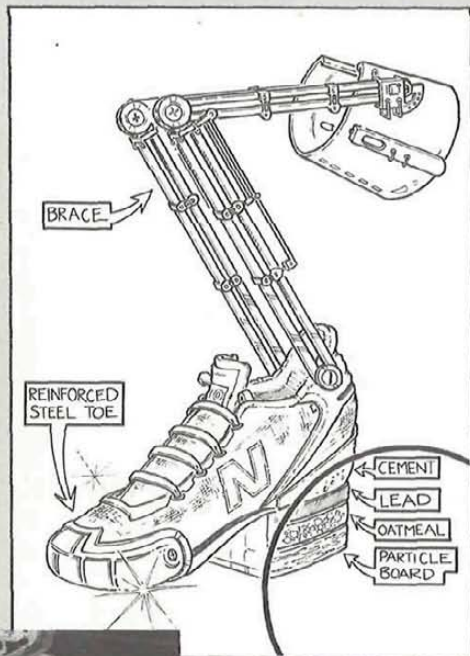
BASEBALL

# 1988 MINOR LEAGUE STANDINGS

League Leaders	
<b>HOME RUNS:</b>	
Po'boy Snigs, Selmadilla .....	94
Jesus Sally Hendrix, La Grange .....	73
Bloop Wilson, Sioux City .....	51
Butch Sluggo, Emporia .....	39
<b>WINS:</b>	
Cleophus Billings, Booneville .....	19-3
Pooney Staples, Davenport .....	17-9
Redondo Guarte, Fargo .....	15-6
<b>SAVES:</b>	
Pepsi Hayes, La Grange .....	39
Lonesome Nate Spud, Yazoo City .....	27
<b>STOLEN BASES:</b>	
Coupe Deville, Selmadilla .....	198
La Fredrick, La Grange .....	102
Bwana Butera, Emporia .....	84
Emaculos Concepción, Chillicothe .....	79

Mid-America Ball League—AAA	
<b>EASTERN DIVISION</b>	<b>WESTERN DIVISION</b>
Booneville Militia	La Grange Filter Kings
Fargo Optimists	Davenport Cornucopias
Chillicothe Puppets	Yazoo City Welshers
Emporia Sprockets	Selmadilla Mudhens
Broken Bow Injuns	Sioux City Wranglers
Patriot League—AA	
<b>EASTERN DIVISION</b>	<b>WESTERN DIVISION</b>
Spurgeon Minutemen	Drummond Geeks
Concordia Accordions	Pelzer Nomads
Titusville Nobodies	Falmouth Forgotten
Rolette Hedgehogs	Denver Rash
Berkley Trippers	Buffalo Meat-Processing Voyagers
Chigger Circuit—Z Ball	
<b>EASTERN DIVISION</b>	<b>WESTERN DIVISION</b>
Natchez Sacks	Dentville Weenies
Bastrop Loons	Calhoun Haystacks
Coffeecup Nondairy Creamers	Wimple Dudes
Knobtown Slugs	Ponca City Terriers
Toolesville Dorks	Ogden Pastels
Outer Limits Assoc.—Rookie Ball	
<b>EASTERN DIVISION</b>	<b>WESTERN DIVISION</b>
Laramie Studs	Altoona Secret Police
Thermopolis Chill Factor	Mifflin Crumpets
Sturgis Lab Rats	Grundy Grunts
Gauley Bridge Mongoloids	Belding Doughnuts
Mechanicsburg Oil Change	Vortex Swirls
Corndog League—XYZ Ball	
<b>EASTERN DIVISION</b>	<b>WESTERN DIVISION</b>
Whippoorwill Breeze	Childress Okra
Carlsbad Stalactites	Port Lavaca Cows
Jasper Argonauts	Laredo Ropeburns
Arkadelphia Aardvarks	Racine Phadres
De Kalb Cornholes	Joliet Lifers
Walt "Dinky" Baines League—American Legion ZZZ	
<b>EASTERN DIVISION</b>	<b>WESTERN DIVISION</b>
Tallahassee Gangbang	Eau Claire Eclairs
Mobile Units	Ithaca Philosopher Kings
Fredonia Strike Force	Pritchard Interrogation
Andalusia Scrotums	Saco Vanzettis
Florence Fags	Bluff Park Sloths
Ontario Association—Not a Chance in Hell Ball	
<b>EASTERN DIVISION</b>	<b>WESTERN DIVISION</b>
Crystal Beach Pagans	Kitchener Digestive Wafers
Peterborough Saltpeters	Grimsby Grumps
Welland Goods	Windsor Bacon
Perth Buttocks	Niagara Falls Chesterfields

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## NAMES & GAMES

### THE SPORTING MUSE Star of the Future

#### A Little Man with a Big Stick

This month's future pro is Little Toby Sloan, a two-year-old prospect now playing Little League ball outside of Phoenix, Arizona. Here are Toby's vital stats:

**AGE:** 2  
**HT:** 2'3"  
**WT:** 45 lbs.

**STRENGTHS:** A great glove combined with a rifle fast throw to first.  
**WEAKNESSES:** Still scared of the curve, can't really lift a bat over his shoulder yet.

**ATTITUDE:** Definitely a gamer, the kid has a bit of a temper, but then so did Ty Cobb. His attention span could be better, especially when his mother isn't around.

**PROJECTION:** Look for the talent-hungry Atlanta Braves to snatch Toby up in the first round of next year's draft.



### American Wins Chatting Competition

Mrs. Thelma Rudolph of Raleigh, North Carolina, won the 72nd Chatting World Series, defeating the defending world champion, the Italian Mrs. Maria Modiglio.

Mrs. Modiglio took the early lead with an interminably long discourse on the benefits of vermicelli as compared with a thicker spaghetti. Mrs. Rudolph countered with an extensive yet utterly boring talk on her nephew's appen-

dectomy. This staggered Mrs. Modiglio. Nevertheless, she rebounded with an excruciating tale about how easy it is to floss her teeth now that she only has 18 left. But Mrs. Rudolph hardly blinked at this assault as she answered with a record-setting 3-day 7-hour and 46-minute-long thesis on why she refused to invite her sister-in-law's brother to the Christmas party.



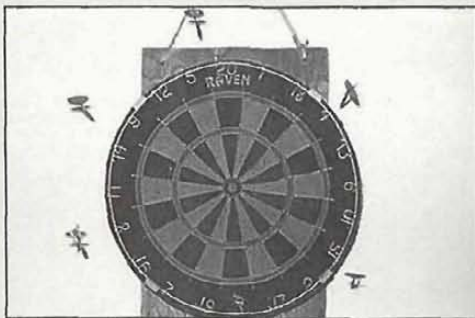
### Palestinian Wins Stone Toss

Jamal Wahil, a West Bank Palestinian, won the Middle East Stone Toss competition by beaning an Israeli West Bank settler from a distance of 87 meters. Unfortunately for the gold medal

winner, an Israeli soldier, David Ben-Cohen, proceeded to win a medal in marksmanship when he shot Wahil between the eyes from 73 meters away.

### Cerebral Palsy Darts Tournament Is Held

The Cerebral Palsy Darts Tournament was held last Saturday at the Los Angeles Forum. There were no winners and four casualties.



### Baseball Expansion

(Continued From Page 2)

large stadium waiting for a city to grow around it, we asked former Chicago Cubs third sacker Ron Santo, the spokesman for the Committee for a Twenty-nine Palms Baseball Franchise, why he believed this tiny hamlet was deserving of a major league franchise when so many other much larger cities were vying for the same right.

"We have a secret weapon," said the former teammate of Ernie Banks. "It's our fans. We call them 'the Thirtieth Palm.' They are a completely devoted group, and because of that, we feel we can offer any team financial sta-

bility. We've already sold 87 season tickets. That's the whole population. No other city has ever done that before."

Another city interested in a franchise is Seattle. Said former Seattle Pilot Don Mincher, spokesman for the We Wanna Team in Seattle Committee, "Seattle hasn't had a team since the Pilots moved to Milwaukee in the early seventies, becoming the Brewers. This is too large a city not to have a major league franchise. We already have a huge, domed stadium which no one uses. It's criminal."

A spokesman for the Seattle Mariners had no comment.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

# Your 1988 Major League Baseball Gift Headquarters

**TOMMY LASORDA HOME LIPOSUCTION KIT** Complete with drapery and deep pile carpet attachment. From the fashion capital of the world. \$489.50



**MLB BUTTER PATS** For your training table  
Set of 100: \$8.00



**JOE NIEKRO MANICURE SET** \$10.00



**YANKEE PINSTRIPE** Why do you think they call it Yankee pride? S - M - L - XL \$487.00



**JIM EISENREICH PILL DISPENSER** Whether you want to get up, come down, or just quiet those demons, this is the pillbox for you! \$7.50



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**TONY CONIGLIARO "GAG" BLACK EYE** Give your manager a heart attack with this game-stopping prank item! \$3.95

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**BIG LEAGUE WIVES XXX VIDEO** \$79.95

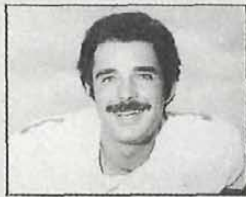


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CALLING ALL GIRLS! CALLING ALL GIRLS!  
AGES 6-16  
"LIVE" CONTACT & SCRIMMAGES  
in Tex., Md., and N.J. - June, July -  
LIVE WITH THE PROS  
*College coaches will look you over.*  
Hands-on training and counseling  
"THE CAMP WHERE IT'S OKAY TO CRY"



AP/Wide World

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\*\*\* ONLY \*\*\*

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Sioux City, Iowa.

## LET ELVIS PICK YOUR WINNERS!

Who, and who alone in the universe

- predicted the Twins in '87?
- the 'Skins in '87?
- the Theismann leg incident in '85?
- Bill Parcells's weight gain in '88?



AP/Wide World

**ELVIS! ELVIS! ELVIS! ELVIS! ELVIS! ELVIS! ELVIS!**

Doomed to wander the earth and continue his quest for the betterment of the little guy (you), Elvis Presley has made contact with our Sports Book line makers, who in turn pass these incredible savings on to you!!!!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

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Live-Action Pitching Machine

- Brushback
- Elbow breakers
- CONCUSSION ACTION!!!
- At the head • At the knees • Right at the crotch •

Conquer your fear of the inside pitch with the beaner! The worst it can do is hurt like hell.

## Big League Phone Numbers

Yes, we have the home phone numbers of all your favorite stars! Scare Mrs. Whitson while Ed's out on the road. Leave a message on Darryl Strawberry's answering machine! Have a midnight chat with Roger Craig!  
P. O. Box 456, Mesa, Arizona.

# My Dad's Baseball Dream Camp Scrapbook

by Herb Miller, Jr.

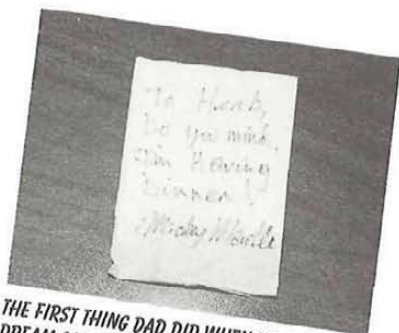
IT WAS DAD'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY, AND HE DID NOT HANDLE IT IN HIS NORMAL CALM, PRAGMATIC WAY. IN FACT, IT TOOK FIVE HOURS TO TALK HIM OFF THE LEDGE. LAST YEAR IT ONLY TOOK TWO HOURS. IN LIGHT OF HIS TOUCHINESS ON THE SUBJECT, I DECIDED THE PRESENT I BOUGHT HIM HAD TO BE SOMETHING SPECIAL. IT HAD TO COME FROM THE HEART. SO I GOT HIM A SHAVING KIT. BUT WHAT MOM GOT DAD WAS AWESOMELY FACE-SPLITTING, GUT-SPILLING COOL!

YOU SEE, ALL DAD EVER TALKED ABOUT WAS SPORTS. EVEN AT THE ACCOUNTING FIRM WHERE HE WORKED, IT WAS ALWAYS BASEBALL OR BOXING. DAD HAD BEEN A THREE-LETTER MAN IN HIGH SCHOOL, AND EVER SINCE, HE'D BEEN HOOKED. SO MOM DECIDED TO GIVE HIM BACK SOME OF HIS YOUTH AND SEND HIM TO... BASEBALL DREAM CAMP!

AT FIRST SHE THOUGHT ABOUT SENDING DAD TO BOXING DREAM CAMP, WHERE HE'D HAVE A CHANCE TO TRAIN, THEN GO FIFTEEN ROUNDS WITH LARRY HOLMES. BUT THAT COST A MILLION DOLLARS. THERE WAS ALSO OFF-SEASON DREAM CAMP. FOR TWO WEEKS THE CAMPER SPEAKS AT BANQUETS, SIGNS AUTOGRAPHS, STARS IN DEODORANT AND SNEAKER COMMERCIALS, VISITS HOSPITALS — EVERYTHING THE PROS DO IN THE OFF-SEASON. BUT THAT WAS TOTALLY BOOKED UP. SO IT WAS OFF TO BASEBALL DREAM CAMP HE WENT. AND WAS HE EXCITED!



DAD AT THE COMPANY SOFTBALL GAME. HIS LAST GAME AS AN "AMATEUR."

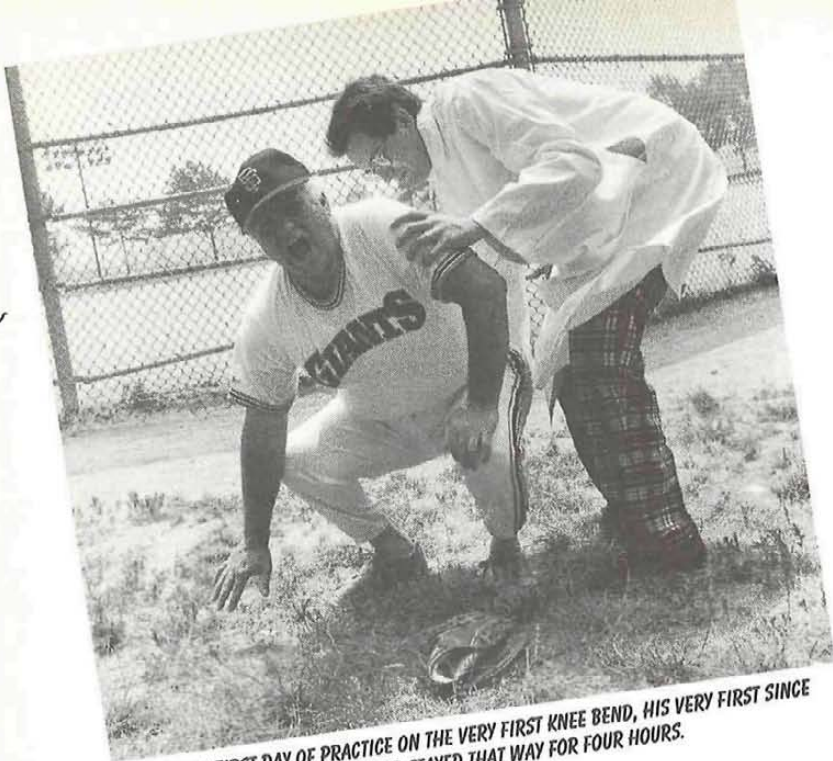


THE FIRST THING DAD DID WHEN HE ARRIVED AT DREAM CAMP WAS GO TO THE BAR WHERE ALL THE STARS HANG OUT. THERE HE GOT THE AUTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE ALL-TIME GREATS, "THE MICKSTER," MICKEY MANTLE. OTHER STARS WHO WOULDN'T GIVE DAD AN AUTOGRAPH INCLUDE WILLIE STARGELL, PHIL RIZZUTO, AND HARMON KILLEBREW.



DAD AND HIS ROOMMATE, MORTY ZIMMEL, YUCKING IT UP AT THE BAR THEIR FIRST NIGHT THERE. MORTY DIED THE NEXT DAY DURING CALISTHENICS, LEAVING DAD WITH A SINGLE ROOM, BUT HAVING TO PAY FOR A DOUBLE.





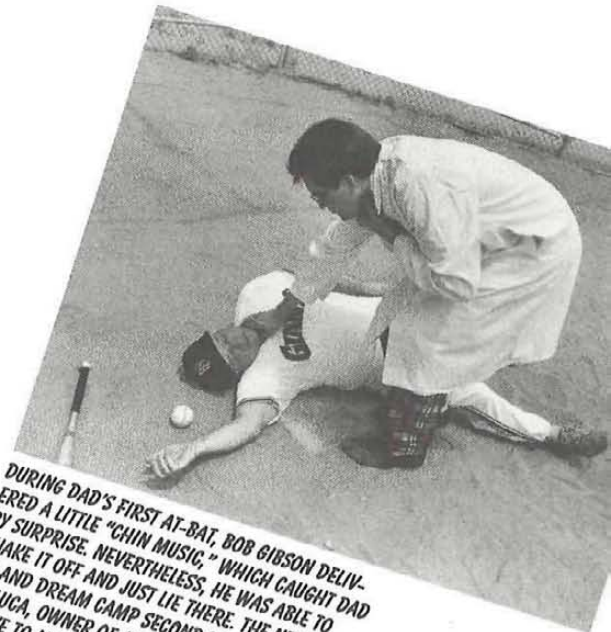
ON THE VERY FIRST DAY OF PRACTICE ON THE VERY FIRST KNEE BEND, HIS VERY FIRST SINCE THE ARMY, DAD'S KNEES LOCKED AND STAYED THAT WAY FOR FOUR HOURS.



AN ACTUAL BASEBALL GLOVE WITH GAYLORD PERRY'S SALIVA STILL ON IT.



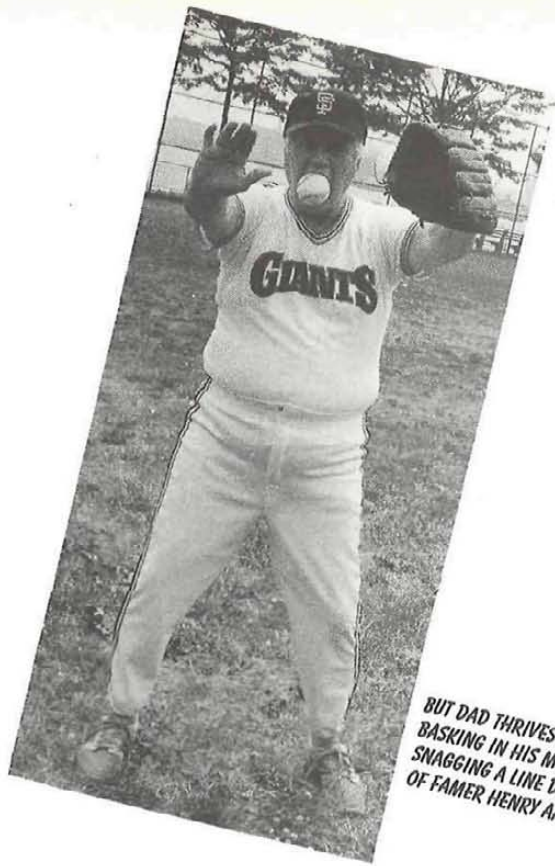
DAD, A NATURAL-BORN FAN, HAD A LITTLE DIFFICULTY WITH THE SUN.



DURING DAD'S FIRST AT-BAT, BOB GIBSON DELIVERED A LITTLE "CHIN MUSIC," WHICH CAUGHT DAD BY SURPRISE. NEVERTHELESS, HE WAS ABLE TO SHAKE IT OFF AND JUST LIE THERE. THE NEXT DAY HE AND DREAM CAMP SECOND BASEMAN ARTY TOLLUGA, OWNER OF ARTIE'S SPORTS EMPORIUM, SPOKE TO MR. GIBSON AND OFFERED HIM THE JOB OF VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF PROMOTIONS FOR THE STORE AS LONG AS HE AGREED TO STOP THROWING BASEBALLS AT THEIR HEADS. VICE PRESIDENT GIBSON AGREED.



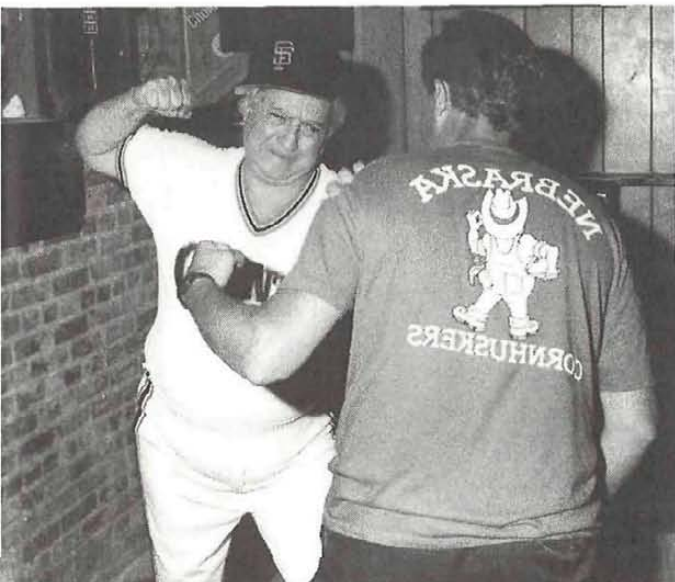
DAD MEETS DREAM CAMP MANAGER LEO "THE LIP" DUROCHER IMMEDIATELY AFTER TAKING A CALLED THIRD STRIKE WITH BASES LOADED. BECAUSE DAD WAS A LITTLE RUSTIER THAN EVERYONE ELSE, THINGS WEREN'T GOING TOO WELL FOR HIM. MEL SPIZZLE, WHO WAS ENROLLED IN THE OWNERS' DREAM CAMP — FOR MEN WHO HAVE ALWAYS LONGED TO OWN A BALL CLUB — WAS COMING DOWN PRETTY HARD ON DAD IN THE DREAM CAMP NEWSPAPER, RUN BY PEOPLE WHO'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE JOURNALISTS. IN ONE ARTICLE MR. SPIZZLE THREATENED TO TRADE DAD, BUT SAID, "WHAT DREAM CAMP WOULD TAKE THE FAT SLOB?!" HE REPORTEDLY THOUGHT ABOUT SENDING DAD DOWN TO THE DREAM CAMP MINOR LEAGUES, WHICH ARE ALSO REFERRED TO AS "NIGHTMARE CAMP," WHERE YOU'RE DRIVEN AROUND IN BUSES BY DREAM CAMP BUS DRIVERS — MEN WHO'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF BEING BUS DRIVERS — FROM SMALL TOWN TO SMALL TOWN, AND LIVE IN SQUALID MOTELS RUN BY THE MOTEL DREAM CAMP.



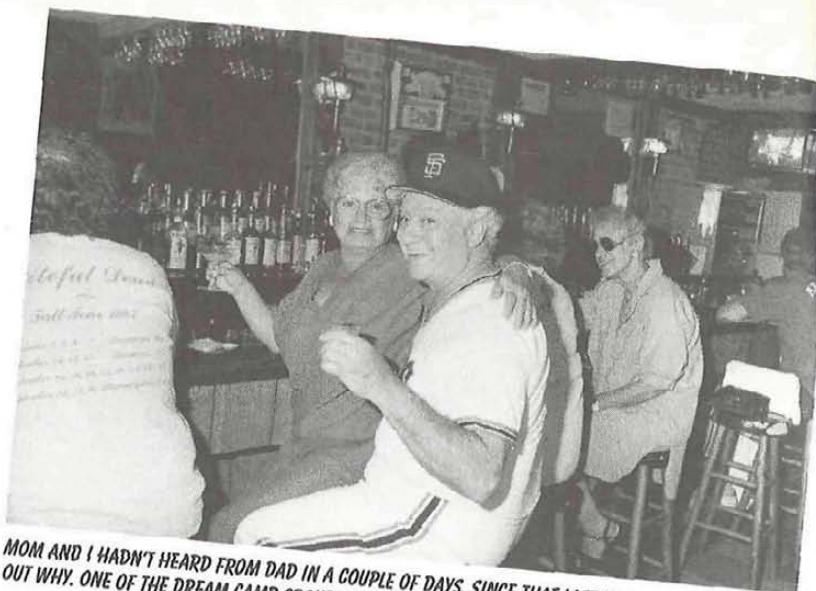
BUT DAD THRIVES ON PRESSURE! HERE HE IS BASKING IN HIS MOMENT OF GLORY AFTER SNAGGING A LINE DRIVE OFF THE BAT OF HALL OF FAME HENRY AARON!

Dear Gladys —  
 Please, please, I beg you,  
 Bring me home!! I hate it here! I'll  
 Do anything you want. I'll listen when  
 you talk. I'll take you to the ballet.  
 Anything! I haven't gotten one hit yet.  
 I've made seventeen errors. I was  
 taken out at second by Frank Howard,  
 who weighs slightly less than our car.  
 No one likes me. Yesterday they made  
 me play first base coach!  
 My Coach is a jerk... The food stinks.

PAGE 1 OF A FORTY-SEVEN-PAGE LETTER DAD SENT HOME.



DAD SAID HE ENJOYED MEETING BILLY MARTIN, BUT THAT THE MAN STILL HAD TROUBLE HOLDING HIS LIQUOR.



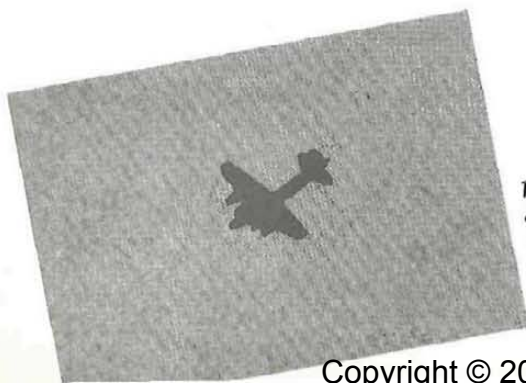
MOM AND I HADN'T HEARD FROM DAD IN A COUPLE OF DAYS, SINCE THAT LAST LETTER. THEN WE FOUND OUT WHY. ONE OF THE DREAM CAMP GROUPIES, DELILAH, HAD MOVED INTO HIS DOUBLE.



THIS IS MR. TAYLOR, MOM'S DIVORCE LAWYER. SHE HIRED HIM SHORTLY AFTER LEARNING ABOUT DELILAH.



IT SEEMS DELILAH WAS A GROUPIE'S GROUPIE. IN FACT, SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GROUPIE RINGER. HERE SHE IS WITH FORMER ORIOLE BOOG POWELL. POOR OLD DAD WAS BACK TO A SINGLE.

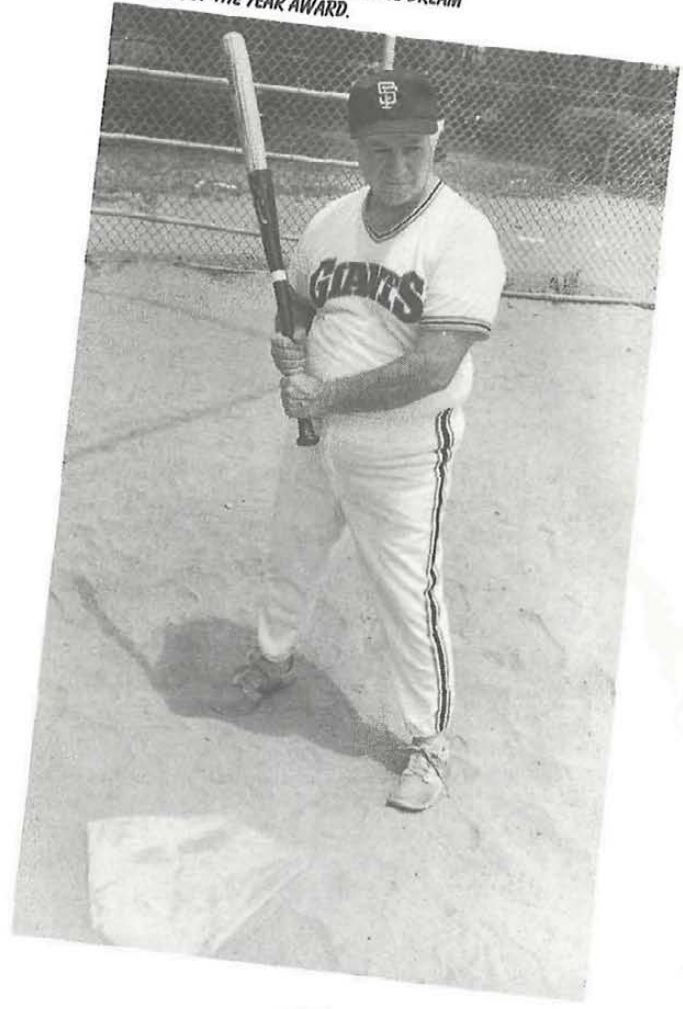


THE HIGHLIGHT FOR DAD WAS THE VISIT OF JOLTIN' JOE DIMAGGIO HIMSELF. DIMAGGIO'S PLANE CIRCLED THE CAMP THREE TIMES, THEN FLEW BACK TO NEW YORK. IF YOU LOOK REAL CLOSELY, YOU CAN ACTUALLY SEE MR. DIMAGGIO WAVING.

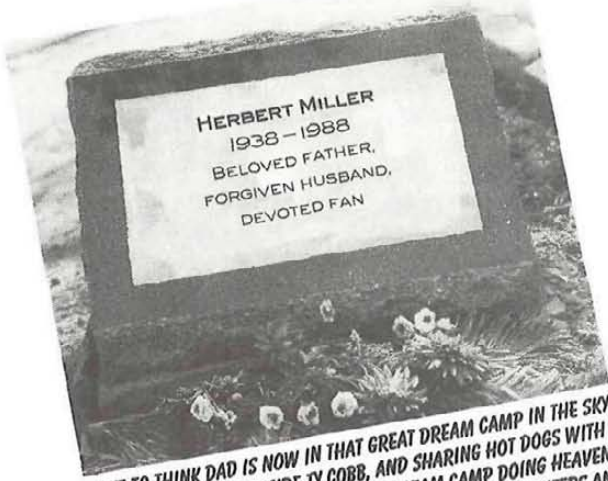


DAD WAS SO MISERABLE OVER HIS LOUSY PLAYING, HE AND DREAM CAMP THIRD BASEMAN BOB BRADFIELD, WHO HIMSELF WAS BATTING .087, RESORTED TO CHEATING. DAD STUFFED HIS BAT WITH CORK, WHILE MR. BRADFIELD USED SMALL, LIVE ANIMALS.

UNFORTUNATELY, DAD WAS CAUGHT AND SUSPENDED FOR A GAME. MR. BRADFIELD, HOWEVER, HIT FOUR HOME RUNS AND WON THE DREAM CAMPER OF THE YEAR AWARD.



AFTER GOING 0-46, DAD FINALLY GOT AHOLD OF ONE - A SURE TRIPLE THAT WOULD WIN THE GAME. UNFORTUNATELY, IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT DAD SUFFERED A MASSIVE HEART ATTACK. HE DID TRY TO CRAWL AND MAKE IT, BUT SOMEWHERE BETWEEN FIRST AND SECOND HE DIED. TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, OUTFIELDER BILLY WILLIAMS THREW THE BALL BACK IN TO SECOND BASEMAN JOE MORGAN, WHO SLAPPED THE TAG ON DAD FOR THE THIRD OUT JUST BEFORE THE TYING RUN COULD SCORE, THUS LOSING THE GAME. DREAM CAMP RIGHT FIELDER BUD ZIEGELMAN, A LAWYER, ARGUED, TO NO AVAIL, THAT SINCE DAD WAS ALREADY DEAD PRIOR TO THE TAG, HE WAS NO LONGER A RUNNER - IN FACT, HE WAS NO LONGER ANYTHING, THEREFORE COULD NOT BE TAGGED OUT. THIS RESULTED IN A BENCH-CLEARING BRAWL WITH ALL THE DREAM CAMPERS GETTING HURT AND BUD ZIEGELMAN MAKING A TON OF MONEY HANDLING THE LAWSUITS AGAINST THE FORMER PLAYERS. DAD'S TEAMMATES WERE SO ANGRY WITH HIM, THEY LEFT HIM THERE OVERNIGHT TO THINK ABOUT WHAT HE'D DONE.



I LIKE TO THINK DAD IS NOW IN THAT GREAT DREAM CAMP IN THE SKY, HITTING HOMERS OFF CY YOUNG, SHAGGING FLIES ALONGSIDE TY COBB, AND SHARING HOT DOGS WITH THE BABE. BUT MOST LIKELY, KNOWING DAD, HE'S AT ACCOUNTANTS' DREAM CAMP DOING HEAVEN'S TAXES. WHERE ALL THAT IS ASKED OF HIM IS TO KEEP HIS COFFEE CUP AWAY FROM THE COMPUTERS AND TO REMEMBER THAT GOD DOESN'T NEED TO KEEP HIS RECEIPTS.

*Jimmy Swaggart Presents*

# SMOKIN' SERMONETTES™

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In Cooperation with Ajax Artistic Entertainment

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Dear Friend,

The good Lord bless and keep you for your \$200 pledge (non-deductible) to the First National Church of the Holy Rapture Mailorder, Inc., my brand-new evangelizing episcopate. And as I personally promised on the late-night television commercial to which you so munificently responded, I am enclosing in this plain brown envelope a complete set of SNEAK-PREVIEW SCENARIOS from the First National Church's forthcoming SMOKIN' SERMONETTES™ videotape collection! I do trust you will find these re-created true-life Scripture stories to be comprehensively illuminating, educative, and 100 percent redemptive.

These are the problematical parts of the Good Book, my friend, the knotty and controversial passages which most mainstream ministers gloss over, as if they'd never been included in the Revealed Word of the Living God Jehovah. Even I myself, I confess, through more than thirty years of ardent television evangelizing, rarely alluded to these particular chapters and verses, for I was concerned that they might be misconstrued by those viewers of immature years or unnatural inclinations.

But now that the good Lord has seen fit to circumscribe the range of my ministry to an 800 call-in number and a post-office box, I am at liberty to take on these troublesome tracts of Holy Writ, and explicate them to my heart's content. To this end, the First National Church of the Holy Rapture Mailorder, Inc., has gone into covenant with the esteemed and creative media-production firm of Ajax Artistic Entertainment in Redondo Beach, California. Utilizing the superb technology and acting talent afforded by Ajax Entertainment, and under my own divinely inspired direction, I flatter myself that we are composing the finest dramatic interpretations of the Holy Bible since Cecil B. De Mille's The Ten Commandments, and with even younger and prettier dancing girls.

In fact, I'm so confident that the enclosed illustrated plot lines from our first two full-scale, full-color twenty-minute productions will fill you to brimming with a passion to have and hold the finished products, that I'm going to make another guarantee here. Order now, and you can write the \$200 you pledged for this promotion off against the purchase of either of these videotaped SMOKIN' SERMONETTES™. That's a savings of over one-fifth the price they'll be sold for in video shops, but saving is what Jimmy Swaggart has always been all about.

And in the meantime, while we are absent one from the other, don't be a stranger. Call the First National Church's toll-free counseling line—that's 1-800-GOD PAYS—any time of day or night, and receive invaluable spiritual guidance and financial counseling from our crack staff of capable young ministers and ministerettes.

*Rev. Irving*



**Important:** Make all checks, money orders, credit payments payable *strictly* to Ajax Artistic Entertainment, Box 6969, Redondo Beach, CA 00365.



# Lot and His Daughters

GENESIS 13:12 -- AND LOT DWELLED IN THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN, AND PITCHED HIS TENT TOWARD SODOM.



GALA ANTI-AIDS Banquet and Sacrifice Temple of Baal Thurs. 7:30 B.X.O. BABY

... BUT THE MEN OF SODOM WERE WICKED, AND SINNERS BEFORE THE LORD EXCEEDINGLY.

... AND THERE CAME TWO ANGELS TO SODOM AT EVEN: AND LOT SAT IN THE GATE OF SODOM.

## WELCOME TO SODOM

BEHOLD NOW, MY LORDS, TURN IN, I PRAY YOU, INTO YOUR SERVANT'S HOUSE, AND TARRY ALL NIGHT, AND WASH YOUR FEET.

AND HE MADE THEM A FEAST, AND DID BAKE UNLEAVENED BREAD, AND THEY DID EAT.



BUT BEFORE THEY LAY DOWN, THE MEN OF SODOM COMPASSED THE HOUSE ROUND, BOTH OLD AND YOUNG, AND THEY CALLED UNTO LOT:

WHERE ARE THE MEN WHICH CAME IN TO THEE THIS NIGHT? BRING THEM OUT UNTO US, THAT WE MAY KNOW THEM!



AND LOT WENT OUT AT THE DOOR UNTO THEM, AND SHUT THE DOOR AFTER HIM, AND SAID:

I PRAY YOU, BRETHREN, DO NOT SO WICKEDLY! BEHOLD NOW, I HAVE TWO DAUGHTERS, WHICH HAVE NOT KNOWN MAN; LET ME I PRAY YOU, BRING THEM OUT UNTO YOU, AND DO YE TO THEM AS IS GOOD IN YOUR EYES: ONLY UNTO THESE MEN DO NOTHING.

NOW WE WILL DEAL WORSE WITH THEE THAN WITH THEM!



STORY: DEAN LATIMER

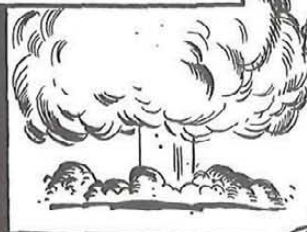
ART: FRANK SPRINGER

LETTERING: RICK PARKER

BUT THE ANGELS PUT FORTH THEIR HAND, AND SMOTE THE MEN WITH BLINDNESS, BOTH SMALL AND GREAT.



THEN THE LORD RAINED UPON SODOM AND GOMORRAH BRIMSTONE AND FIRE, HE OVERTHREW THE CITIES AND ALL THE PLAIN, AND THAT WHICH GREW UPON THE GROUND.



THEN THE ANGELS HASTENED LOT, SAYING, ARISE, TAKE THY WIFE AND THY TWO DAUGHTERS, LEST THOU BE CONSUMED IN THE INIQUITY OF THE CITY.

BUT LOT'S WIFE LOOKED BACK FROM BEHIND HIM, AND SHE BECAME A PILLAR OF SALT.



AND LOT WENT UP IN THE MOUNTAINS: AND HE DWELT IN A CAVE, HE AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS.

AND THE FIRSTBORN SAID UNTO THE YOUNGER:



OUR FATHER IS OLD, AND THERE IS NOT A MAN ON THE EARTH TO COME IN UNTO US, AFTER THE MANNER OF ALL THE EARTH!

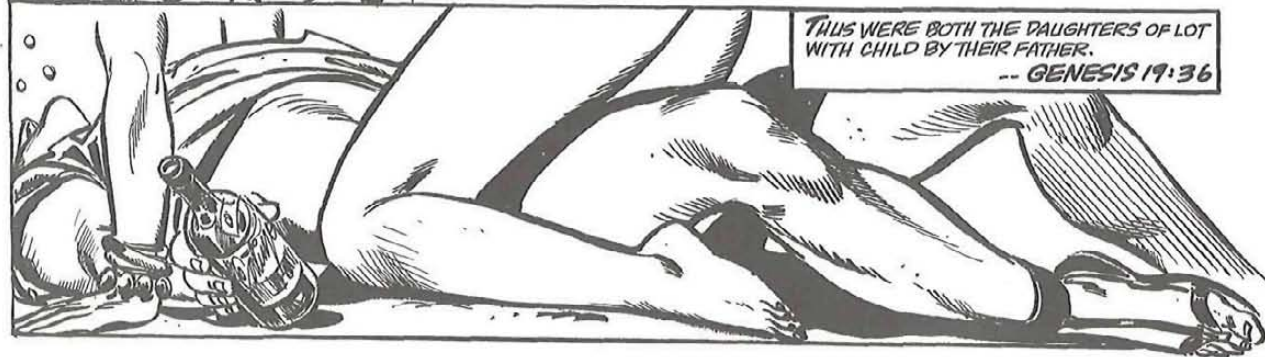
COME, LET US MAKE OUR FATHER DRINK WINE, AND WE WILL LIE WITH HIM, THAT WE MAY PRESERVE THE SEED OF OUR FATHER!



AND THEY MADE THEIR FATHER DRINK WINE THAT NIGHT: AND THE FIRSTBORN WENT IN AND LAY WITH HER FATHER, AND HE PERCEIVED NOT WHEN SHE LAY DOWN, OR WHEN SHE AROSE.



THIS WERE BOTH THE DAUGHTERS OF LOT WITH CHILD BY THEIR FATHER. -- GENESIS 19:36



AND THE CHILDREN OF THIS ODD UNION, MOAB AND AMMON, NEVER CAME TO ANY GOOD! BUT LOT HIMSELF WILL BE FOREVER REMEMBERED AS THE ONE HONEST MAN IN SODOM, WHICH TO THIS DAY COMFORTS TV CLERGYMEN EVERYWHERE!



# Judah and Onan and Tamar Introducing Jessica Bahn

GENESIS 38:6-- AND JUDAH TOOK A WIFE FOR ER, HIS FIRSTBORN, WHOSE NAME WAS TAMAR.

BUT ER WAS WICKED IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD...



... AND THE LORD SLEW HIM.

AND JUDAH SAID UNTO HIS YOUNGER SON ONAN:

BUT ONAN KNEW THAT THE OFFSPRING WOULD NOT BE HIS; SO WHEN HE WENT IN UNTO TAMAR, HE SPILLED HIS SEED ON THE GROUND, LEST HE SHOULD GIVE OFFSPRING TO HIS BROTHER....

... WHICH DISPLEASED THE LORD, THEREFORE HE SLEW ONAN ALSO.

GO IN UNTO THY BROTHER'S WIDOW, AND RAISE UP SEED TO THY BROTHER!



THEN SAID JUDAH TO TAMAR:

REMAIN A WIDOW AT THY FATHER'S HOUSE, TILL SHELAH, MY YOUNGEST SON, BE GROWN: LEST PERADVENTURE HE DIE ALSO, AS HIS BRETHREN DID!

AND IN THE PROCESS OF TIME JUDAH'S WIFE DIED, AND JUDAH WAS COMFORTED, AND WENT UP TO HIS SHEEPSHEARERS' ON TIMNATH. AND IT WAS TOLD TAMAR:



BEHOLD, TAMAR, THY FATHER-IN-LAW GOETH UP TO TIMNATH TO SHEAR HIS SHEEP!

NOW TAMAR SAW THAT SHELAH WAS GROWN,  
AND YET SHE WAS NOT GIVEN UNTO HIM TO WIFE.



SO SHE PUT HER WIDOW'S  
GARMENTS OFF FROM HER  
AND COVERED HERSELF IN  
A VEIL.

WHEN JUDAH SAW HER, HE THOUGHT HER TO BE A  
HARLOT AND SAID:



GO TO, I  
PRAY THEE,  
LET ME COME  
IN UNTO  
THEE.

AND IT CAME TO PASS, ABOUT  
THREE MONTHS AFTER:

TAMAR, THY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,  
HATH PLAYED THE HARLOT, AND  
BEHOLD, SHE IS WITH CHILD  
BY WHOREDOM!



BRING HER  
FORTH, AND  
LET HER BE  
BURNT!

WHEN SHE WAS  
BROUGHT FORTH,  
TAMAR SAID TO  
JUDAH:

BY THE MAN WHOSE  
THESE ARE, AM I WITH  
CHILD! DISCERN, I  
PRAY THEE, WHOSE  
ARE THESE?



AND JUDAH ACKNOWLEDGED  
THEM, AND SAID: SHE HATH BEEN  
MORE RIGHTEOUS THAN I.  
-- GENESIS 38:26

... AND SHE SAT IN AN OPEN PLACE ON  
THE WAY TO TIMNATH.



TIMNATH

AND SHE  
SAID:

WHAT WILL THOU  
GIVE ME, THAT THOU  
MAYEST COME IN UNTO  
ME? GIVE ME THY  
SIGNET, AND THY BRACE-  
LETS, AND THE STAFF  
THAT IS IN THY HAND!

AND HE GAVE IT  
HER, AND CAME IN  
UNTO HER, AND  
SHE CONCEIVED  
BY HIM.



AND SHE AROSE, AND  
WENT AWAY, AND LAID  
BY HER VEIL FROM HER,  
AND PUT ON THE  
GARMENTS OF HER  
WIDHOOD.

THE MORAL? SIMPLE! NEVER GIVE THEM ANYTHING  
PERSONALIZED! NO MONOGRAMMED TIE, WATCH,  
CLIFF LINKS! WALK IN THE WAYS OF THE GODLY, BRETHREN,  
BUT LEAVE YOUR WALLET HOME AND HOLD YOUR  
MONEY IN YOUR SOCKS! AY-MEN!



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YET SHE MULTIPLIED HER WHOREDOMS, IN CALLING TO REMEMBRANCE  
THE DAYS OF HER YOUTH, WHEREIN SHE HAD PLAYED THE HARLOT IN THE  
LAND OF EGYPT, FOR SHE DOTED UPON THEIR PARAMOURS, WHOSE FLESH  
IS AS THE FLESH OF ASSES, AND WHOSE ISSUE IS LIKE THE ISSUE OF HORSES,  
THUS THOU CALLED TO REMEMBRANCE THE LEWDNESS OF THY YOUTH, IN  
BRUISING THY TEATS BY THE EGYPTIANS, ...





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# SON OF HERCULES

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AMONGST THE NORTH AMERICANS

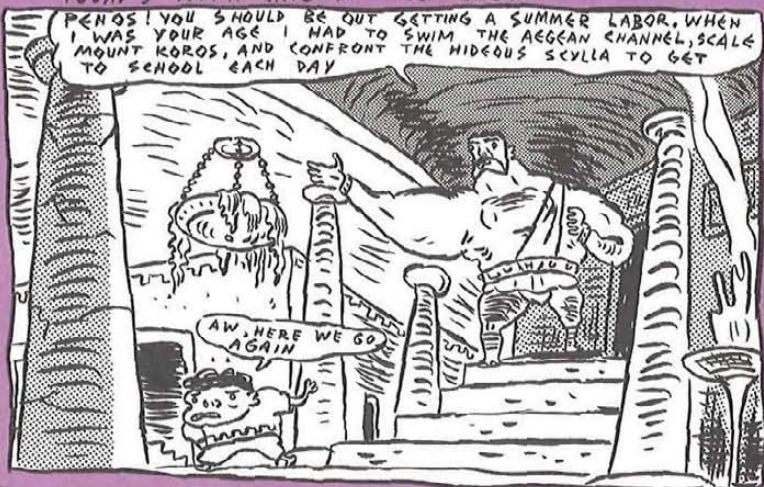
M. MARK, 32

Kids! What's the matter with kids this century? PFAW! I CURSE THE DAY WHEN ALL CABLE SERVICES WERE LICENSED



TODAY'S YOUTH HAS IT TOO EASY

PENOS! YOU SHOULD BE OUT GETTING A SUMMER LABOR, WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE I HAD TO SWIM THE AEGEAN CHANNEL, SCALE MOUNT KOROS, AND CONFRONT THE HIDEOUS SCYLIA TO GET TO SCHOOL EACH DAY



OF course it doesn't help that Penos's mother is never around, whoever she is. It is difficult to put in an 8-hour workday and be able to provide the proper guidance a child needs

Each week Hercules makes an effort to instill in Penos some level of spirituality.

NOW, MY SON, LET US REVIEW: THE GOD OF WIND? THE GOD OF WATER?



Alas, it seems that kids these days just want to have a good time like there's no tomorrow.

It's not that Hercules has forgotten what it was like to be young. Now in his youth a party was a par-tee! But today? ...

GO AHEAD! GO AHEAD! HEED NOT MY WORD, BUT DON'T COME CRYING TO ME TWO HUNDRED YEARS DOWN THE ROAD WHEN ...

EH! WHAT IS THIS?? PARTY LINE! PARTY LINE! ALL THE TIME IT'S PARTY LINE!! WHAT KIND OF PARTY IS THIS? NO FOOD! NO DRINK! AH, YOU KIDS...





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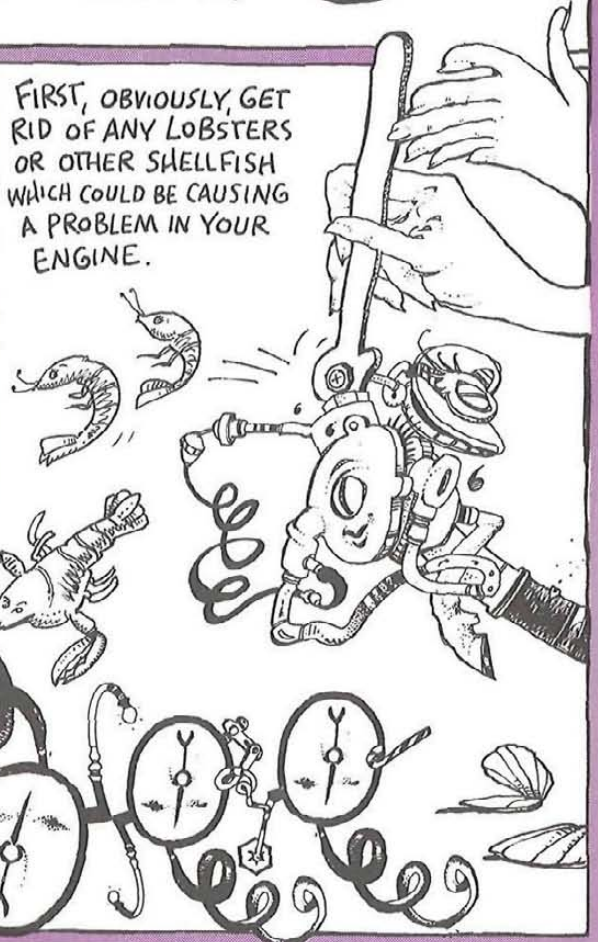
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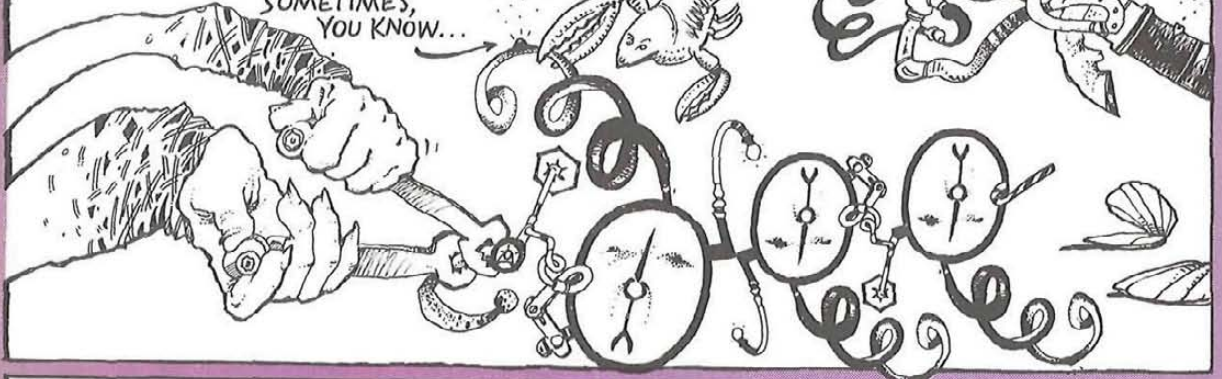
IF I CAN  
DO IT,  
MAYBE  
YOU CAN  
TOO!



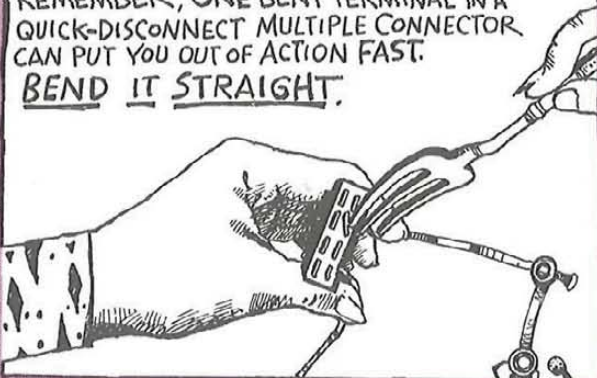
FIRST, OBVIOUSLY, GET  
RID OF ANY LOBSTERS  
OR OTHER SHELLFISH  
WHICH COULD BE CAUSING  
A PROBLEM IN YOUR  
ENGINE.



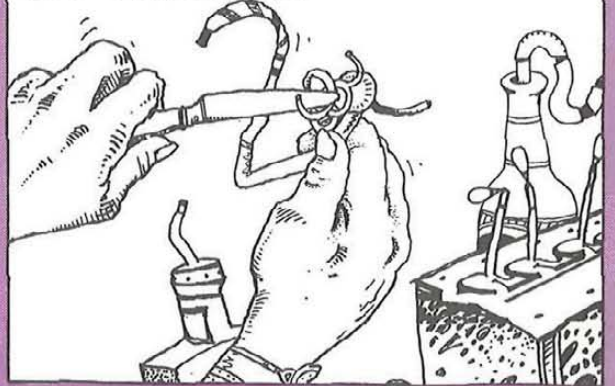
THEN, CHECK THE MANIFOLD GAUGE.  
SOMETIMES,  
YOU KNOW...



ALSO, EXAMINE THE DISTRIBUTOR.  
REMEMBER, ONE BENT TERMINAL IN A  
QUICK-DISCONNECT MULTIPLE CONNECTOR  
CAN PUT YOU OUT OF ACTION FAST.  
**BEND IT STRAIGHT.**



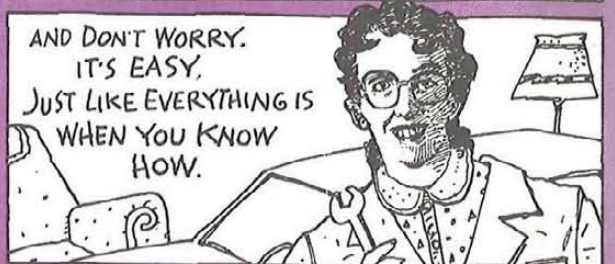
**BEND EVERYTHING.**



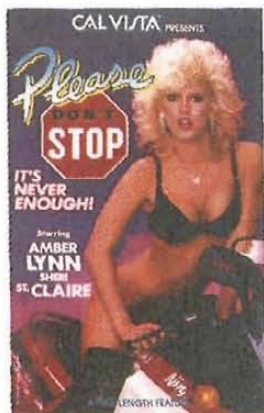
STAY RELAXED, THOUGH;  
TAKE YOUR SKATES OFF.



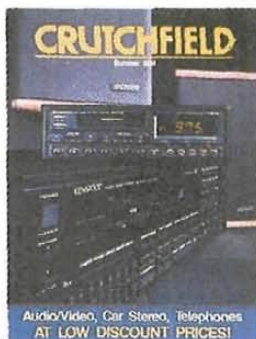
AND DON'T WORRY.  
IT'S EASY,  
JUST LIKE EVERYTHING IS  
WHEN YOU KNOW  
HOW.



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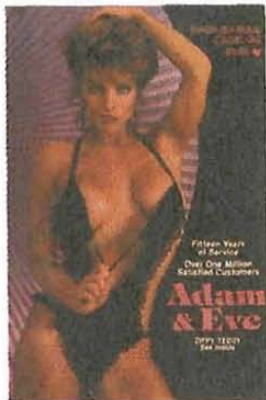
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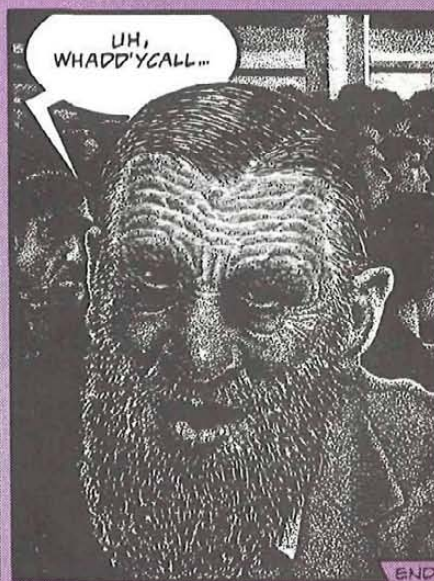
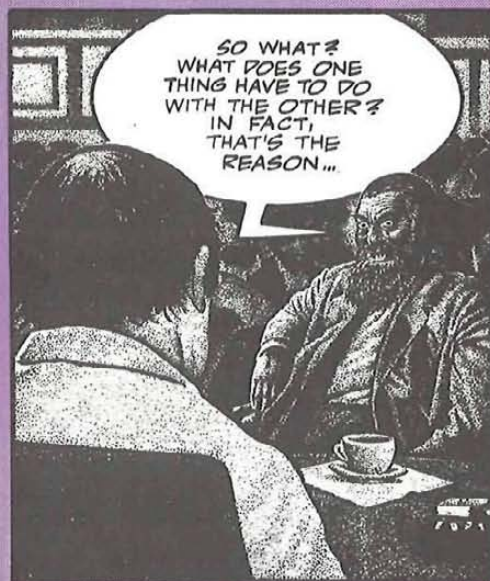
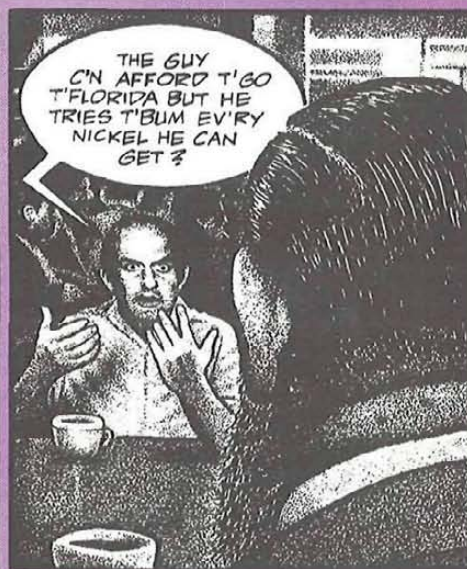
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# FLORIDA

STORY BY HARVEY PEKAR ART BY DREW FRIEDMAN  
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# TKO for Two

continued from page 37

But Cosell is rambling now. "His medal. His Olympic gold medal. He wishes he hadn't thrown it in the river. Isn't that something!"

Cosell tells me that he and Ali watched the winter Olympics, and Ali was entranced.

"He couldn't get over Brian Boitano. 'Take me ice-skating, Cosell,' he said. 'I want to be an ice skater like Brian Boitano and be in the Olympics.'"

"I try to tell him why this cannot be so. But..." Cosell shrugs. His eyes mist over. "It is very hard for me sometimes. I tire easily, and he needs to be watched always.

"The whole situation is..." Cosell pauses, searching for words.

"Onerous, you could say. Very onerous."

We reach their hotel, a run-down gray hulk of a building on East Twenty-third Street. Ali is waiting for us at the entrance, jumping up and down, doing spins, dropping to his knees, and rubbing Cosell's legs.

Cosell laughs. "You want your bagel, huh, big fella? Okay, okay."

Cosell invites me inside. Bundini Brown will be over later, and they could use a fourth for canasta. Regretfully, I decline.

We say our goodbyes at the door. Cosell tells me not to be a stranger. I promise not to.

As I pat Ali's head, it occurs to me that I want to tell him something. Something about Columbus, Ohio, and cars, about a towheaded kid and his fascination with an electrifying black boxer whose effect on his country, his generation, his world, remains immeasurable. But the words do not come.

"Good boy," I say instead.

Cosell and Ali disappear through the lobby doors. I turn up my collar and head into a biting wind rolling across Twenty-third Street.

I would have liked to stay, to kvetch with these two legends, and flesh out my fleeting-nature-of-fame theory.

But I have to be in East Parma, Ohio, later tonight. Jennifer Orzechowski, Pizza Hut's Miss Personal Pan Pizza of 1988, will be appearing there at the Harbor Heights Mall.

I'm going to follow her around for a while. It's what I do, and I wouldn't trade places with anybody in the world.

I'm a journalist. ■

"Th' athletic fool, to whom what Heaven denied  
Of soul, is well compensated in limbs."  
John Armstrong, 1744

"Get the hell out of my way, I'm coming through! Do you hear me? Get out of my way!"  
Ty Cobb, demanding to play through President Eisenhower at Augusta

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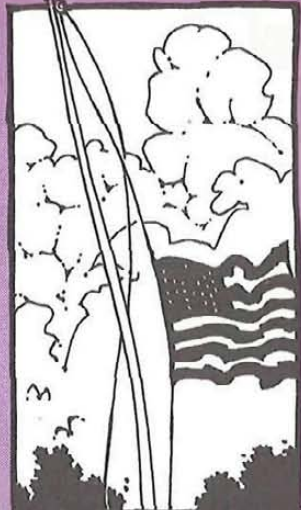
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GEARY  
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A GALLANT STATESMAN  
DURING THE LEGENDARY  
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STAND FIRMLY AGAINST  
INTERNATIONAL COLLECTIVISM



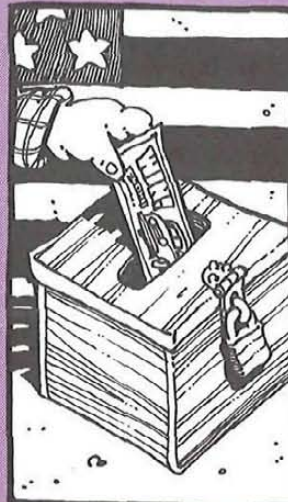
UNTIL HIS UNTIMELY DEMISE  
IN 1959.



HIS MORTAL REMAINS HAVE  
BEEN KEPT IN A REMARKABLE  
STATE OF PRESERVATION.



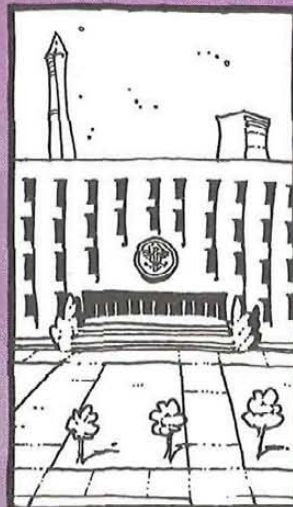
IN FACT, MANY GENUINE  
MIRACLES HAVE BEEN  
ATTRIBUTED TO THEM...



SUCH AS THE GENERAL  
ELECTION OF 1972...



AND OUR TRIUMPH IN  
GRENADA!



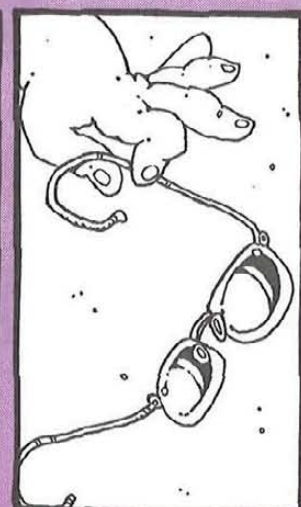
THE CORPSE, QUITE NATURALLY,  
RESTS AT THE STATE DEPT.



BUT ONE SMALL GROUP OF  
C.I.A. OPERATIVES FEELS A  
CLAIM TO IT.



THINGS GET QUITE NASYX



THE LOSER WILL HAVE TO  
BE SATISFIED WITH BUT  
A SMALL PIECE.

## Editorial

continued from page 6

I love the watered-down beer. After a few beers you're forced to go to the bathroom, and that's where all the good fights are. If you just hung around the bathroom waiting for the fights, the pissers would look at you funny. So the watered-down beer gives you an excuse to be there.

There is one thing concerning baseball I am not crazy about. That thing is George Steinbrenner. If he weren't a celebrity George would be one of those idiots in the stands who paints himself green and red to attract the camera.

But that's about it. Everything else about the sport is perfect. And what makes it perfect? The human factor. Any 5'3", 270-pound slob can watch George Bell blast a Roger Clemens ninety-five-mile-per-hour fastball into northern Quebec and say to himself, "I can do that."

Why? Because baseball players look like normal human beings. They look like they belong behind a 7-Eleven counter.

Football and basketball players, on the other hand, look like they might be the counter.

When you watch Herschel Walker brush back Lawrence Taylor as if he were a gnat, the same fan who is so positive about his baseball skills immediately sobers up and thinks: "There's no way in the fuckin' world I can do that."

And therein lies the beauty of baseball. The big lie. Don't mistake it for a dream. "Gee, I wish I wasn't built like my desk lamp and could do that." This is a bald-faced lie we're discussing. "Honest, I can do that. Let me put down my beer and hot dog, exchange my loafers for cleats, and I'll show you..."

And I guess that's why I really love the game.

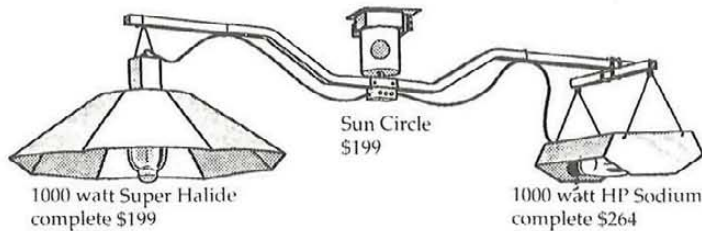
### Of Mice and Men:

The Reverend Donald E. Wildmon of Tupelo, Mississippi, America's self-appointed censorship king, has charged that Mighty Mouse, the venerable Saturday-morning children's show superhero, was seen snorting cocaine on a recent episode. A spokesman for CBS says he was only sniffing flowers. Some of our readers may know that the Reverend Mr. Wildmon was responsi-

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ble for organizing a letter-writing campaign against *National Lampoon* for what he deemed were violations of taste. However, in the case of Mighty Mouse, we feel that the Reverend Mr. Wildmon is absolutely right. After all,

heroin is derived from the evil poppy, which is, on first viewing, an innocent flower. Therefore we believe that the suspiciously spunky Mighty Mouse should be subject to periodic random drug tests.



"Miss Robinson, do I need any wishes?"

"If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work."

Shakespeare, *Henry IV, Part I, I, ii, 217*

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# Tom Hachtman's Double Takes



VINCENT VANNA GOGH



MARTIN VANNA BUREN



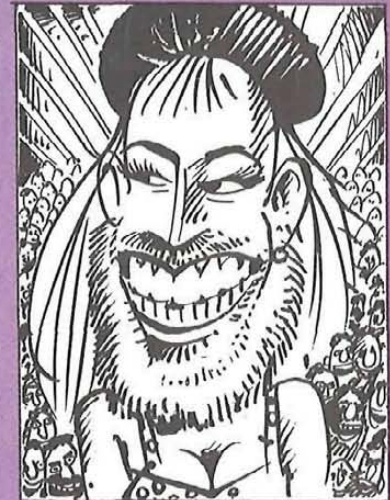
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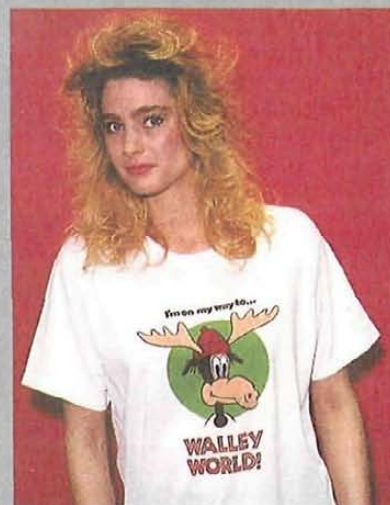
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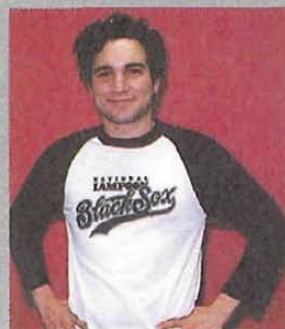
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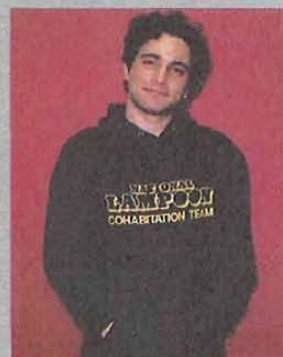
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**(A)** WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister. —*San Francisco Chronicle*

**(B)** MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck. —*Washington Post*

**(C)** After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks. —*UMKC University News*

**(D)** A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket. —*Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter*

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TS1030 \$33.95 _S_M_L	TS1044 \$16.95 _S_M_L_XL	COLOR _____
TS1031 \$7.95 _S_M_L	TS1045 \$18.95 _S_M_L_XL	TS1061 \$7.95 _S_M_L_XL
TS1032 \$7.95 _S_M_L	TS1046 \$13.95 _S_M_L_XL	TS1063 \$20.95 _S_M_L
TS1034 \$13.95 _S_M_L_XL	TS1048 \$9.50 _S_M_L_XL	COLOR _____
COLOR _____	TS1049 \$20.95 _S_M_L_XL	TS1064 \$22.95 _S_M_L_XL
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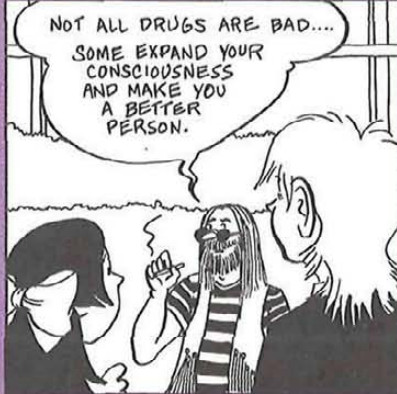
DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT?



YOU CAN BE HAPPY AND SATISFIED WITH YOUR LIFE EVEN IF YOU DON'T MAKE A LOT OF MONEY.



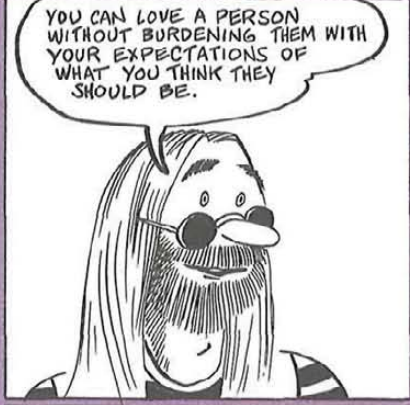
WE SHOULD BE GENTLE AND WALK SOFTLY ON THE EARTH IN HARMONY WITH NATURE.



NOT ALL DRUGS ARE BAD... SOME EXPAND YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS AND MAKE YOU A BETTER PERSON.



TAKE CARE OF OTHER PEOPLE AND SHARE WHAT YOU HAVE WITH THEM.



YOU CAN LOVE A PERSON WITHOUT BURDENING THEM WITH YOUR EXPECTATIONS OF WHAT YOU THINK THEY SHOULD BE.

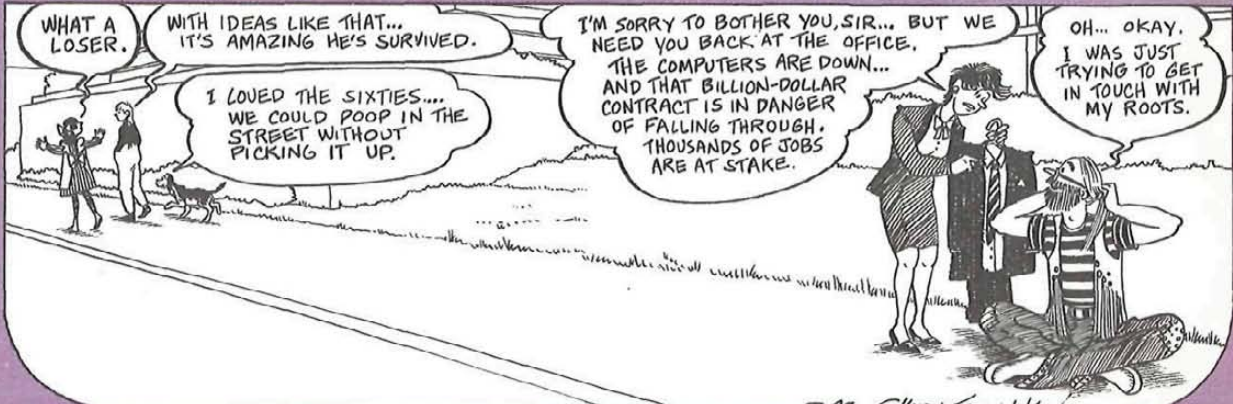


WAR IS EVIL. POWER CORRUPTS.

POLITICS IS DOO-DOO.



SUITS AND TIES STRANGLE CREATIVITY.



WHAT A LOSER.

WITH IDEAS LIKE THAT... IT'S AMAZING HE'S SURVIVED.

I LOVED THE SIXTIES... WE COULD POOP IN THE STREET WITHOUT PICKING IT UP.

I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, SIR... BUT WE NEED YOU BACK AT THE OFFICE. THE COMPUTERS ARE DOWN... AND THAT BILLION-DOLLAR CONTRACT IS IN DANGER OF FALLING THROUGH. THOUSANDS OF JOBS ARE AT STAKE.

OH... OKAY. I WAS JUST TRYING TO GET IN TOUCH WITH MY ROOTS.

©88 SHIRLEY FUERNBERGER



## Coach Holler

continued from page 51

IT WAS JUST AFTER THREE WHEN Coach opened the door and clicked on the light. Alf and Rodrigues saw his big doofus head, a middle-aged man still conducting boys' sports. Coach saw his office in disarray, Alf's boot soles staring him in the face.

"How do, Coach?" Alf smiled, clicking open his four-inch blade. "Remember me?"

Alf had a crew cut, similar to Coach's, making him hard to identify. The sportsman squinted.

"I never did like you, son," Coach answered, measuring the surroundings. "Bad attitude." He was calm as a breeze, didn't panic. "Whaddya, smokin' that LSD again?"

And then, as Rodrigues crept up from behind like a fat leopard, Coach whapped his head with a quick combination of hand maneuvers. Down went Rodrigues.

"Fighting is a language, boys. It's like weaving a basket, painting a picture." And the gym teacher began to stalk Alf, who was poised to uppercut with the blade. "It's like painting a picture with *this* and *this*," said Coach, holding aloft and introducing both fists. "And believe me, you'll understand my language!"

Alf stood footlegged, jabbing out his switchblade fist, juvenile delinquent-style. Coach's eyes took sadistic delight in the switchblade. "I'll beat the bejesus outta ya!" he snarled, some sexual candle ignited within. "Come to Papa," Coach chanted, waving Alf toward him as they circled the room. Alf had never seen him so full of piss and vinegar, a lascivious smirk on his face. He was one crazy bastard, like some of the old dogs Alf had met in jail. Coach grabbed a wet towel and began snapping it out like a professional lion tamer. Alf was thrown off balance, couldn't thrust like a swordsman in the confines of Coach's administrative sports office.

A moment later, the towel was wrapped around Alf's neck as they fell back on the desk. It tightened like a cobra. The blade dropped to the linoleum as Alf's fingers grasped at the towel, unable to dig free.

Coach's breath was loud and hot; he seemed to have an emotional hatred toward everything Alf stood for as he tightened the grip. And Coach's actions were in righteous self-defense. Alf felt the Army, the police, and the red, white, and blue tightening around his neck.

Cleo suddenly appeared in the office, threw down her loose-leaf, and snagged her shiny hand into Coach's face. The towel loosened and Alf saw his girlfriend's lovely hook pry Coach's head back, like a human crane. He felt a surge of heroic feelings toward her, especially her metal hand.

"Missy, you certainly don't belong in the boys' locker," sang Coach, ever concerned with the rules. His face bleeding, he was able to smack her down to the floor and drop-kick Alf in the balls.

"She with me," boomed a strong voice at the door. A black personage filled the doorway, and Coach got a load of who had accompanied Cleo to gym. It was Big Bo Denton. Something was amiss in his expression. The joy of winning second place was gone. His eyebrows curled like a ferret, a sign he was angry. And Bo was the toughest sonofabitch in school, all 250 pounds of him.

"You busted mah brother," he said.

Sure enough, Coach's last marijuana raid in the bleachers had netted the wrong guy—Little Bo Denton.

"Don't mean to hurt the sports program, Coach," apologized Big Bo, tearing the championship paddle off the wall with his huge hands. "But it's high time you be taught a lesson." The high school football star became a scowling, self-righteous executioner, as if appointed by some higher authority. Alf had one of Coach's arms pinned behind him.

Denton brought down the paddle on Coach's flanks with a mighty whack. Alf let go, and Coach's world began to crumble. His carcass rolled several feet from the force. "Go on, bitch!" bellowed Big Bo. "Where yo' balls now?"

"Take it easy, Denton," was all Coach managed to plead.

"You're dead!" Alf and Rodrigues observed respectfully. It seemed Coach's day of reckoning had arrived. Coach tried to

rise, but Denton's paddle hammered him back down, like lightning.

"You ain't had no pussy since it was stretched 'round yo' neck!" And then—wham!—down came the paddle like John Henry's sledgehammer. Cleo covered her eyes.

Denton kicked Coach Holler out to the showers, whipping his buttocks and legs. The self-appointed foe of the Love Generation was dancing to Big Bo Denton's jig. Coach took his medicine with the showers turned on, his chino slacks torn. Alf watched the sports instructor's knees buckle, and he hit the tiles like a whipped dog.

"Anybody got somethin' they wanna 'splain to Coach now?" Denton inquired. He tossed the paddle in the trash and wiped his hands. Big Bo, Coach's former star, was oblivious to the fact he'd just committed a felonious assault against a faculty member. He would surely do time. Alf stepped up to Coach, who sat crumpled under the shower in some netherworld.

"Man, being a junkie is like being part of the most elite clubhouse in the world," came Alf, anxious to have his say. "I admit I've got this death wish. I don't like life. That's the reason I shoot scag, Coach, because it's like sheltering yourself in a layer of pink cashmere. Nothing can get to you in there, nothing bothers ya. Shit didn't faze me in any way... except for one thing: *I wanna pitch*. Just one real game, before the end of the season, Coach. The team's losin' anyway. Just one fuckin' inning. My arm is back."

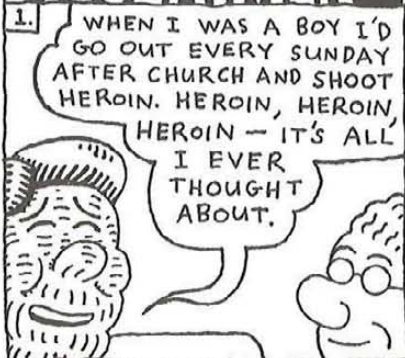
Coach was not listening, but his brain waves were strong. Arrests would be made. He knew the Nassau County narcs quite well; he'd worked with them a dozen times, weeding out the bad from his school.

"Well, I thought I'd just ask," finished Alf, his head hung low. "I just wanted to throw."

Coach cocked one eye upward. "Bad attitude," he gagged.

Big Bo raced out of there like he was wearing a gasoline raincoat in hell. Alf walked off with Cleo and Rodrigues, figuring his high school days were finally over. ■

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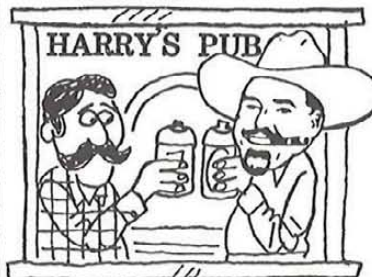
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**UGLY, SOCIALLY AWKWARD GUY,** a real schmuck actually, would like to have sex with

a gorgeous girl, preferably blond. I know that sounds like a stupid and unreasonable request, but hell, I quite often see schmucky guys walking arm in arm with gorgeous girls, and I figured, hell, maybe it's my turn, you never know till you try. So anyway, if you're a gorgeous girl and you'll have sex with me, please write me at Box 238N. If you don't respond, well, I'll just have to put this ad in again next month, and again and again till my number comes up.

**DO YOU ENJOY A COZY SKI LODGE IN THE WINTER AND A PRIVATE BEACH IN THE SUMMER?** How about a beach house in the Caribbean? Do you have these places available, as well as a good supply of spending money to really make them fun? If so I'll be happy to marry you at your earliest convenience. Box 395B.

**SINGLE, ATTRACTIVE WOMAN** who's read all the self-help books and watches Oprah and knows what's best for her but has to have just one more relationship with a narcissistic, flashy, two-timing, selfish Peter Pan who she knows is her ruination and it will take hundreds of hours on the phone to recover from, but she can't resist because of her incredibly self-destructive tendencies. Box 620J.

Because of the remarkable success of our offer in the June issue (we gave you the recipe for Sterling's Celebrated Sizzling Hot Tamales in humble exchange for a photo), the brass has proposed a custom gallery of reader art. (Love those pictures of gals but ... they're prettier without their glasses on, so hey, guys? How 'bout sneaking in and snapping 'em in the shower?) Anyway, now for the offer that will bring bloom to our white walls and will make your late summer a tasty one: Sterling's personal cheeseburger recipe in exchange for a photograph, or drawing, or painting, or sculpture!!! Send that artwork, whatever configuration, to: The Passaic Gallery, 155 Sixth Avenue, 10th Floor, New York, NY 10013. You will be sent a complimentary slice of cheese with each order received by September 15.

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